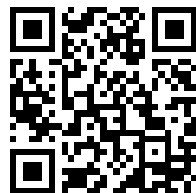

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Vol. CII.

JULY

1892.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

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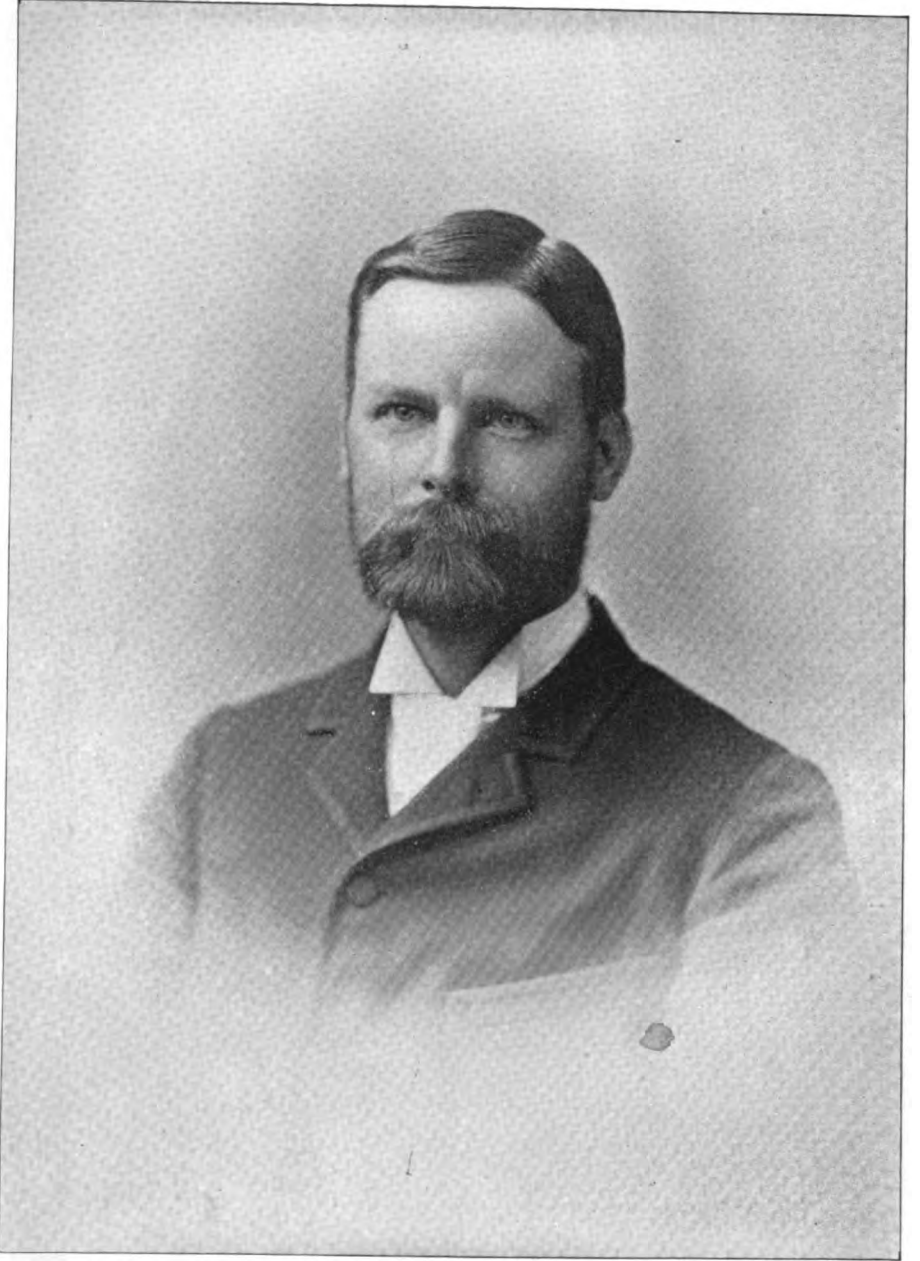
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[See the story "In Spite of All."]

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. CII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1892.

No 1.

THE NOVELIST OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY PIERKEPONT EDWARDS.

LESS than a dozen years ago, a party of Yale graduates, fired by glowing accounts of the wool-growing industries of the great South-west, went forth, like the followers of Jason, in search of the "Golden Fleece." In the mind of one of that little band, the experiences of the wild life on the prairies of Texas bore fruit in certain novels and stories which have delighted the reading public at large.

The truth and fidelity of Howard Seely's writings are universally recognized, and he has received at the hands of the critics flattering tributes for his rare poetic touch, his dramatic power, his firm grasp of character, and the dash and sparkle of his irresistible humor. No American writer has given us stories clearer in their individuality or that display an art more exquisite.

Mr. Seely was born in New York about thirty years ago, and for the greater part of his life has resided on Brooklyn Heights. He was a student of Yale College, editor of the Yale Literary Magazine, and a member of the famous "Skull and Bones." He graduated with high honors, and prepared for the Bar at Columbia Law School; but his tastes were rather literary than legal, and he has practiced little.

His first volume of sketches, illustrative of the ranching life, was entitled "A Lone Star Bo-Peep, and Other Tales," and its fresh, breezy, unconventional style at once won success. It was later brought out in enlarged form as "A Ranchman's Stories." In 1888, "A Nymph of the West" was published by the Appletons—a novel which became widely known and was deservedly popular. An excellent critic said of its heroine: "The Nymph, Cynthia Dallas, is a

piquant and delightful creation, beautiful as a newly blown rose, spontaneous as a bird. Interesting although the love-making may be, the worth of the work lies in its easy and sustained humor, its racy presentation of Western ranchmen, officials, and desperadoes, several of whom are drawn with the free unconscious touch of an artist."

In the treatment of womanhood in his fiction, Mr. Seely is especially happy. He is manly and masculine, and consequently has an intense appreciation of the feminine in nature. Of his heroines, we prefer "Miss Penelope Natchez," the "Lone Star Bo-Peep." She is a true daughter of the plains—quick-tongued, courageous, and very deft and subtle-fingered in emergencies. There is a wild grace about the lovely little shepherdess that appeals to the reader's heart and renders her very fascinating. Throughout the story, there is the charm of a true master of literary style; the flavor of the prairie is in it and about it, while the freshness of incident and character-drawing imparts an interesting unconventionality.

It has been justly said that, in the long run, it is his mastery over humor which most endears an author to his public. Neither characterization, intensity, nor pathos is to be undervalued; but we must take into consideration the fact that the generality of persons read for amusement, or pick up a book for the purpose of getting away for an hour or two from the cares and burdens of which life is full. Such being the case, it will readily appear that the writer whose pages abound in good, wholesome, harmless fun is the one to whom the tired man will turn the oftenest and who will linger most gratefully in his memory.

It is this quality which wears so well in Dickens; much of his charm depends on his abundant animal spirits and his apparent inability to write for any length of time without compelling his readers, as it were, to hold their mental sides. Laughter is the best panacea for the ills of existence.

As a humorist, Mr. Seely is richly endowed. One of the best instances of his strength in this line is found in the "trial scene" of the "Nymph of the West," which has been correctly termed "the richest stroke of American humor of recent years." In fact, this bit of delicious drollery rendered its author famous in England. But a true humorist is seldom found without corresponding power of pathos. A story entitled "The Mystery of San Saba" perhaps best illustrates Mr. Seely's gift in this regard. The character of Delancey, the father of the "Wild Rose," is especially marked, and the

grief of the old man over the disappearance of his daughter, as well as the touching way in which he bears his sorrow, is beautifully described.

In his descriptions of scenery, Mr. Seely at times displays a real poetic genius, and in a few vigorous touches will bring before the mind of his reader a picture almost as vivid and living as if drawn by a skilled painter's brush.

Of the author himself, it is pleasant to learn that he is cordially appreciated by his literary brethren, one of whom, Julian Hawthorne, recently remarked: "Mr. Seely is a man to be reckoned with in the future; his works will form part of our literature."

The latest volume of this author's stories, "The Jonah of Lucky Valley, and Other Tales," has lately been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers, and cannot fail to add another leaf to his laurels.



THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

BY FRED F. CLYDE.

Love tells the story of its hope
In a language of its own;
The lips may never speak the word,
But in every breath its tones are heard,
For it cannot live unknown.

In every look, in every glance,
Love makes its presence known;
And like the perfume of a flower,
It fills with sweetness cot and bower,
By a beauty of its own.

Love cannot hide within the soul
In an Eden of its own;
The spirit of its radiant grace
Shines through each feature of the face,
And in every line is shown.

When love has thrilled the human breast,
And heaven's sweet fragrance sown,
Though utterance fail, and words depart,
Love tells its story heart to heart,
In a language of its own.

THE TAMALES MAN.

BY ELLIS LEE McLACHLIN.



PLEASE, mum," said Ellen, opening the door, "it is the tamales man, and he wants to see you."

"Very well," I answered, wearily; "you may tell him

to come in."

The short winter day was drawing to a close. Already the heavy mist, rising from the sea, crept softly over the city of the Golden Gate, mercifully blotting out the gray hills, the gray skies, and the dreary gray sea. Here and there, in the fast deepening gloom, shone the lights of San Francisco's happy homes—echoing to the tread of eager feet, the laughter of merry voices.

I turned from the window, sad at heart. All the world seemed joyful; I alone sat in darkness and the shadow of desolation. To me only, life brought no blessing.

In the twilight, I stretched out my arms with a faint bitter cry. "My baby, my first-born!" I moaned, thinking only of the little grave on Lone Mountain, over which the winter rains were falling.

I did not hear the old man come in; I took little heed of the life about me. Day after day, lying on my couch, my rebellious heart warred against the burden which was crushing it.

Suddenly the stormy conflict within seemed to cease. In the deep silence of the room, a voice infinitely tender murmured:

"Is it well with the child?"

And she answered: "It is well."

I started. "Well? Yes; but my arms are empty!"

The tamales man was silent. Better than most of us did this old Spanish missionary know the uselessness of human comfort. The fine old face, distinct as a cameo against the dark velvet of the chair, was drawn with a sympathy he could not speak, and the gentle eyes were bright with unshed tears.

For the first time in many weeks, a faint interest in something outside myself awakened in me, as I looked at him. I thought of his utter self-abnegation and devotion to

the suffering, his tenderness to the most abandoned. Even his choice of a livelihood was characteristic, for utterly distasteful must tamales-making have been to this fastidious Spaniard. But he had said once:

"If I would reach the lowest, then must I be that lowest."

Had he also suffered, I wondered.

"To-day is for me also an anniversary, señora," he said, after a long pause.

The sad voice thrilled me with its tender pathos. I had never heard his story.

"You think me an old man," he began, abruptly; "yet, twenty years ago to-day, I, a boy of nineteen, mad with the wine of life's happiness, took my bride in my arms, and on my knees thanked God for His mercies.

"She was far above me, my peerless Inez—of royal blood, indeed; but she was the last of her race. There was no one to gain-say her will, and in far-off Seville we were married.

"Two blessed years of such perfect happiness as but rarely comes to the children of men were granted us, and then the end came.

"Don Alvarez, the guardian of Inez, long covetous of my darling and her wealth, had sworn vengeance against me. Useless to tell the story—he succeeded, and we were forced to leave Seville.

"I had a brother in America—in California; and hither we decided to come.

"A warm welcome awaited us. We were happy in our new home, and, when baby Mercedes was born, I thought no lot so blessed as mine.

"My brother was a restless soul, deeply bitten by the New World greed for sudden wealth. He had accidentally discovered the secret of an old mine, known to the ancient Incas. This mine he declared to be the wonderful 'Gran Quivira,' so eagerly sought for during two centuries.

"Far to the eastward, beyond the Great Mojave desert, across the outlying spurs of

the San Bernardino range, is a deep defile of the mountains known as the dark valley. Here in this vast solitude, Lost River springs from the mountain-side, rushes in mad haste through the deep valley, then plunges once more into the heart of the mountains—lost indeed, to the sight of man. In this marvelous spot, the very rocks were of gold, and the waters of Lost River were yellow with the precious dust.

"Wild enough it all sounded, but the lust of gold is strong in the hearts of men. My brother found many ready to accompany him in a search for this land, and in a few months the party was ready to set out.

"I had at first refused to go, but troubles began to thicken about us. With diabolical ingenuity, Don Alvarez had set the machinery of the Government in motion to drag me back to Spain. I was accused of a crime of which I had no knowledge even. My brother pressed us to go with him; in the trackless wastes of the desert, there would be safety. We had no other refuge, and we went.

"Never can the horrors of that journey be told. Even now, after seventeen years, cold grows my blood at the thought. We were not learned—we knew nothing of the mirage of the Great Mojave desert. Day after day, we wandered through that evil land, torn by the cruel cacti, parched by the blazing sun, until existence became a torture.

"The weird mysteries of the desert held us in dread bondage. Awful faces glared at us from the dead air, slimy monsters seemed to hold us in their loathsome folds. From out the darkness, skeleton arms seemed to grasp us. Mangled bodies, in every stage of decay and bearing a horrible likeness to ourselves, met our eyes in every direction. We passed through scenes which blanched every face and turned the bravest cold with terror.

"Soon, however, a more terrible ill seemed about to befall us—our supply of water was exhausted. We had long since killed the mules, and daily the rations grew scantier. For some time, we had noticed certain signs on the horizon, which we thought indicated the presence of water. Lest we should lose the trail, it was decided to divide the party.

"One section would pursue the path marked out on the Incas' map, the second to

push on rapidly, procure food and water, and join the other as soon as possible.

"When the lots were cast, I found that I must go. With a sad heart did I bid farewell to my darlings, my fears lightened only by the thought that they were in my brother's care. I trusted him.

"Never did we reach that treacherous water; always did it seem just before us. Slowly the conviction grew on our minds that we had been deceived, and we turned backward.

"We did not readily find the trail. Twelve days had elapsed when, at nightfall, we came on the camp. I had run forward, wild with fear: surely something was wrong! Only two men out of the ten that we had left—and oh, God! where was Inez?

"My brother, gaunt, hollow-eyed, came to meet me.

"Inez?" I gasped.

"You fool!" he snarled, 'think you we feed useless women and brats when we starve? Your darlings are there,' he sneered, pointing to the trackless wastes. 'Go!'

"Alone in the desert—my tender Inez! Earth and sky appeared to clash before me. Weak as I was, with one bound I grasped him by the throat and sheathed my knife in the treacherous heart.

"I remember not what happened next. The merciful God blotted out the awful truth. I searched for her always, doubting not that she yet lived. My companions were ever gentle with me, humoring my delusion.

"In the morning—the dreary, dewless morning of the desert—I awakened, glad at heart, sure that my darlings would that day return to me. At nightfall, as I watched the stars gleam in the deep cloudless sky, I fancied that the eyes so dear to me looked also upon their silvery brightness. Many times during the day would I hold up my hand to silence the men, listening as if I heard my baby cry. I told them little stories of my child's pretty ways, until those rough men, thinking of the dear ones safe at home, turned away with tears in their eyes.

"Never did we find the dark valley. Lost River was lost to us for evermore. The Gran Quivira, the ancient secret of the desert, was the secret of the desert still.

"We wandered on, day after day, until hope and strength failed; and one evening

the little remnant of our band, six out of twenty, threw ourselves down to die. We had not spoken for hours; we thought our time had come. The sun sank lower and lower in the golden west; the last gleam faded.

"Suddenly, low on the horizon gleamed a tiny light, a ruddy star in the gloom. Slowly it crept nearer, seemed to stand still, then vanished in the night. The men sprang to their feet with a 'Gratia Deo!' that sounded like a pæan over the lonely desert.

"It was the Southern Mail, and we were saved!

"We made our way to the nearest station, where kind treatment restored my companions to life and hope. As for me, life and hope were ended; still my work on earth was not finished. The good Fathers of my Church sent me here, where sorrow is deepest and help most needed. Ah, lady, there are greater griefs to bear than ours—bitterer sorrows than any we can know! Then must we bear our share, lest another suffer for both. Hard is the sorrow of the world to understand, but we mourn not as those whose dead have died for ever."

The old missionary paused. His voice

sounded inexpressibly far-off and lonely as he added:

"As for me, I do a little—not much, but it comforts me, and it will not be for long."

My tears were falling fast—blessed tears, taking the bitterness from my heart and the weight from my brain.

The twilight deepened slowly, the dusky room was full of shadows, sombre ghosts of dead years—slowly advancing when the fire burned low, hastily retreating when some smoldering ember burst into ruddy flame. I looked up—the old man was gone, and I was alone in the deep silence. From the convent near floated up the evening hymn to the Virgin: "Ave santissima, we lift our hearts to thee!"

As I listened, comforted, a dear step sounded on the threshold; tender arms clasped me close, and loving eyes, thankful to see the tears, looked into mine.

As I sobbed out my sorrow on my husband's breast, too deeply thankful for the warm human love that yet remained to me to utter a word, the mournful voice of the old man, as he walked slowly homeward, echoed through the now deserted street:

"Tamales! Tamales!"

THE FORGET-ME-NOT'S MESSAGE.

BY KENYON WEST.

Would you know the inmost meaning
Of this flower so pure and fair?
Think of heaven—unchanging, faithful;
Think of heaven's unceasing care.

For the sweet and tender colors
Which have ever shone above
Are reflected here within it,
Blue of heaven, the type of love.

Would you know the tender message
Which this flower to you conveys?
Look within this depth of color,
See my thought which love obeys.

Not alone "forget-me-not."
Is the message sent to you;
But that "I will e'er remember"
Is the meaning of this blue.

For as heaven's arch encircles
Objects near and far away,
So my thought can bridge the distance
Which divides our lives to-day.

Heaven's constant care, and gracious,
Shadowed in this matchless hue,

Not more clearly, not more truly,
Than in my heart my love for you.

Oh, the dear old days now ended,
With their gladsome hours!
Could they ever be forgotten,
Perished, lost, such love as ours?

No! for friendship is eternal,
Charm of old scenes ne'er departs;
In the memory of their beauty,
There is solace for our hearts.

And I know you'll not forget me,
For my trust in you is true.
Thus for me, too, is a message,
Deep within this heavenly blue.

Although change and absence try us,
This dear winsome flower so pure
Is a proof that we are constant,
Loyalty and faith are sure.

And its color, thus reflecting
Heaven's perfect shade above,
Shows our hearts, though oftentimes lonely,
We are compassed round with love.

AN UNINTENTIONAL DECEPTION.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.



On this particular morning, the customary discussion was brought to a premature close by the arrival of the mail. Ralph's were mainly business letters, and he soon disposed of them; but his sister found hers more interesting. Suddenly she glanced up from a closely written sheet with an exclamation of pleasure.

THE pretty breakfast-room at Thornhurst, the summer home of the Collingwoods, was occupied only by the son and daughter of the house.

Ralph Collingwood was a broad-shouldered, long-limbed fellow, bronzed and bearded, about thirty-five years of age, though he looked older. His only sister Grace was a handsome woman past twenty-five, with a determined face in strong contrast to her brother's rather lazy expression of countenance, which might or might not conceal an equal determination. They were having their usual international dispute as to the respective merits of things English and American. Ralph, who had traveled a good deal in England and liked that country, always advocated its claims, while his sister asserted her patriotism in a warm defense of her native land. Grace always grew particularly enthusiastic in praise of American women, the motive of which enthusiasm was so plain to Ralph that he smiled inwardly and provoked her still further. Her dearest wish, which she unwisely made too evident, had been for years that her brother should marry her most intimate friend, Dorothy Vernon. Miss Vernon visited a great deal at the house, and Ralph always paid her sufficient attention; but he had never given any indication of being in love with her.

(16)

"Well?" Ralph interrogated.

"Isn't that delightful?" cried Grace; then she ran her eye rapidly down the page, while the other patiently awaited her answer. "You know that pretty little cottage up the road?" she continued, at length.

"You mean Woodbine Cottage?"

"Yes; it is in good order and nicely furnished. Dorothy wants me to see about renting it for her this summer."

"Will her aunt come with her?" Ralph asked, in some surprise.

"No, indeed; nothing would induce her to give up going to Saratoga, though Dorothy hates it so—she imagines the waters are good for her liver-complaint. I am always begging Dorothy to spend the summer with me, but she never will do it, though she likes it here immensely."

"Sensible girl!" was Ralph's thought, but he did not venture to give it utterance.

"Well, to make a long story short," continued Grace, "she has at last persuaded her English sister-in-law to spend the summer in America; so they will stay here most of the time, while the aunt will go to Saratoga with her companion."

"That is her brother Harry's widow, isn't it?"

"Yes; the one that went to Australia and married an English girl there. He died a

year or so afterward, under painful circumstances—I think he was rather dissipated—leaving her with a baby. She returned to England, and has lived there with distant relatives ever since. Her little girl is five years old now, Dorothy says.”

“I remember something about it,” Ralph said. “Is she young?”

“Dorothy doesn’t say; I don’t believe she

“But perhaps the widow hasn’t,” suggested Ralph, “and that would be rough on Dorothy.”

“Well, at any rate, the sister-in-law arrives in New York this week, and I am to make all the arrangements for renting Woodbine Cottage; they would like to come here as soon as possible. I must see the agent at once. Will you go with me?”



knows exactly, for they have never seen each other.”

“How do they know they will get on?” asked Ralph, in some amusement. “They’d better find out before trying to live together.”

“Oh, they are sure to agree,” was the reply. “Dorothy has a lovely disposition.”

“Certainly,” answered her brother, and the two went to get ready for their call.

In a little more than a fortnight, the sisters-in-law were comfortably established in their new home. The widow proved an agreeable surprise, for she was young and attractive-looking. She had a little air of independ-

ence that was thoroughly American, and a low-toned voice such as only a well-bred Englishwoman possesses. Although secretly disappointed to find her so young and good-looking, Grace could not resist the charm of her manner, and was as pleased with her as Miss Vernon herself had become in their short acquaintance.

Miss Collingwood did everything to make things pleasant for her guests, as she considered them, and her brother ably seconded her efforts. In fact, he seemed to be suddenly waked up and so enthusiastic that after a while Grace began to have her suspicions. Mrs. Vernon's small maid, Rose, was perfectly devoted to the young man, a devotion which he returned with equal fervor; but the mother's manner was unexceptionable, as Grace was forced to admit at the end of several weeks' close observation on her part.

Various festivities appropriate to the season passed off delightfully, and finally a neighborhood picnic was projected and arranged for the twentieth of June. The fates were unusually propitious, for the day proved to be an ideal one. Most of the party assembled at Thornhurst, for the rendezvous was the grounds of the handsomest property in the vicinity, belonging to the immediate neighbor of the Collingwoods, who had gone to Europe, but left them free permission to make use of his place. The provisions were carried to the spot in a wagon; but it was such a short distance that the carriages were left in the stables at Thornhurst, and the young people walked. At the last minute, Miss Collingwood decided that there was one basket which she was afraid to entrust to the wagon, so she remained behind with Miss Vernon to see it safely in the hands of their dignified English servant, who brought up the rear with her parasol and wrap, which, in her preoccupation with other things, she had nearly forgotten. The others had all gone ahead, except some children who were loitering in the rear and a pair of lovers who strayed aside on some pretext and were taking a roundabout way to reach their destination.

Just in front of a low stone wall which separated the two estates, Grace stopped on the pretense of pointing out to her friend the best possible place for dinner, but in reality to observe whether Dorothy noticed

how completely absorbed Ralph was in Mrs. Vernon and her daughter.

"Ah, there is Ralph ahead with Rose and her mother," said that young lady, with apparent unconcern; so Grace was careful not to disturb this state of mind by any remark, but walked on in silence. They soon arrived at the picnic grounds, and after that she was too much occupied to observe her brother very closely.

The affair was a complete success. Everything passed off delightfully, with but one accident to mar its pleasure. There was in the park a small lake, or rather pond, on which tiny pleasure-boats might be rowed. It attracted the children chiefly, and, after luncheon, little Rose Vernon, accompanied by her nurse, was playing in its vicinity. In a moment, when her attendant's attention was distracted, she managed to go too near the edge and fell in. Most of the nurses had wandered off, and those who were left, losing their heads completely, stood helpless by, shrieking and wringing their hands. The children who were in the boats were almost frightened to death, and only one small boy had presence of mind enough to run with the tidings to the rest of the picnickers. On his way toward them, he encountered Mr. Collingwood coming at Mrs. Vernon's request to look after her daughter. Scarcely waiting to hear the end of the explanation, he hurried to the spot, had his coat off, and was in the water. In a very few moments, he had swum ashore with the half-unconscious child and was using every means in his power to resuscitate her. By this time, the news had been carried to the rest of the party, and a number of people had gathered about, among them the almost frantic mother. Rose, who had quickly revived, looked up smiling, and the next moment she was clasped in Mrs. Vernon's arms.

"Rose, Rose, my darling!" the mother sobbed; then, remembering her daughter's rescuer, she turned to him and held out her hand, saying: "How can I ever thank you, Mr. Collingwood?"

The light of a sudden conviction leaped into Ralph Collingwood's eyes, and he knew how she might reward him; but he dared not speak his thought, so he merely pressed the hand she had given him and murmured the usual platitudes.

They carried Rose to Thornhurst and left her there with the nurse and Mrs. Vernon, who positively refused to allow anyone to remain with her. There was a physician among the party, who declared that the little girl seemed no worse for her accident, but simply needed to rest. The remainder of the day passed off pleasantly, though to Ralph it had lost its zest. He devoted himself to Dorothy—on the principle, I suppose, that if not the rose, she was near the rose—and Grace was well contented with the conclusion of the picnic.

The following day, the small maid was well enough to be moved, so Ralph took her and her mother home. The bond between the child and her grown-up friend was strengthened tenfold by this little incident. His devotion to Rose served to draw the mother nearer to him, and they became very good friends indeed.

The picnic was followed by a succession of gayeties, and the summer fled apace. So far as outward appearances went, things remained the same. Ralph was constantly at Woodbine Cottage, but no one seemed to imagine that he went to see either of the sisters-in-law, so impartially did he divide his attentions between them—bestowing, in fact, his most ostentatious devotion on the small maid of the household. The truth is, he had discovered that the widow did not expect anything but friendliness from him; she gave him no encouragement to go beyond this. No one but Grace had any suspicions as to his true state of mind, and even with her they were only the wildest suspicions. She did not dare to communicate them to Miss Vernon, who seemed to have no jealous fears of her sister-in-law. The two women were apparently as fond of each other as ever. Miss Collingwood could not understand it, for she was as certain that Dorothy would marry her brother, if he should ask her, as she was certain of her own wishes in the matter. She could not resist sometimes making little speeches that she did not intend or want to indulge in.

"I did not know you were so fond of children, Ralph," she said, sarcastically, one day when he had been especially devoted to Rose.

The young man smiled and said calmly:

"My dear sis, you have not had much opportunity for observing. I have always

liked them; but there are children *and* children."

The friends had discussed together the desirability of going to the mountains or seashore, where the inmates of Thornhurst usually spent part of the summer.

"Do let us stay here in quiet Woodbine Cottage, away from everybody but just the friends one wants to see! It is so healthful for Rose; she is growing plump and rosy."

As Mrs. Vernon said this, Miss Collingwood glanced at her, and it suddenly occurred to her—perhaps in contrast to these words—that the young widow was looking thin. While she was thinking thus, Dorothy reinforced the last remark.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she cried. "You don't know what a delight it is to me to spend a whole summer in the country. I am so tired of Saratoga and Richfield Springs! I am positively growing younger."

They all laughed and Ralph said:

"I heartily agree with you. Give me Thornhurst and Woodbine Cottage!"

So it was settled, for Grace did not care to raise a dissentient voice. It was all one to her where she was, if only her cherished hopes might be fulfilled—if Dorothy was satisfied. The one man she had ever cared about sufficiently to give up her independence for him had quarreled with her and married another woman, so she had long ago merged all her personal expectations into the scheme of uniting her two nearest and dearest.

Almost imperceptibly August deepened into September, and the summer heat still lingered. In her character of on-looker, Grace noticed that Mrs. Vernon seemed growing thinner, and one day she determined to find out whether Ralph had remarked it, so she said to him:

"Don't you think Mrs. Vernon looks thinner than when she came here?"

"Have you observed it?" There was a distinct ring of anxiety in his voice. "I've thought so for a long time; but, since no one else appeared to see it, I thought it must be my own imagining. When I spoke of it to her once, she only laughed at me."

"Well, you were not mistaken," answered Grace; "for I, at least, am not likely to take such a fancy concerning Mrs. Vernon."

"You like her, do you not?" Ralph asked, almost humbly.

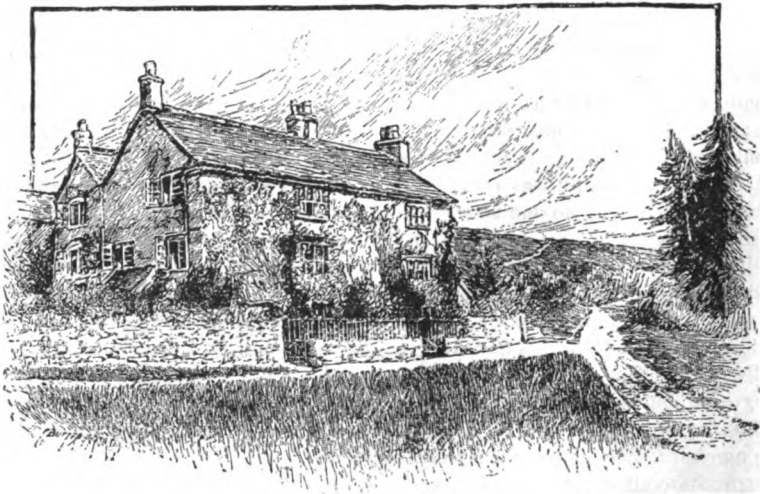
"Very much," replied his sister, but her tone was not encouraging.

Matters went on in the same way for several weeks, and might have continued to do so indefinitely, had not Ralph Collingwood received an unexpected letter. As the molten mass at the interior of our earth may remain quiescent until some sudden disturbance causes it to manifest itself in some way above the surface, so it was with Ralph's new feeling. He had never yet received any encouragement from his idol, and he knew what a bitter disappointment it would be to his sister, though he told himself it would be worse than conceited to imagine this regarding anyone else; so, with the fondness of mortals for drifting, he allowed himself to

He looked up, and there stood Mrs. Vernon and Rose. He rose mechanically, walked toward them, and removed his pipe from his mouth; but he scarcely returned her greeting or heard her words of explanation, for his eyes were fixed on the sheet in his hand.

"Pardon us for interrupting you," Mrs. Vernon cried, gayly. "Rose thought you would not mind. We had an errand in the village, and we came here to see whether Miss Collingwood was coming over to spend the day with us. The servants told me she was in bed, so I felt anxious—" But here the speaker stopped, alarmed by the expression on her host's face.

He was leaning against the little table



be content with the present. There came a break at last.

Ralph had risen rather early, and had taken his coffee in a secluded corner of the garden adjoining the orchard. Grace was in bed with a headache, and his father was in town; so he had breakfasted alone, and, lighting his pipe, had ordered his letters and papers brought to him.

"You needn't take away the table," he said to the servant. "I may wish to write here."

A moment later, he was leaning back comfortably, smoking and glancing over his correspondence. He had just broken open his last letter, when he heard his name spoken.

"Mr. Collingwood!"

for support. Rose, her doll in her arms, had gone up close to him to take his hand, but he hardly noticed her. Mrs. Vernon herself felt a shock of fear, and leaned her arm in the notch of the old tree under which she was standing, while she waited for him to speak.

"Will you send Rose away, please?" he said at last.

"Certainly; run into the front garden, dear," Mrs. Vernon said.

Slowly and unwillingly the small maid took her departure, leaving the two alone together.

"I had not meant to speak quite so soon; I feared to try my fate," began Ralph. "But now I must. I must ask you to tell me, though I know there cannot be, whether

there is any reason why I should not love you, why I should not offer you my hand in marriage."

Mrs. Vernon glanced from the speaker to the letter in his hand, and, with a woman's quick intuition, understood.

"Is it possible," she cried, a spasm of pain passing over her face, "that someone has been so cruel as to utter insinuations against me? Is it possible, too, that you do not know?"

There was a moment's silence, eloquent with misery; then, as she still remained silent, he exclaimed passionately:

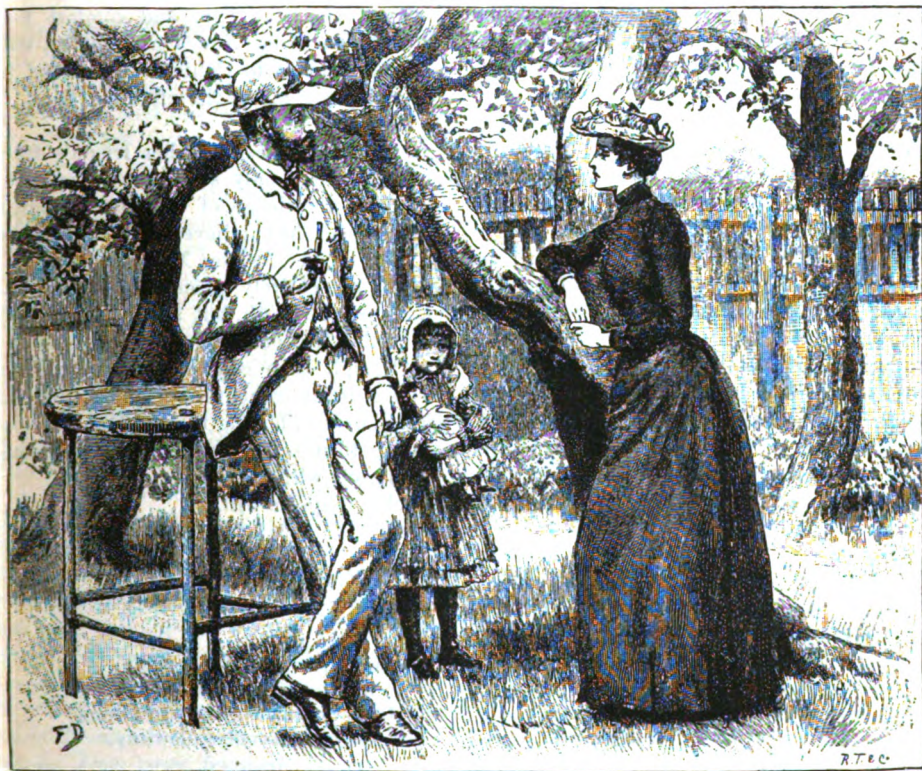
and only friends! Oh, I did not mean to deceive you, but I have been punished!"

A sudden light flashed into his eyes.

"Do you care? Do you care?" he cried.

"Hush!" she answered, sternly, and he knew she did. "It is all so very painful; but I suppose I must tell you," she went on. "He was dissipated, and, in a fit of passion—a quarrel over money-matters—he killed a man, and they sentenced him to twenty years; that was when Rose was a baby—she does not know."

Ralph dared not speak; the desire to take



"Go on, please. I do not understand. Anything is better than this suspense."

"I thought you and Grace knew—that Dorothy must have told you, she was so intimate with you—that her brother, my husband, is not dead, but in prison in Australia." Her voice died away in a groan of despair, and there was silence again. She waited for him to speak; but, since he did not, she continued in a voice sharp with anguish: "I felt so safe—I thought we might be friends

her in his arms and comfort her was so strong, and her eyes forbade it. He longed to draw from her an avowal of love, but he must not; fate was so cruel!

"And I have not helped you any; I have only made your life harder," he said, finally.

"Never mind," she whispered. "I am not—altogether—sorry."

"Mamma, mamma, may I not come back? I am so tired of waiting," cried a childish voice.

"Yes, dear," her mother answered, mechanically. "Good-bye," turning to Ralph and holding out her hand as she spoke.

"I must see you again. Surely—"

"No, no; I am going away as soon as possible. We must never see each other again," she whispered, hastily.

"Never?"

"Never," she repeated, and he knew she meant it.

"Good-bye," he said, slowly. "God bless you!" and he lifted her hand to his lips.

"Good-bye," she murmured, and walked away, followed by Rose, whose small dignity had been so wounded by her friend's unusual neglect that she would not make any effort to attract his attention.

"What is the matter with Uncle Ralph, mamma?" she asked, presently.

"He is not well, dear," was her mother's response. "He will be all right again to-morrow."

When they reached home, Mrs. Vernon complained that the heat of the sun had given her a headache, and, after telling Dorothy about Grace's illness, went straight to her room. Her sister-in-law decided to go over to Thornhurst herself later, so she was undisturbed the remainder of the day. Mr. Collingwood left a message for his sister and took a morning train to New York, "on business." Both of them had remembered

the anonymous letter and now had leisure to wonder over it. Who could have sent it? Neither could imagine, though Mrs. Vernon finally became sure that it was an Australian acquaintance of her husband's, who had appeared unexpectedly in New York.

The next day, Dorothy went over to see her friend, with a doleful piece of news.

"What do you think, Grace?" she wailed. "Rose's English relatives have sent for her, and she feels she must go to them. I thought she would spend the winter in America, at least."

"I am very sorry," was the reply. "But now you can stay here and comfort me. Ralph writes from New York that he will be obliged to go to California to attend to some property his uncle left him. Isn't it too bad?"

Grace looked keenly at her friend's face, but it expressed only sorrow, not suspicion. Dorothy's knowledge of her sister-in-law's true position had relieved her of anxiety on that score. As for Miss Collingwood, she was not entirely inconsolable. She did not know the truth, but she believed that her brother had proposed and been rejected; and, though such conduct on the widow's part was inexplicable to the fond sister, she rejoiced over it, hoping that, if Mrs. Vernon should return to England, Ralph might console himself with Dorothy.

And perhaps he will.

THE CASTLE OF NUREMBERG.

BY WILLIAM H. FIELD.

In that quaint old German city
Of Hans Sachs, the cobbler bard,
Stands an ancient lofty castle,
Grim and stately, battle-scarred.

And its massive walls are stretching,
Like a bridge's ponderous piers,
From the past unto the present
O'er the river of the years.

And a hundred ages, resting,
Fill its turrets, ivy-grown,
Like the swallows that are flying
Round its battlements of stone.

But the builder is forgotten,
Lost among the days of yore,
As a ship that left the harbor
And was never heard of more.

And O poet, read this lesson!
Rear no castles to the sky,
Lest around their cold still towers
Only rooks and swallows fly.

And O poet, reading deeper,
Chisel not thy name in stone;
It will vanish as the leaves do,
By the winds of autumn blown.

Write it in some softer substance,
With an earnest loving art;
Only will it last forever
Written on the human heart.

Write it pure and true and honest,
Free from all the stains of strife,
So that men may trust it always—
Guide-post on the road of life.

PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS.

BY MARY GAY ROBINSON.



SANDY hills, barren flats, and long tracts of pine forests form the outskirts of Plymouth. The soil does not promise rich harvests; the inhabitants resort to other industries, and Plymouth is a busy factory village. The streets are built up with handsome houses that have all the modern improvements, the latest tints of paint, and the newest styles of architecture, and this in a place where everything modern seems an impertinence; we look in vain for old houses to tell the story of the early days of the country.

Mammoth mills, and the workers in them, grind all day long. Cordage-works are carried on extensively, iron-foundries are in full blast, woollen-mills and tack-factories smoke and toil, and by all these industries the money has been earned, not to preserve the old Plymouth, but to build a new one.

We are sent for landmarks of the past to Plymouth Rock, the cemetery on Burial Hill, and the museum in Pilgrim Hall. No spot is quite so famous as Plymouth Rock. The stranger is surprised to find it so small; but it is a veritable rock, where rocks are not plentiful. It is protected by a stone enclosure with iron gates, through which we pass and step on the granite of dark-gray color. The hardness of the stone makes it almost impossible for relic-hunters to carry off pieces, but a French traveler said he saw bits of Plymouth Rock in many States of the Union. One large fragment is built into the wall of the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, New York.

The original rock is in two halves, each about four feet in diameter, the under part somewhat larger than the upper. At the time of the Revolution, it was taken up to be carried to the centre of the town, to make a rallying-point for patriots. The rock was broken in two halves; the lower part was left in its original place, while the other half was carried to the town square.

In 1834, the rock took another journey to the lawn in front of Pilgrim Hall, and was enclosed by an iron railing on which are inscribed the names of the fortyone who signed the compact on board the Mayflower. A third journey, however, has restored it to its original position. The descendants of Mary Chilton and John Alden claim for their respective ancestors the honor of having stepped on it first. The poet Longfellow calls John Alden his maternal ancestor.

The national monument to the forefathers is a handsome elaborate granite structure on the highest point of land above the village, on a square of nine acres. It is one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a figure of Faith with one hand pointing to heaven and holding in the other a Bible. Below this, on the four sides, are smaller pedestals with seated figures of Morality, Education, Liberty, and Law. There are scenes from the history of the Pilgrims, as the Departure, Signing the Agreement for Government, the Landing, and the First Treaty with the Indians. On the main pedestal are panels bearing the names of those who came over in the Mayflower, and this dedication:

"A national monument to the forefathers, erected by a grateful people in remembrance of their labors, sacrifices, and sufferings for the cause of civil and religious liberty. The monument was erected by the Pilgrim Society, and was designed by Hammett Billings, of Boston."

From this sightly spot we behold the harbor, the place on which the Pilgrims landed, and across the bay the highlands of Duxbury, with the monument to Captain Miles Standish. On the other side is Burial Hill, on whose summit the Pilgrims erected their fort and cannon. The lower room of the fort was the meeting-house. It was the early custom to bury the dead near the church or under it, and this became a place of burial about 1622. On many of the headstones the inscriptions have become illegible; but they have been copied on plain slabs of wood, placed beside the original stones.

The most conspicuous monument is Governor Bradford's, with this inscription: "Hon. William Bradford, of Austerfeld, England. He was Governor of Plymouth Colony between 1621 and 1657."

Then we read this name: "Thomas Clarke, the mate of the Mayflower, who died in 1697, at the age of 98."

Here a stone to "Martha Cotton, relict of Colonel Theophilus Cotton, who died in 1796, aged 79.

Many years I lived,
Many painful scenes I passed,
Till God at last
Called me home."

Another monument is to the memory of seventy-two seamen who perished in Plymouth harbor in 1778, in the brig General Arnold; sixty are buried in this spot, and twelve in other parts of the cemetery.

The first winter in the settlement of Plymouth, the Pilgrims lost half their number by death, and buried them on the cliff just above Plymouth Rock, leveling the graves and sowing corn above them, lest the Indians should see to how small a number they were reduced. If they had ever thought of giving up the enterprise, after so great a loss they were bound to the spot in which they had buried their dead.

A writer says: "Those graves made a great part of the moral power of the little colony." The first winter was comparatively mild, or none of the company could have survived.

Pilgrim Hall is a substantial granite building erected for the purpose of preserving memorials of the Pilgrims. Large paintings hang on the walls, as Henry Sargent's "Landing of the Pilgrims," "The Departure from Delft Haven," by Charles Lucy, Weir's "Embarkation," copied by Edgar Parker—the original is in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Pilgrim fathers and Pilgrim mothers look down on us from old portrait-frames. Here is a spinning-wheel owned by a descendant of Governor Bradford. Dorothy May, Governor Bradford's wife, fell overboard from the Mayflower just before they came to land; can this have been her spinning-wheel? Here are chairs of oak that came in the Mayflower; one was Governor Carver's, one Governor Winslow's, and another Elder Brewster's.

Pilgrim infants were rocked in huge oaken cradles, and here are two, a Fuller cradle and a Winslow cradle; the latter rocked Peregrine White, the first English child born within the limits of New England. He was born on the Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor on November 20th, 1620. After his father's death, his mother, Susannah White, widow, married Governor Edward Winslow, widower, and this was the first marriage in New England. Here is the lady Susannah White's cabinet and her slipper and cape. Here is a pocket-book of Thomas Clarke's; a piece of a mulberry-tree planted by Cardinal Wolsey in Scrooby, England, the seat of the Pilgrim Church before the Pilgrims left their native land; a purse wrought by Penelope Pelham on the voyage over—Penelope married Governor Josiah Winslow; a sampler worked by Lora Standish, daughter of Captain Miles Standish; a pewter platter and iron dinner-pot of Miles Standish, and his sword of ancient Persian manufacture.

A glass case contains precious manuscripts and small relics. Here is "Mourt's Relations," the first book written in this country; a John Eliot Indian Bible of 1635; a gun-barrel, the weapon that shot and killed King Philip. Here is the original manuscript of Mrs. Hemans's poem, "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." She says: "I bought two books, and, as I put them down, I saw the wrapper was part of an address at an anniversary at Plymouth. I read and re-read the story, and sat down and wrote the poem and sent it to Mr. Campbell, editor of a new monthly magazine in London, where it was published. The best thing about it was its truth."

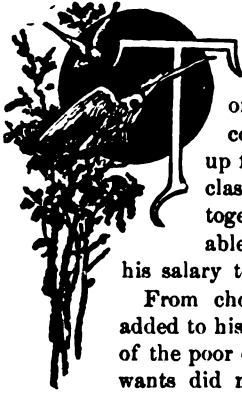
These are but a few of the treasures in Pilgrim Hall. In one month, four thousand visitors recorded their names in the clerk's book.

Plymouth is several hours distant from Boston by rail, and in summer there are cheap excursions when the town is thronged with strangers.

Our old New England towns are now celebrating their anniversaries and acquiring the dignity of having lived two hundred and fifty years, and, if we need stimulus to help us accomplish hard labors, we can scarcely do better than read the story of the settlement of Plymouth.

MISS AULT.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.



I.

THE Rev. Cleyburn McBrayer was pastor of a small church whose congregation was made up from among the poorer class of the place, and this, together with a considerable church debt, caused his salary to be a meagre one.

From choice, this minister had added to his list of the needy many of the poor outside his flock, whose wants did not stop with material ones, so that the gloomier side of life was a much more familiar picture to him than its brighter side, in the sunshine of which he seldom basked.

He was a man of generous impulse and deep feeling, and, having once beheld the want and misery that could be found on every hand, his strict sense of duty, not only devolving on the especial profession of his calling, but the positive obligation of one fellow-man toward another in distress, held him in abeyance to the stern dictates of his conscience, ever alive to aiding the weaker and oppressed.

His small salary was scarcely sufficient to support the widowed mother and invalid sister who lived with him in a modest cottage on a quiet street far from the fashionable portion of the town, while the numerous and distressing appeals that were made to his sensitive nature, in his close relations to poverty, reduced this small sum yet further, and often exhausted it.

One morning in early spring, the Rev. McBrayer was returning home after a visit to a house of mourning in the suburbs of the town. The rain poured down with a steady persistency, and the dripping umbrella he carried failed to keep off the dampness that was beginning to penetrate his clothing.

A sudden cold wet sensation in one foot caused him to stop when a drier spot was reached, and, balancing himself on one leg

after the manner of an esthetic stork, he gravely examined the booted member.

"Just as I feared," he said, with a little sigh. "The sole is wearing out and will have to be patched. I wish I could manage in some way to save these temporal soles a little more, while I am looking after and caring for the spiritual ones," he added, with a faint smile, as he walked on.

Although faultlessly neat in every particular of wearing apparel, the shiny and glossy portions of the Rev. McBrayer's broadcloth gave unmistakable evidence of its age and long service.

There is sometimes a certain refinement of poverty, which is more pathetic than abject squalor.

The reverend gentleman's meditations were presently disturbed by the "click-clack" of hoofs close behind him, and, glancing back, he saw a pony and phaeton coming at a brisk pace down the street.

The vehicle passed him, and then the pony was suddenly reined in and brought to a stand, while a figure well muffled in a waterproof abruptly looked out from the curtained side of the phaeton.

"I beg your pardon," said a kindly voice, "but is not this the Rev. Mr. McBrayer?"

"It is," answered the gentleman addressed.

"You have quite a long walk before you, and certainly a disagreeable one," the voice continued. "Oblige me by accepting a seat in my phaeton for the rest of the way."

"You are most thoughtful," responded the owner of the umbrella, looking first at its dripping points, then at his wet and muddy feet. "I think, however, I am about as wet and uncomfortable as I can well become, and, should I accept your kind offer, the chances are that I would place you in a similar predicament."

"Let me insist on your acceptance; you will in no wise incommode me," replied the voice, in a tone that implied it was little used to contradiction; and, with a thought of his yet distant objective point and a deprecatory glance at his soiled boots, the

Rev. McBrayer, without further words, furled his dripping umbrella and meekly took the proffered seat.

"I am Miss Ault," said the owner of the vehicle, as she started the pony into his usual brisk trot.

"Ah, indeed!" responded her companion, with an interested look dawning on his face, and which gave evidence that the name was not an unknown one to him. "I am glad to know you. You take much interest in the sick and needy, I have heard."

"Not so much as I might do, I fear," she answered. "I think I shall yet have to come to you to learn how to be thoroughly useful, for your name is an honored and beloved one almost everywhere I go among the poor and afflicted. I wonder that I have not met you before this, while on some of your errands of mercy. Have you many on your visiting-list out this way?"

"Quite a number," he answered. "I have just been to see a bereaved family who have lost their one ewe lamb. They are greatly distressed. I feel for them."

"What is the name?" inquired Miss Ault.

"Sandison; they live in a small frame house just beyond the bridge. The man is a stone-mason, I think."

"Will you hold the reins a moment while I jot down the name?" asked Miss Ault. "I don't think I know them. Sandison—small frame house just beyond bridge, I think you said. Which side—right or left as you go? Right—thank you; a few flowers may be acceptable for the baby's coffin to-morrow. I will either take or send them. Do you preach the sermon?" she asked, after a short pause.

"Yes," he said.

"And do you intend walking?" she inquired.

"Certainly," he answered. "I have no other means of getting there. I think the walk will not be as disagreeable a one as it has proved to-day," he added, cheerfully.

"It will be very muddy," she asserted. "Now that we have come to know one another—I should have hunted you up long ago: it is only another of my grievous omissions of duty—I hope you will permit me to be of some assistance in your various kind offices. To-morrow I shall send a boy with the phaeton, and you will confer a favor on me by using it. Do we turn down this

street? Very well; please be so kind as to direct me," interposed Miss Ault, as the Rev. McBrayer began a mild expostulation concerning her kind offer.

"Everything in perfect order and as neat as a new pin," was Miss Ault's mental comment, as she stopped the pony before the minister's humble home, then she said aloud:

"You have been wise in selecting a tasteful and thrifty wife, I judge, from the cosy appearance of things."

"Perhaps I have been remiss in not having selected any at all, thus far," he answered, smilingly. "My mother is the thrifty housewife whose orderliness you have been good enough to approve. She and an invalid sister, who is a great and almost constant sufferer, compose my small household."

"I will send the phaeton at ten promptly," said Miss Ault, giving a parting nod to the minister, "and," she called out, looking back, "please tell your sister that someday in the near future I shall come to see her."

"Who has been so kind as to bring you home through the rain?" asked the mother, with a smile of welcome, when he entered. "I was growing a little anxious, knowing how far it was, and with the rain coming down so steadily. Did you get much wet?"

"Not to amount to anything," he answered, cheerily, "and now guess who brought me back. Try your powers, Mollie; you are good at guessing," he added, playfully, going to where his sister sat in a large easy-chair by the window.

"I have no idea," she said, looking up affectionately into his refined face as he bent over and kissed her. "It was a dear little pony, though. Whose was it?"

"You would never guess," he answered, gently. "Never no more, as the children say. It was Miss Ault's phaeton, and Miss Ault herself who brought me to the gate."

"Miss Ault? The queer Miss Ault?" asked the sick girl, with a faint flush of excitement creeping into her face.

"The good Miss Ault," he corrected. "She has a warm and generous heart."

"But they call her very queer, you know, and tell strange things concerning her," continued his sister. "I have heard it said that she lives in her large and beautiful house almost alone, and entertains no company except now and then she fills the beautiful

grounds with a host of poor children, whom she feasts to their hearts' content and sends each away with a happy heart and some useful present—a coat, hat, shoes, shawl, whatever they most need in the way of clothing."

"She had old Mr. Matherson buried at her own expense, too," added the mother. "He had such a dread of a pauper's burial that she soothed his last moments with the promise that he should be decently put away, and she faithfully kept her word. She may be a little queer, but she certainly does a great many kind things."

"I think I should like to know her," said the invalid.

"Well, that pleasure is in the near future," her brother answered. "She said that she was coming some day soon to see you."

"To see me?" echoed the sick girl. "Did she really say that? How good of her! Tell me more about her. What sort of looking person is she?"

"Indeed, I scarcely know," answered the brother, smilingly. "I have only a confused impression of waterproof, veil, a general dampness, muddy boots, a dripping umbrella, and a kindly voice. I think, though, she has a very sweet gentle face."

As the Rev. McBrayer's sister had said, there were many strange rumors concerning Miss Ault and her eccentricities; for, although the fewest number of people—save those of the poorer class—knew her, except by sight, her name and a few circumstances of her history were familiar to almost everyone.

Years ago, so went the story, she was a noted belle, courted by many, for she was rich and highly accomplished. In the midst of her gay life, some great grief had suddenly come to her, causing her to withdraw from society and live in strict seclusion ever after.

What that grief had been, no one seemed to know, although there were many conflicting rumors, none of them perhaps authentic, but the gist of them centred on some unhappy affair of the heart.

Since that time, Miss Ault had seldom crossed a threshold unless poverty or sorrow or sickness lay upon the other side, and into these habitations she came with comfort and solace and cheer like a ministering angel.

She did not forget her promise of the phaeton and the flowers, nor the visit to the sick girl, whom she went to see a short time after; and, on her departure, the invalid's room was filled with fragrance and bloom, so generous had Miss Ault been with her cut and growing flowers.

From the hour of the Rev. Mr. McBrayer's acquaintance with Miss Ault, his propitious star seemed in the ascendant.

She consulted with him frequently on various humane projects, and with his aid still further enlarged her sphere of usefulness.

At his suggestion, a small library was fitted up and donated to the city hospital, for the benefit of convalescents, while many other philanthropic deeds of a like nature found their origin either in Miss Ault's kind heart or in that of her willing agent.

The Rev. Mr. McBrayer's salary was shortly increased, and a horse and phaeton donated by some unknown friend; and although the minister, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, attempted to thank Miss Ault for that which he felt certain was alone due her generosity, she persistently refused to discuss the matter, and at once turned the conversation to other topics.

The invalid sister also shared in the general good fortune attendant upon Miss Ault's kindness of heart. Books and flowers were constantly finding their way to the sick girl's presence, and, on discovering that the invalid possessed considerable artistic ability with the needle, she had her instructed in the popular methods of embroidery until she was able to execute orders which yielded her a small income, besides affording a pleasant occupation and relieving her of much of the tedium of lonely unemployed hours.

Not contented with this, Miss Ault had gone even further in her goodness of heart. She had consulted an eminent physician regarding the sick girl, and would have urged a thorough treatment at her own expense until relief was gained, had he not, after a careful examination, pronounced the disease to be beyond his skill. The poor girl was doomed to be an invalid for life, and Miss Ault was thus compelled to give up her plans of benevolence in this direction.

As soon as the spring was sufficiently advanced to render an outdoor fête pleasant, Miss Ault, with the minister's assistance,

gathered all the poor and friendless little ones she could discover in the by-ways of her self-appointed territory, and gave them a day of supreme enjoyment amid the bloom and fragrance of her ample grounds.

It was an unusual and almost an incongruous sight, this lot of ragged and sometimes not overly clean little gamins rolling and tumbling on the fresh sweet grass or running up and down the broad avenues under the overarching trees, like so many untamed deer, but with the brightest and happiest faces imaginable, which even an occasional coating of dust and dirt could not obscure or dim.

Miss Ault sent her own phaeton and had the sick girl brought there too, where a large easy-chair, placed in the warm sunshine, awaited her.

It was all so delightfully different from the long monotony of the invalid's afflicted life, that it seemed as if another and lovelier world had been opened to her admiring vision; and later, when Miss Ault came and sat beside her, while the Rev. Mr. McBrayer saw that each of the hungry children was waited on at the long table spread under the trees, the young girl took her kind friend's hand in her own, and, with tears of gratitude in her gentle eyes, thanked her again and again for the unclouded happiness of such a perfect day.

"To one in health, it is hard to realize the weary monotony of an invalid's life or to appreciate fully the sweet patience that endures it without murmuring," said Miss Ault, as she leaned toward her frail companion and affectionately kissed her.

"Ah, perfect health—what a priceless boon it must be!" exclaimed the young girl, fervently. "And yet," she added, with a grateful look, "one is almost reconciled to a life of suffering, in discovering how good and noble some souls may be."

"And then, sickness is only for this life," said Miss Ault, softly. "'There shall be no sorrow there.' Oh, how thankful we should be that an aching heart can go no further!"

The young girl looked up at her companion, but Miss Ault no longer heeded her surroundings. Her eyes were fixed on the fair blue sky beyond, while her face wore that far-off expression, as of one who recalls the hallowed past.

Intuitively the invalid knew that the sor-

row of that long ago had not died out within the bosom of her generous friend.

Upon returning with the phaeton, after taking his sister home before the cool of the evening, Mr. McBrayer found Miss Ault seated in one of the garden-chairs and quite deserted by the noisy throng he had left there.

On her kindly wrinkled face there was such a peaceful contented expression, as she looked abstractedly across the silent and deserted grounds, with her white hands folded in her lap, that he involuntarily exclaimed:

"Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive!"

She smiled faintly at his words, and motioned him to a seat near by.

"I hope I have given the little folks some pleasure to-day," she said, simply. "It does me good to see them enjoy themselves so heartily."

"And you look the happier for it," he answered, frankly. "Their pleasure has left its joy impressed upon your own face."

"And it was all accomplished at so trivial a cost," she continued. "Happiness is not necessarily an expensive thing. Just think of the number of glad little souls that were here to-day, and yet the entire sum expended on them has often been far exceeded by the cost of one of my ball-dresses."

"I was wondering only the other day, my dear Miss Ault, if it would not prove beneficial to you to mingle more frequently with persons of your own station, and to go into the society that you are so fitted to grace. It seems a pity that so noble a woman should be lost to it. Pardon me!" he added, hastily, noting the pained expression that flitted across her face, "if my words are unpleasant or seem injudicious; I had only your welfare at heart in thus speaking."

"I once let society interpose between me and my duty," she said, speaking slowly and reflectively, "and the penalty was a fearful one. Do you know the history of my heart?" she asked, turning her penetrating gaze full upon him.

"No," he answered, hesitatingly; "I have heard there was some sad misfortune connected with your withdrawal from the world, but I do not know its nature."

"I think I will tell you," she said, suddenly, after a little space of silence.

"If it causes you unhappy memories, do not awaken them for me," he said, gently.

"It does not matter now," she answered. "It happened so long ago, almost forty years, and that seems very far to look back into one's life. I do not know why it is, but this evening the memory of that past returns so clearly and distinctly, it appears as if the intervening years had been swept out of existence.

"I was a young girl then, and, with my youth and gayety, together with the prospective wealth that I would inherit from my father, it is little wonder that I was courted and flattered and spoiled by the brilliant society that welcomed me with open arms.

"My father was fondly indulgent, but he was a thorough business-man, and had set his heart on my forming a splendid alliance among his wealthy compeers; so that doubtless the blow was a very severe one to his hopes and aspirations when he discovered that I had allowed my heart to be won by a struggling young artist, whose genius had first brought him under my notice, and whose fine qualities of mind and heart had afterward won my esteem and love.

"When my father learned of the choice my heart had made, he gave way to a most violent fit of passion and commanded me to cast off my lover at once and forever, threatening to disinherit me should I refuse.

"He learned, however, that I possessed something of his determination of character, for I would not comply with his commands; although to pacify him somewhat and to calm his anger, which I greatly feared might result in an apoplectic stroke, against which he had been cautioned, I agreed to spend a year abroad in travel, and during that time to hold no correspondence with my artist lover.

"I well knew that my heart would remain as loyal and true at the end of the year as it then was, and I did not fear the result of this slight test.

"Before my departure, I managed to obtain a brief interview with my lover, in which I told him of my promise, but assured him that my love would remain unchanged during this enforced separation.

"He refused absolutely to entertain the proposition for a moment, and urged an elopement with such passionate entreaty that my resolution was almost shaken; but the

thought of my father's condition renewed my weakening courage, and I firmly resisted my lover's pleadings, whereupon he too reproached me in bitter terms, saying that the fear of being disinherited, rather than any apprehension on my father's account, prompted my actions.

"Despite my protestations of fidelity and unswerving love, he left me in anger, while my heart was almost crushed with this added sorrow.

"I believed, however, that when cooler moments came he would recognize the injustice of his words and seek to retract them; but the weary year passed slowly away, and no word or message came.

"On my return, I learned that he had gone away—where, I did not hear. Then pride came to my aid, and I determined that, though my heart should break, I would give no sign.

"My father died in a short while after I came back, and on his death-bed he called me to him, and, learning that my heart was still unchanged and true to its first love, he humbly confessed that he had sent for the young man soon after my departure, and had succeeded in convincing him that I had been bought to give him up, and my consent readily obtained to go abroad.

"I thought I was acting for the best, my daughter, and that you had mistaken for love a girlish whim that would soon be outlived and forgotten in a suitable union with one of equal position and wealth. Forgive me!"

"At such an hour, with the dark pinions of the death-angel overshadowing him, I could not withhold the forgiveness he craved, though my life had been blighted through him.

"During the period of mourning which succeeded my father's death, I cherished one constant wish that my lover would come back to me; but the months crept by, and no tidings of him reached my waiting heart.

"Then I gladly welcomed society again, as bringing a brief cessation from unhappy thought, and plunged into its whirl as one who seeks to drown corroding care in the maelstrom of excess, caring little but for the stimulus of excitement, and believing that my own peculiar sorrow was like no other.

"On the eve of the most brilliant ball of the season, as I sat in my room giving some

final directions to the dressmaker who was putting the finishing touches to my beautiful costume, a crumpled and illiterate note was brought me, asking me to visit a house on Water Street, and see a sick man who was poor and needy.

"At any other time, I should probably have gone, or at least have sent a servant to inquire about the needs of the person, as I rarely ever refused charitable appeals, although they were of frequent occurrence; but my lovely dress was almost completed, and I was anxious to have it fitted, therefore I sent word that I would come the next morning, as it was not convenient to do so then.

"The incident quite passed out of my mind until I was on the point of starting to the ball, when it was recalled by a sealed letter being brought me, accompanied by a verbal message asking if I would not come that night.

"The letter was in such a soiled envelope that I did not care to take it with my delicate white gloves, so I directed my maid to lay it aside until I should return.

"I glanced around for my purse, intending to send a small sum of money, in case the need should be urgent; but, in the confusion of dressing, it had been misplaced. I sent back word that I was engaged that evening, but would certainly come in the morning, as I had at first promised.

"The persistency of these low people vexed me at such an inopportune time, for I was in no wise responsible for their poverty or needs.

"Late in the morning of the next day—in fact, almost at noon—I recalled my promise, and had my maid look for the letter; but it too had been mislaid, and was not to be found.

"I knew the place, however, for I had visited a sick girl there some months before; and, ordering the carriage, I drove down to Water Street.

"My conscience reproached me when on inquiry I learned that the man who sent for me had died during the night.

"Be you the lady he was so anxious to see, miss?" asked the slovenly but kind-hearted woman who came to the carriage door.

"When I answered her that I was, she continued:

"Well, I never did see a person so set on a thing as he was to see you, miss. He kept his eyes fixed on the door with a kind o' wistful look till almost the very last, an' would ask over and over again if nobody had come. It fairly made me miserable a-hearin' him."

"If I had only realized that death was so near!" I said, with genuine reproach for my neglect. "I did not think but that to-day would answer just as well."

"He was that weak an' faint, miss—nothin' but skin an' bones, it seemed; an' he would have a piece of writin'-paper an' pencil, an' then he writ you a letter with his fingers a-tremblin' an' the death-chill a-crampin' 'em, till it was just pitiful to see him. I sent it right off, thinkin' maybe that it might be somethin' important as was a-weighin' on his mind, or maybe he was somebody as you would like to see before he died."

"And I did not even read it when it reached me," I cried, remorsefully. "I laid it aside and it was misplaced. How sorry I am! how very sorry! May I see him?" I asked, humbly. "Poor fellow! he is probably someone I have already befriended; and to think that, when he called upon me in his last hours, I should have failed to respond! How heartless I must have seemed to him! Do you know his name?" I asked, pityingly.

"Indeed, an' I can't call his name just at this minute, though he told me what it was. Just come this way, miss," she continued, bustling on before me, as I followed her into the house. "He came down the river the other day, an' was sick when he landed. He was that honest as to tell me he hadn't but little money; but I didn't have the heart to turn him away. La! miss, I never could turn even a hungry dog off, much less a human. I think he must have had a right pretty face once," she added, as she drew back the sheet, and I bent forward and looked at the wan pinched face beneath.

"Oh, merciful God! it was my lover!"

Miss Ault buried her face in her hands and was silent.

"The blow was indeed a terrible one," the Rev. Mr. McBrayer said, gently. "I pity you."

Presently she arose with a little shiver.

"It is growing cold," she said. "I am afraid I have stopped out too late."

That night, Miss Ault was taken ill, and by the next evening her condition was so serious that she sent for the Rev. Mr. McBrayer, who responded in all haste to the summons.

He was shocked and pained beyond expression to see so great a change in her; but she smiled sweetly when he entered the room, and feebly stretched out her hand to him.

"It is sooner than I expected," she said, simply.

He clasped her hand fervently, and was for a moment overcome with emotion. The full tide of his obligations to this noble woman swept across his soul like a flood.

"I hope not yet," he answered, encouragingly.

"I have been waiting the summons many long years," she said, speaking slowly and with difficulty, "and I am glad to lay down the burden of life, now that I have found you to carry out my unfinished work." She rested a few moments, then continued: "This morning, I appointed you my executor.

For some time, I have been troubled with uncertainty in regard to the disposition of this house and grounds; but the other day your sister, in her gentle gratitude for a brief day's pleasure, suggested the idea which I meant to have carried out, had not the summons come so speedily. Now the perfecting of this work will fall on your shoulders. Pray for it and for me."

When the Rev. McBrayer arose from the bedside, there was a deep silence in the room.

Miss Ault had passed quietly out of the lonely life she had so patiently led through all these long years, since that morning she had gazed on the pallid face in the squalid house on Water Street; but the calm peaceful expression which remained on her own told of the perfect rest into which she had entered.

The prayer was answered; for to-day the homeless, the afflicted, and the orphaned find comfort and rest under the broad sheltering wings of the Home which the queer Miss Ault gave to the friendless many years ago.

MY SECRET.

BY EMERINE STRATTON REES.

SHOULD you ask me of my sorrow,
Of a grief I may not utter,
That I will not even mention
To my nearest and my dearest,
Who would deem it but a trifle,
Or would look with eyes of pity
Mingled with commiseration,
And their foolish repetition,
Saying softly, lest I heard them,
Heard the words unkind repeated,
As they say: "How old she's growing!"

If you asked, dear, and would promise
Never to reveal the secret,
Never, till I give you license,
Till I give you leave and license,
Never, though the skies might fall,

This my answer; this I'd tell you—
How one day, one sweet June morning,
Suddenly a vision startling,
Strange and startling, met my eyes.
Whence it came, indeed I know not;
But with me it will remain,
Aye, forever and a day.

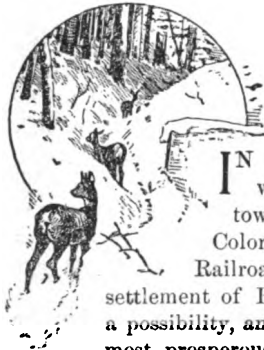
Not like storms that come with heralds
Of dark clouds or thunder's roar,
Did this sorrow give me warning,
Give a sign of its approaching;
But like kiss of timid lover
First imprinted on her lips—
Soft, so none might guess the secret
Hidden in his boyish heart—
So this grief came o'er me stealing,
And I knew not whence it came.

I remembered then a legend—
One it was of ancient telling—
That whoever plucks this sorrow,
Strives to free him from its clutches,
Tries to blot it from remembrance,
Finds that it is manifolded
And returns upon his head.
There, like bird of evil omen,
Will it sit and croak of age.

Ah, you promise, promise truly,
And you mean it, every word?
Well, it's here above my forehead,
And it is—my first gray hair!

HELD UP AT SAN ANGELO.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," ETC.



I.

IN 1886, San Angelo was the "hurrah town" of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fé Railroad. The now rising settlement of Ballinger was only a possibility, and Paint Rock the most prosperous community west of the Colorado.

The line of progress crept westward by slow degrees, and for an interval all communication between San Angelo and the outlying country was made by stage. Drivers rode armed to the teeth, and a first-class coach was an arsenal. For the most part, the mails and express packages were carried by daylight; but, as business grew and treasure accumulated, a night stage was put on to meet the emergencies of the period. It was this night stage that ran the gauntlet of the dreaded road-agents, carried crowds of blue-shirted and terror-stricken passengers, and more than once brought them to their journey's end wiser in experience, but poorer in pocket. For Ballinger Joe, the most famous and desperate of frontier Paul Cliffords, was known to be in the vicinity. A small man, wiry, cool, and determined, was Ballinger Joe. None could be more cold-blooded and none more scrupulously polite. He robbed his customers with something of the polish and courtesy of a Chesterfield, and his uniform etiquette to the fair sex was a matter of history.

"Here are twenty dollars apiece, ladies, for pin-money and traveling expenses. Ez the weather's right peart this morning, I'll build a leetle fire alongside the road here; and, Jedge Kent, I'll trouble ye to git out o' the coach them thar cushionings, so thet the ladies kin be someways comfortable while I'm goin' through the rest of ye."

(32)

This had been his opening salute when robbing an unusually heavy stage-load unopposed and single-handed. His gross receipts on the occasion were five thousand in bank-notes and coin. It is needless to add that Judge Kent produced the cushions. There was an easy and convincing delivery about Ballinger Joe's utterances which impressed the auditor, especially as his rhetoric was invariably emphasized by the display of a brace of cocked revolvers.

On the evening of January 10th, a cold blinding snow-storm had struck the town of San Angelo, whitening mesquites and live-oaks in the prairie suburbs, coating bush and grass-blade with transparent mail, and transforming the very garments of the wayfarer into a species of glassy and brittle armor. The sharp teeth of the blizzard were so many javelins in the face of a small nervous-looking man, who uttered many a suppressed ejaculation that was certainly not found in the Prayer-book, as he fought his way onward. Howbeit, he reached the "Blue Front" saloon, after a brisk but uncomfortable walk through the narrow streets of the town, and, tearing open the swinging door with a gesture of relief, vanished within. As he passed into the saloon, some burly figure cannoned into him. The stranger recoiled with an oath and demanded an apology. The new-comer's frozen garments discharged a shower of ice that rattled and danced upon the bare floor of the bar-room like fairy musketry. The smooth-shaven face, gray eyes, and almost clerical features that appertained to this snowy figure lighted up at this salute with a dangerous brilliancy. As he turned slowly on his assailant and barked back at him in sharp strident tones his stern remonstrance, one might have been pardoned the droll suggestion that a storm-bound Hotchkiss gun was unlimbering and going into action.

"Stand aside, when I'm moving forward in the service of the Lord!" was the essence of the rejoinder, prefaced by an eloquence in profanity that heightened this general resem-

blance. Closing his protest with a lurid fusillade upon the folly of "hoisting too much to navigate one's own freight," the orator turned on his heel and walked up to the bar.

It chanced that Mr. Ridgewood Procter, a frontier authority and local critic in border manners, was leaning idly on the deal bar of the Blue Front. As he was himself recovering from too frequent libations in the pursuit of the goddess Chance over a poker-game of the night before, he was inclined to be captious. Accordingly he took occasion in the present difficulty to emulate his predecessor and address a half-drunken, half-moralizing, but wholly personal and insulting harangue to the occupants of the bar-room, pausing at intervals to allow the real object of his strictures to feel the full force of his words.

"Ish shtrange, boys, ish shing'lar," said Mr. Procter, with his chin in his hand, and swinging easily around upon one elbow so as to include the entire bar-room in his inebriated philosophy, "ish plumb ridick'lus, what four fingers too much or too leetle o' this here forty-rod whiskey of Jim Wily's kin do in the way of makin' a two-footed hog outer an ornery man. Shom fellers, like enough, might say it's cussedness. I say it's rum. Josh thar ain't satisfied with stackin' the cards and loadin' the dice agin me the last fortnight. He can't go home quiet and peace'ble. Nosh shir! He owns the earth, and he must hev the hull bar, and so"—the speaker paused and indulged in a drunken laugh at his own wit—"he lays low, and he fetches a stranger—and a parson at thet!"

This sally raised a laugh in the dimly lighted room. Mr. Joshua Myers, gambler, who was about to pass out into the open street, turned with a glare in his red eyes and a sinister look on his flushed face at this open criticism of his methods.

"How's thet?" he growled, striding up to the facetious drunkard. "Wot's thet yer givin' me, Ridge Procter? Do you mean to tell me I hedge my chips, and thet my game is crooked? I'll teach ye to drop thet business, ye contemptible!"

With a spring and something that glittered like silver in the bar-room lamp, he was upon Ridge, and in an instant had thrown him against the bar, and, with his head and

neck forced backward over the edge of it, was holding him helpless in his gripe.

The stranger, who, notwithstanding his clerical suggestion and his recent animadversions upon the sin of over-indulgence, had helped himself bountifully from a full bottle, was in the act of drinking a glass of raw spirit and listening approvingly to Mr. Procter's discourse, when this fracas occurred. He paused and set down his tumbler. Putting one hand beneath his clerical coat-tails and producing a self-cocking revolver, he leveled it upon Mr. Myers.

"I'll trouble ye to put up thet knife, my Christian friend," he remarked, with singular business-like decision. "Yer friend thar hez struck it; I am a parson, but thet won't prevent me from shootin' ye jest the same, ef ye don't see fit to let him up."

There was a dead silence throughout the room at this grim pleasantry. Mr. Myers released his victim and replaced his hunting-knife in the sheath which was hid in his waistband. There was a rush, a stamping of many feet and thronging of frenzied faces, and the gambler and his assailant were the centre of an excited circle. A large man detached himself from its inner ring and advanced with a swagger to Mr. Myers's side.

"I reckon I'm in this!" he remarked, with exaggerated ferocity of port and extravagance of manner, facing the stranger boldly. He drew a six-shooter and cocked it ostentatiously. "Josh and me's pards, and I'm right here to say thet anyone who teches Josh teches me. We ain't run no monte game for three years together without standin' by the board and givin' bluff fur bluff."

The situation was growing interesting. Mr. Myers and his partner of the green cloth were both armed and dangerous. The stranger stood his ground.

"I don't want no foolishness," he said, quietly, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, as if temporizing and permitting a languid calm to settle over his former bellicose attitude. Then, with a quick spring, he threw out his left hand toward his second adversary, and at the same instant snapped his own pistol upon Myers.

The weapon exploded full in the gambler's face. The bullet literally ploughed its way through the poor wretch's forehead. All

present saw the spouting ghastly wound, as he stood tottering amid the smoke and crashing echoes; then he sank in a lifeless heap upon the floor.

You might have heard a pin drop in the bar-room. The awe-struck crowd shrank back before the direful catastrophe. All at once, the rough men realized an odd thing: as the stranger threw out his left hand, his other assailant had pulled his revolver's trigger, and the falling hammer had caught the middle finger of the parson's hand. It was an accident almost miraculous and only possible in a duel at close quarters. But, happening as it did, its effect was inevitable: the pistol was temporarily useless, and the second assailant stood virtually disarmed.

With a fierce bark of joy, the clerical gentleman brought his smoking revolver instantly to bear on his other foe.

"Hands up and drop everything!" shouted the clergyman. The other obeyed and begged for his life. For a few seconds, this nondescript parson kept him covered with his weapon, apparently enjoying the music of his entreaties. At length, he lowered his arm. "Keep a civil tongue in your head after this, my friend," he remarked, menacingly, as he released his adversary. "The servant of the Lord shall not perish in the snare of the ungodly," he added impressively to his audience, as he carefully wiped his revolver and returned it to its holster. He returned to his unfinished liquor and tossed it off at a draught.

A subdued awe reigned throughout the low-ceiled room. Perched upon chairs and tables and other coigns of vantage, the spectators surveyed this extravagant type of the frontier clergyman not without a certain admiration. To rout successfully and put hors de combat two of the most notorious of frontier desperadoes, and in this summary fashion, argued a character they were bound to respect. The additional fact that this was the work of a stranger threw a poetic glamor about the achievement that savored of knight-errantry.

At length, Ridge Procter, who was mounted upon the deal bar, whither he had fled to escape the destructive rain of cold lead which had made the saloon a dangerous locality, leaned forward and extended a large hand, coated with a subsoil of real-estate, and gravely shook his deliverer's hand.

"I reckon I'm your property after to-night," he said, slowly. "Will you repeat that dose of your'n—and everybody else—on me?"

The clergyman did not comply. Howbeit, his reluctance was overlooked in the cheerful alacrity with which the waiting audience forsook their various perches and grouped themselves about this grateful frontier philanthropist.

Meanwhile the dead man's body, prone in the sight of all, stained the bare floor with ghastly streaks of crimson. Someone compassionately threw a sou'wester over it.

The glasses were charged and raised, when their clerical guest raised a deprecatory finger in token that he wished to be heard. He stepped forward until he stood above the shrouded figure of his late foe.

"Before you drink Ridge Procter's health, my Christian bretheren," he began, "I want to say a word to ye. My name is Binks. Down in the southern country whar I commonly sojourn, I'm known from east to west ez honest Parson Binks." He paused and eyed his audience solemnly. "And I am lookin' fur a church, young men and fellow-sinners," said the recent homicide, "where I kin jest natchally labor in the Lord's vineyard in spirit and in truth." He paused again impressively. "What I done to-night," he resumed, dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper, "I done fair, and all of ye seen me do it. But now I want to settle among ye and lead a hard-workin' active Christian preacher's life—and whatsoever my hand findeth to do, to do it with all my might. Under the circumstances, Ridge, I reckon I don't want any more in mine to-night."

This edifying homily, delivered in a frank, emphatic, and earnest fashion, was listened to with a respectful gravity that was indeed flattering. The apparent inconsistency of the speaker's temperance attitude, in view of his former indulgence, was cheerfully ignored in the hearty appreciation with which the rest of the gathering swallowed their liquor. Mr. Ridgewood Procter, who was regarded as both an oracle and an authority in San Angelo, was about to open his mouth in support of the recent position of his benefactor, when a singular sound was heard without. It was a rhythmic sound, familiar and yet vague and muffled. The motley assemblage

held their breath. Only one spoke; it was the stranger preacher. With an exclamation of solicitude, he flew to the door and flung it wide open. The sound came now more clearly and increased in sharpness. The men flocked to the door. Nearer, nearer it came until the eager listeners readily recognized the hoof-beats of a horse coming toward the Blue Front with the speed of the wind. Suddenly, dripping wet but fully bridled and saddled, the frantic animal dashed up to the doorstone of the saloon, and, with a wild whinny of welcome, thrust his damp muzzle and foam-flecked head full in the preacher's breast. The rough men were loudly vociferous in their admiration.

Parson Binks returned with warmth the caresses of the faithful animal.

"I reckon the General slipped his halter," he said, quietly, to the nearest.

The men said nothing, being absorbed in a frontiersman's appreciation of the graceful creature's "points." But Ridge Procter, who loved a good horse and had pushed his way to the parson's side during the recent diversion, voiced his sentiments briefly.

"Wot's thet ye call him, pardner?" he inquired, pointing a critical finger at the broad breast, full eye, small head, and flaring nostrils of the superb animal. "Gineral, hey? Wal, Gineral, you're the fust mahogany bay with black points I ever cottoned to yet. I'll lay odds yer a racer and Morgan to boot!"

He still held his emptied tumbler in his hand, and he now dashed the heel-taps of his liquor in the animal's face.

"I looks at you, Gineral, and admires you," he said, "and I christens you according." He turned and confided a knowing wink to the crowd, which in his semi-intoxicated condition convulsed his auditors. "And wot's more," he concluded, "I gives out thet, ef ever the parson puts you on the market, I'll own you, Gineral, ef I hev to pawn my Mexican saddle and my silver spurs."

The cheer with which this horseman's estimate was received testified that his audience was with him.

II.

WHEN it was understood that Parson Binks had really come to stay, there was some difference of opinion touching his

general usefulness in San Angelo. The citizens were divided on the question in opposing factions. One party deprecated the advent of a minister, urging that certain of the inhabitants were ignorant of the fact that they had souls to save, and that it would be an act of unwarrantable cruelty to awaken them to the solicitude which a knowledge of this elusive fact might entail.

"You go in that," said Lampasas Jake to Mr. Procter, who, as usual, was the centre of an idle group outside the Blue Front, "you go in thar and allow thet we don't want no missionary nor Gospel-sharp from the southern country to kem here and worrit us. Ever sence Dr. Stethescope told me thet my heart was a force-pump, and my kidneys a sieve, and my liver a sugar-factory, I've been thet mixed on my inside thet my organs hev quit work and gone on strike. I hardly dare draw a long breath, and ain't hed a well day sence. Who knows, ef Binks gits to argifyin' among us on spiritoal matters," continued the speaker, in an awed voice, "but what every mother's son of us'll jest natchally be took with immoral dyspepsy or some similar complaint?"

At this dismal presentiment, an atmosphere of gloom seemed to settle upon his auditors. Mr. Procter, who represented the smaller and more sanguine portion of the community, responded briefly.

"Wot's the matter with Binks stayin' here and preachin' to suit hisself, ef he don't noways interfere with bizness?" he demanded.

"But he does," retorted Jim Wily. "He's like them fools at Brady City which kem pretty near ruinin' me once. You know yer-self Binks is dead agin rum. He's gittin' up a crusade now, and doin' wot he kin to quarantyne me and my faro game. Not any Binks in mine, my friend, not any!"

In spite of such general opposition, the grateful Procter succeeded in gaining his point. It cost him something to do this, and it was even rumored that on one occasion he did go so far as to part with the aforesaid Mexican silver spurs in order to secure the valuable co-operation of Hides Nail, another arbiter of frontier opinion. For some weeks, while the matter was still under consideration, he entertained liberally and kept open house at the little cottage nestled among the perennial live-oaks which made his dimin-

utive abode known to the community as the "Green House." For Ridge enjoyed the reputation of being uniformly generous and open-handed with his money. The cheerfulness with which he dispensed his dollars when "long of the market" was only exceeded by the unredeeming confidence with which he borrowed capital when "short."

Howbeit, when, owing to his strenuous efforts and eloquence in Binks's behalf, that worthy was finally established in San Angelo, when one of the groceries had been dismantled and remodeled to perfect a church, when a large sombrero had been passed around at the first service in aid of the Society for Domestic Missions, when the vigorous rhetoric and convincing logic of the eccentric parson had stirred the hearts of his frontier audience, there was little regret over the result. Only Lampasas Jake, driver of the daily stage, who was an intimate and an admirer of Mr. James Wily and currently believed to be a silent partner in his popular "monte game," only Lampasas Jake and Mr. Wily frowned upon the new order of things.

But the parson was too shrewd to inaugurate his dreaded temperance reform, or indeed to propose any extreme measures. His first efforts in that direction developed such earnest and positive opposition that, with commendable clerical tact, he desisted. By the mildness of his moral example and a certain suave tolerance of individual foibles, he soon became a popular and influential citizen. Even the few female inhabitants of that barren plain grew to regard him as the "shadow of a rock in a weary land." They leaned upon his counsel publicly and languished over his many graces in private.

"Ef I could only get used to thet smooth-shaven face o' his'n," said Miss Marron Glacée, popularly known as "Glassy Mary," an ancient maiden whose knowledge of French was also ancient and whose patronymic was believed to be an affectation—she was a milliner—"ef I could only get used to thet smooth face, Marier! But then, his manners is certinly lovely! And oh, Marier! did you hear him pray at Josh Myers's funeral? I was clean dissolved to tears. I jest set there and melted away. I do believe thet dyin' would have no more terrors for me, ef I could only know thet sich a nice

man would say a funeral blessin' over me. I could give up then without a struggle. Dear me! I certinly don't think he could hev shot Josh, hisself. Now, don't you believe, Marier, thet them boys invented thet slander themselves? Lawful sakes! Marier, in thet plum-colored bonnet I made you, you are certinly jest too sweet!"

Meanwhile the brief Texan winter waxed and waned. The morning mists trooped idly through the valleys, stretching their wan fingers appealingly toward the jocund sun, that sent his pitiless lances through and through their wasted and emaciated forms. A thin green mantle, dotted here and there with bits of perfumed color, clothed the vague landscape, and the few vagrant snow-drifts shrunk to mere skeletons on the northward slopes. Again in slanting lines of rain the wet northers fled wailing over the broad prairies, smiting their dismal harp-strings against the naked trees; and suddenly the morrow dawned to find spring, forward daughter of the storm, strolling through the sunny hollows and calling sweetly to the birds and flowers over every valley and divide.

One lovely evening, Parson Binks burst in upon Mr. Ridge Procter, who was smoking a quiet pipe under the quieter stars, as he sat in a reverie on the moss-covered doorstep of his own ranch. The parson's cottage was but a few yards away, and a close intimacy had sprung up between the two men with the fleeting months. Procter had grown to entertain a high regard for the clear-brained sagacity and iron nerve always exhibited by the other, but this evening the parson's hand seemed hot and his speech hurried and excited, as he begged him to accompany him to his own house on a very important errand.

Arrived there, Ridge found, lying upon the parson's own bed, a fair young girl, scarce fifteen years of age—pale as ashes, with eyelids closed as in the sleep of death, lips blue and chill, and only the Titian-tinted tresses that swept the soft outline of her heaving bosom to give the warmth of life to this sweet tableau. Ah me! enough that Parson Binks exhibited to the astounded Ridge a letter pinned to the poor girl's dress, stating that her name was Gladys Marlowe and describing how Ballinger Joe had killed the brother of this hapless maiden while

robbing the regular stage that very afternoon; enough that the bag of notes and coin that rested by her side was designated as "expenses for board and trouble"; enough that Ballinger Joe pledged his word and exchequer to pay for her future maintenance at regular intervals, and that Parson Binks supplemented all this mystery with the statement that he had found her there on returning to his cabin two hours before, and that during the interval she had not spoken nor stirred.

The susceptible heart and romantic sympathies of Mr. Ridgewood Procter were deeply thrilled by this strange recital. Isolated as he was from the beneficent influences of civilization, the lone ranchman had hitherto had little acquaintance with what the poet terms "earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected." Such specimens of the gentler sex as had come his way had played familiar with his unshorn locks and unsophisticated affections, and then cruelly retreated to more fashionable settlements. Indeed, in view of the gentleman's limited experience, it may be stated that he indorsed the cynical attitude of the Ecclesiast: "Behold this have I found, counting one by one to find out the account. What my soul seeketh I find not: one man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found."

And, while this frontier philosopher, in breathless contemplation of the unconscious loveliness before him, pondered the deceitful graces of woman and listened to the parson's whispered words, Gladys the fair, Gladys the unfortunate, opened her red-brown orbs and gazed wistfully into his eyes.

III.

It was at least a week before San Angelo awoke to a realization of the strange adventure that had befallen Parson Binks. When at length, through confidential disclosures at the Blue Front, a full understanding of the affair in all its romantic details had gone abroad, a flutter of excitement pervaded the settlement. Fabulous reports of the young lady's beauty being current—owing to the alcoholic enthusiasm of the narrator, Mr. Ridgewood Procter—a singular solicitude on the part of eligible bachelors in respect of personal appearance was at once apparent, as well as a rather unwarrantable curiosity

and disposition to "spruce up" on the part of the married men. The parson himself developed a spasmodic and agonizing popularity. He was overwhelmed by an incessant and effusive throng of visitors, who called upon him on the most absurd and futile errands, one aged sinner going so far as to arouse him at midnight in order to consult with him on the expediency of his being immediately baptized. One of his early morning callers, arrayed in a boiled shirt and a brand-new suit of brown ducking, knocked at his door and greeted him with great eagerness; but, when the parson came to sum up the results of this matutinal call, he failed to see that aught else but the telling of a facetious story was the outcome of the interview. Still another, having recently returned from a trip to Austin, and learning of what was generally spoken of as "the parson's great luck," at once invited himself to dinner, where he beguiled the time in staring stupidly at the embarrassed Gladys and recounting at great length a ridiculous accident which he had witnessed at the theatre: A certain popular actress, he stated, was renowned for her unfortunate avoirdupois, and, with increasing corpulence, had grown extremely sensitive upon the point. She had been acting very successfully in a certain comedy wherein her entrance upon the stage was heralded by the remark, "Hark! I hear her fairy footsteps." At this performance, when the lady was about to go on, one of the actors behind the scenes inadvertently dropped a fifty-pound weight down a neighboring stairway. The satirical applause which greeted the lady's appearance was so overwhelming that she attributed the accident to malice, and retired from the stage in consequence.

The parson laughed heartily at this anecdote, but apparently did not consider it of sufficient importance to warrant an epidemic of his visitor's society. Indeed, Binks was too shrewd a man not to perceive the origin of his recent popularity. To what heights his guests were exalted by this near view of the new beauty's charms, I cannot say. Opinions were conflicting. Certainly a very bitter and personal discussion, that nearly led to a hostile meeting, arose between Lampasas Jake and the editor of the San Angelo "Record," in regard to the young lady's eyes. Jake, who was suffering from

a recent attack of "break-bone fever" and was naturally despondent, had been so ungallant as to state that he failed to see where the poetry lay in "two big starin' optics thet reminded him of a couple of burnt holes in a blanket." This prosaic sentiment was said to have been provoked by the editor's repeatedly singing to himself, while sharing the box-seat with Jake, the opening lines of Herrick's famous lyric, "Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee." The editor, a high-spirited youth who had just left the parson's cottage and was, as he expressed it, still on the "Romeo-ic balcony of mashdom," had drawn his revolver and proposed to discuss the subject with powder and ball. The passengers interfered. The incident attracted a great deal of attention and induced so keen a scrutiny of the editor's later writings as to be somewhat embarrassing. A subsequent impassioned description of a thunderstorm, in which the gentleman quoted from Byron—"O night, and storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength, as is the light of a dark eye in woman!"—was popularly believed to have a personal inspiration.

Perhaps the truest view of the young lady's claims to admiration may be gained

by the disparaging expressions of the female portion of the residents of San Angelo. No sooner had the popular interest in the new arrival affected the married contingent, than the wives and sisters of the guilty parties arose in the might of outraged womanhood. With envious bosoms, they called on this foreign rival in critical couples and trios. Miss Marron Glacée and the faithful but married "Marier" felt called upon to pay their respects in concert. To the shallow sympathies of these austere bosoms, the poor young girl in her bereaved and lonely condition turned with pitiful tenderness. Her wistful longing for feminine comfort and consolation was entirely thrown away.

"A yaller-faced and holler-eyed simpleton, with languishin' ways and lackadaisical airs and graces," was Miss Glacée's comment, who quite resented the innocent Gladys's proximity to the parson.

"To think, Hank," said Mrs. Corbin—vulgo, "Marier"—severely, to her protesting husband that night, "toe think thet a man of your age could take any interest in a lean scrawny young thing thet don't weigh over ninety pound and is freckled and red-headed into the bargain!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



FLOATING.

BY WALDO P. JOHNSON.

Idling and dreaming, I lay on my oar,
Listlessly watching the lights on the shore
Gleaming and twinkling and trembling there,
Miles away through the misty air.

Far in the front, with their silver-capped crests
Rolling along from the star-jeweled west,
Tide-driven waves lap the ripple-kissed sand,
Seeking to rest on the breast of the land.

Far through the mist of the future,
to me,
Gleaming more brightly, it seems I can
see,
Lining the shining and silvery strand,
Lights on the shore of another land.

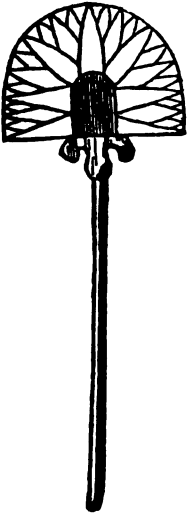
Idling and dreaming, I lay on my oar,
Listlessly watching the lights on the shore.

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE FAN.

BY FRANCES M. SMITH.

THE most ancient fans known to us are the Egyptian, thirtyfive centuries old. On a bas-relief at Nimroud is represented a slave in the act of cooling the liquid contained in a pitcher, by waving a fan shaped like a palm-leaf—a frequent subject of Egyptian decoration.

Illustration No. 1 presents the form of the primitive fan as it is shown in the oldest Hindostanic bas-reliefs. There is scarcely a single old Indian tombstone on which these three inseparable companions of tropical man—the fan, fly-broom, and parasol—are not sculptured.



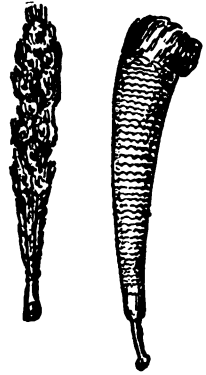
1. THE PRIMITIVE FAN.

The fan which the queen Aah-Hotep used on sultry Egyptian days, a thousand years or so before the Christian era, is still preserved. The sticks and crown or mount are covered with gold, and around the top the holes are visible in which the ostrich-feathers were fastened.

The Arabians were accustomed to write inscriptions and religious sentences on the fan. Later on, they had feather fans, the earliest styles of which are represented in Figures 2 and 3. The "Arabian Nights" contains the first record of these fans. It is related in "The Sleeper Awakened" that, when Abou Hassan fancied himself to be the commander of the faithful, he was introduced into a splendid banqueting-room. As he sat at the table, seven beautiful women began to fan him assiduously with their feather fans.

The Greeks received the fan from the Assyrians through intermediate trade with the Phœnicians. Though Homer and Anacreon do not speak of it, it is nevertheless a fact that the fan was used in Greece.

Euripides mentions it in his "Orestes," and sculptors often put it in the hands of their goddesses and women. The first Greek fans were made of acacia, lotus, and plantain leaves, like these shown in Figures 4, 5, and 6. These were often represented in the classical sculpture of the country.



2 and 3. EARLIEST FEATHER FANS.

Figure 7 represents an old Chinese fan. The Celestials have a pretty legend regarding the invention of the fan. Lam-si, the tale runs, lovely daughter of an all-powerful mandarin of the Flowery Kingdom, was bidden to an imperial fête, which she attended masked, conformably to the court etiquette of her day. Becoming intolerably heated, she tore her mask from her face in defiance of custom, and fanned herself with it vigorously. She was so beautiful and so exalted in rank that her offense was pardoned and her example followed by others; thus the hand-fan had its birth and was universally adopted by both sexes.

In Mexico, the Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs, regarded the fan as a symbol of Ometenctli, their god, Totec, the founder of their monarchy, who is always represented with a feather fan in his hand, like that seen



4, 5, and 6. ANCIENT GREEK FANS.



7. ANCIENT CHINESE.



8. MEXICAN.

in Figure 8. Its name was "Tleotrehua-quetzalli," a word one would be wary of pronouncing too often.

In the tenth century, the fan had become common in France among titled dames, and later it was affected by the gallants of the time. In England, it was known as early as the reign of Richard III.

A fan which dates back to the sixth century, and which is now preserved in the castle of Monza, near Milan, Italy, formerly belonged to a queen named Theodelinda. It is composed of two square leaves, one of which folds over the other, each being richly gilded and ornamented with pearls; the handle is of solid gold, inlaid with gems. This relic is supposed to possess peculiar properties for facilitating matrimony, and

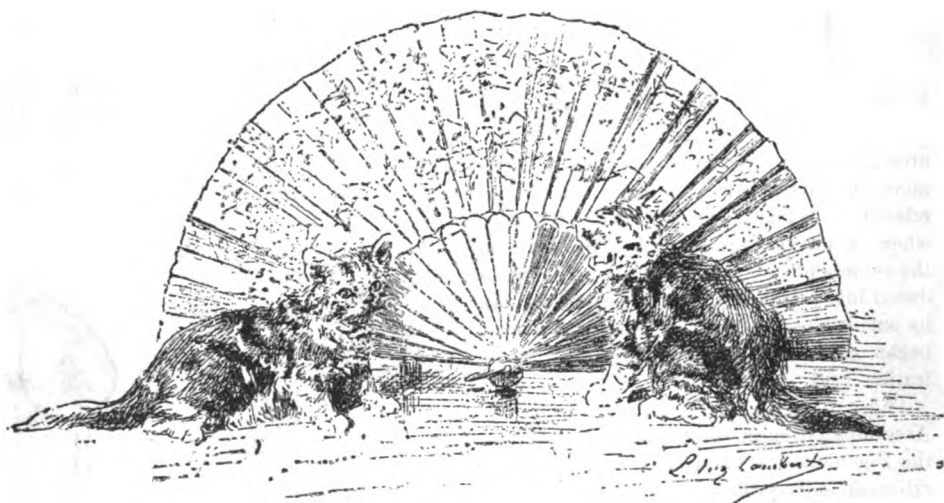
once a year the girls of the neighboring country make a pilgrimage to the castle of Monza, for the purpose of touching it.

In the wardrobes of the great ladies of the Middle Ages, fans outnumbered gowns. Queen Bess, who was called the "patron of fans," had one of these pretty toys for nearly every day in the year. A fan, she declared, was the only present a sovereign could accept from a subject. In one of her most celebrated portraits, she holds a round feather fan in her hand. She had a favorite one of red and white feathers—the handle of gold, enameled with a half-moon of mother-of-pearl; within that was another half-moon, garnished with diamonds and pearls containing her majesty's picture.

Louis XV of France made as much personal use of one as any beauty of the day, and considered it an essential feature of his dress. Figure 9 is a good illustration of the taste of the period. Louis's liberal encouragement of the art of fan-painting has linked his name with its history and literature.

If all the fans preserved in private collections and museums, said to have been Marie Antoinette's, were really hers, their combined power of wind might have blown her enemies out of France.

It was the fashion formerly, and is to some extent at the present time, to lavish enormous sums on the adornment of fans. Madame de Pompadour is credited with bearing off the palm in such extravagance.



9. A LOUIS XV FAN.

She owned a fan with a lace mount which cost thirty thousand dollars. This marvel took nine years to make, and the medallions in the sticks were masterpieces of miniature-painting.

Mythology at first furnished favorite subjects for the fan-painters, then they turned to the Bible for their themes, and next they took to love-scenes. Watteau, Rosalba Carriera, Boucher, Lebrun, Gerome, and Laufe have in turn been the famous fan-painters of their day.

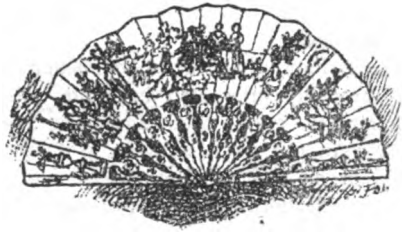
During the French Revolution, the subjects were suggestive of the turmoil of the times. The ivory and lace gave way to wood and paper, bearing the favorite motto, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."



10. THE LAFAYETTE FAN.

It will be remembered that Charlotte Corday, when she went to murder Marat, carried a dagger in one hand, and in the other a fan bearing the words "Liberty or Death."

The royalists devised fans which revealed their political proclivities only when held in a certain way. Such a fan cost Madame de Cevennes her life, and on the scaffold she



11. A SPANISH FAN.

waved a similar one which no one knew how she had obtained.

To-day the generality of the fans used in the world come either from China or France. The style of those made by the Celestials depends on its destination. Fans made of peacock feathers are for Assam; enriched with embroidery and jewels, they go to the Indian rajahs; suspended from silver rods and made to wave to and fro, they are for wealthy Brahmins; richly painted punkahs are for Ceylon; for European and American markets, they are made of a kind of grass which emits a fragrant perfume, or they are made of sandal-wood, of bamboo, or of Palmyra leaves. Fans for Mohammedan natives must be without representations of living objects; for Bulgaria and the East, this social weapon of offense and defense must be made of feathers alone, in order to express all the varying sentiments that form the heart and mind of a Bulgarian maiden.

A curious and interesting English book is one written by Lady Charlotte Schreiber on "English Fans and Fan-Leaves." The volume forms a most curious and interesting record of political and social events, such as were at one time or the other deemed of



12. NINON DE L'ENCLOS' FAN.

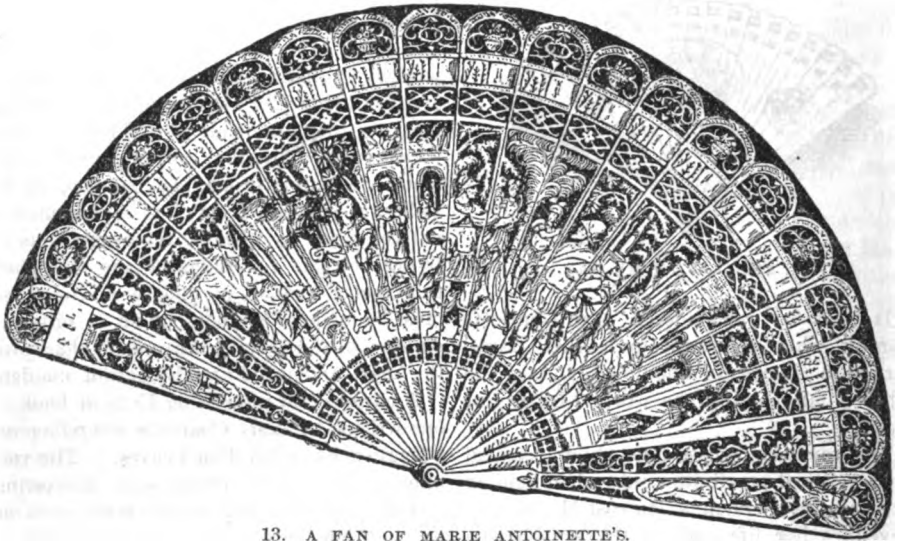
sufficient interest to ladies to be illustrated on their fans.

The fashion of topical or commemorative fans probably originated in Spain, where illustrations of bull-fights and even autos-da-fé were put on fans to be used in the arena or on the place of execution. The practice of adorning fans with designs of current events was greatly in vogue in France and England from the beginning of the last century, and continued to be more or less fashionable until fifty years ago.

The diversity and number of subjects illustrated on fans must have been very great, considering that Lady Charlotte Schreiber's publication comprises fac-simile reproductions

excise bill, 1733; trial of Warren Hastings, 1788; events referring to Frederick the Great, Napoleon I, Wellington, and the Peninsular War furnished prolific subjects for fan-illustrations.

The remainder of this interesting collection comprises fans used in church, at the opera, theatre, and at balls. Then there are almanac, conundrum, and riddle fans; club, sporting, mourning, and allegorical fans; and fans geographical, biographical, and historical. Each of these subjects is treated in a quaint and in many cases most original manner. The explanations and references given by Lady Charlotte contain many interesting facts concerning old customs and domestic history.



13. A FAN OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S.

tions of one hundred and fifty-nine specimens, which, after all, form only a part of her collection. They range over a whole century: the earliest, Bartholemey fan, being dated 1721; the most recent, the queen's royal fan, bearing the date 1821. Representations of events in the royal family are numerous, commencing with the coronation banquet of George II, 1727, and followed by the marriage of Princess Anne to William, Prince of Orange, 1734; the jubilee of George III; several relate to the Prince and Princess of Wales, 1795, and to the Duke and Duchess of York, 1791.

Among what we may call historical and political fans, we find Sir Robert Walpole's

Fan-collecting is becoming more and more of a fad. There is probably no single collection in New York equal to that which belonged to the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor—now, I believe, in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum. It was especially rich in Louis XV specimens. One of the most charming of these specimens was painted by De Beaumont and represents a group of youths and maidens on a crag overhanging a stretch of summer sea. There are also many examples of that famous "verniss Martin," which time has not robbed of its soft lustre. The mounts are of paper, silk, or vellum, exquisitely painted; one represents "the toilet of Venus."



14. MRS. LANGTRY'S FAVORITE FAN.

Mrs. Coleman Drayton has a vellum fan painted with a scene from Spanish history and mounted on carved sticks of sandalwood. Mrs. Ex-Secretary Whitney has a very costly point d'Alençon fan, mounted on a framework of gold. Miss Havemeyer sometimes carries a genuine old-fashioned turkey-wing fan; it does not resemble, however, the turkey-wing fans of long ago, for the handle is of tortoise-shell and the quills are covered with pink satin.

Among beautiful and costly fans in the possession of New York ladies is a marvel of Chinese art belonging to Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. It is a very dream, so delicate is its ivory carving.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has a most exquisite fan of white silk, embroidered in colors and ornamented with small pearls. Mrs. Pinchet has a very diminutive fan of the First Empire period.

A richly carved sandal-wood fan, the sticks held together by a band of ribbon, was carried by a fair dame

to a ball given in New York in 1825, in honor of Lafayette. This relic now belongs to Miss Breese and is shown in Figure 10.

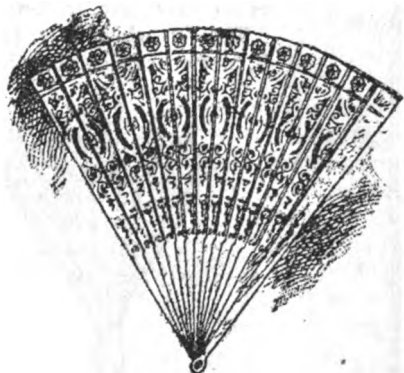
Mrs. Seligman has several beautiful fans. One, of the Louis XV period, has depicted on it a scene from harem-life and is decorated with gilt and silver medallions on kid.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has a beautiful fan painted by Seloir and valued at two thousand dollars. Perhaps one of the choicest fans is one belonging to Mrs. Newbold Morris. It is of crêpe-lisse, delicately painted, edged with point d'Alençon, and mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a fan of the Louis XIV period, depicting the court-life of the time.



15. AN ANCIENT BULRUSH FAN.



16. DUCHESSE D'ANGOULEME'S FAN.



17 IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the lucky possessor of a very magnificent fan. It is composed of the finest and daintiest white point d'Alençon, combining flowers, leaves, and lyres in an original manner. The frame is of white figures, with any quantity of ornamentation in gold. It is worn suspended from a chain of pearls and diamonds.

Among famous modern fans owned by New York ladies, one painted by Detaille is a spirited picture of horses taking the fence at Jerome Park; another, by the painter Borra, minutely depicts a christening before a Spanish *alcalde*; while a third shows a skating-scene in the Bois de Boulogne, the work of Lafitte.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has a Japanese fan of ivory and lacquer, so marvelously fine as to look like frost-work.

The fan which Mrs. Levi P. Morton carried, the night



18 and 19. OLD ROMAN FANS.

of the Centennial ball, is an heirloom, having exquisitely carved sticks and a charming water-color painting on white silk.

Of fans with historical associations, one belonging to Miss Furniss was painted in Spain in commemoration of the signing of the treaty of Utrecht, with the inscription on it: "Por el amor de la Pay." The fan is shown in Figure 11.

Of other fans belonging to ladies in New York, one is a Regency fan, with a Scriptural subject painted upon the mount; the sticks are decorated with Chinese enamel faces in cartouches. Anybody who wishes to see a regal fan made over a hundred years ago for some almond-eyed empress of the Flowery Kingdom must visit the Metropolitan Museum, in which this "thing of beauty and joy forever" has a large case devoted to its own royal use. This fan is an airy fairy combination of gauze, ivory, jade, and many other precious materials of exquisite workmanship.



20. AN ASSYRIAN FAN.

A fan of Ninon de l'Enclos's, now in the possession of the Countess of Chambord, is a master-work of tortoise-shell incrustated with mother-of-pearl, and the leaf painted with an episode from "Jerusalem Delivered." Another remarkable fan of great artistic merit and belonging to the same period was one painted by the great pastel-painter, Rosalba Carriera; the "Judgment of Paris" was the inspiring theme. This fan is the one illustrated in Figure 12.

Madame Christine Nilsson has a hobby for collecting fans, of which she has a unique assortment, most of them given to her by high and mighty personages. The finest one she has was presented by the Thakore Sahib of Morvi; it is a lovely mass of gold, gems, and feathers. Another, which was a present from a Russian prince, is an exact copy of the Queen of Oude's famous

fan. It is made of white silk, with sticks of gold and ivory, the whole being covered with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds. The Empress Eugénie once gave her one which formerly belonged to Madame Dubarry and was painted by Boucher; while another, presented by the city of Venice, is of silver filigree and point lace. The fan most prized by the famous singer is one which Marie Antoinette had with her in prison. Connoisseurs have appraised the collection at fifty thousand dollars.

A fan which was presented by the city of Dieppe to Marie Antoinette on the birth of her son, the Dauphin, is now in the pos-



22. ITALIAN,
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

It was, at the time, designated as "the handsomest and most celebrated fan in the world." Figure 13 will give the reader at least a faint idea of its beauty.

Mrs. Langtry is also an enthusiastic fan-collector. Her specimens represent almost every era, the French fans being particularly beautiful and delicate. Oscar Wilde found a fitting work for his talent in designing a room particularly for them. The walls and ceilings are decorated with the fans of China and Japan, while cabinets and easels hold the carved ivory ones, many of which are so frail that they rest on satin cushions. One of the most beautiful fans in her collection is shown in Figure 17.

In the remarkable collection belonging to Madame Rothschild, of Paris, there is one of woven bulrushes, which was the next step in invention beyond the primitive palm, as shown in Figure 15. A peculiar feature of these aboriginal fans is their long handles;



21. A CHINESE RELIC.

session of M. de Thiac, of Paris. It is of ivory, open-worked and richly carved; it was designed by Vien, first painter of the household of Louis XV; the painting represents an episode in the life of Alexander the Great.



23. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FAN.

they were the fashion for the reason that no lady thought of doing anything for herself that anyone else could do for her. Slaves were numerous in those days, and wielding the fan was among their duties.

Another famous collection in Paris is that belonging to the Duchesse d'Angouleme; one, an ivory fan, is shown in Figure 16.

In the British Museum, that repository of numberless rare and wonderful treasures, are fine specimens of ancient fans. Among the number is a feather fan, Figure 17, of the time of Euripides; Roman fans, Figures 18 and 19; an Assyrian fan, Figure 20; a Chinese fan, Figure 21; an Italian fan of the sixteenth century, Figure 22. Figure 23 is a seventeenth century fan.

A noted French collector has a fan which formerly belonged to the ill-fated Marie Stuart. The folding fan had not then come into existence. This improvement was the work of the Japanese, who caught the idea from the wings of a bat. Marie Stuart's fan consisted simply of seven ostrich-plumes fastened in a circle around an ivory medallion, from which depends an ivory handle.

By the way, the fan that will not fold is a "thing without a soul." It never has, it never can, possess the significance, the language, the coquetry innate in a folding fan; that alone can express "the angry flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, and the merry flutter."

To women of Anglo-Saxon lineage, the fan has never meant all that it does to their sisters of the Latin races. We have never learned perfectly to handle it, but we are learning; and, with the revival of the Pompadour fashions, the fan has recovered its former importance and we must know how to twirl it, to close it, to spread it, to let it rise or fall, to say with it: "Come here, go, I am charmed, you flatter me, I am bored, you shock me, you are rude."

To carry on a conversation with one adorer while the fan is holding piquant talk with another, to make it express every thought, every ripple of feeling, to be all things to all men, and something else to

every woman—this is the newly revived function of the fan, in which we are beginning to study some very old lessons.

Some lines on Madame de Pompadour's celebrated fan are worth copying:

Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and vaporous blue,
Hark to the dainty frou-frou!
Picture above if you can,
Eyes that could melt as the dew—
This was the Pompadour's fan.

See how they rise at the sight,
Thronging the *cœil-de-bœuf* through,
Courtiers as butterflies bright,
Beauties that *Fragouard* drew.
Talon rouge, *fal valal*, queue,
Cardinals, dukes—to a man,
Eager to sigh or to sue—
This was the Pompadour's fan!

Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!

I cannot resist quoting also a dainty poem by a favorite writer of society verse.

Painted and perfumed, feathered and pink,
Here is your ladyship's fan
You gave to me to hold, I think,
While you danced with another man.

Downy and soft like your fluffy hair,
Pink like your delicate face,
The perfume you carry everywhere
Wafted from feather and lace.

Painted and perfumed, dainty and pink,
A toy to be handled with care;
It is like to your ladyship's self, I think—
A trifle light as air.

For you are a wonderful triumph of art,
Like a Dresden statuette;
But you cannot make trouble for my poor heart,
You innocent-faced coquette!

For I understand those enticing ways .
You practice on every man;
You are only a bit of paint and lace,
Like that delicate toy, your fan.



REMINISCENCES OF A CONVALESCENT.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVID, SUPERINTENDENT OF NEWPORT HOSPITAL.



N the delight of returning health, it is a pleasure to look back at the alleviations by which tender watchfulness and thoughtful care rendered the long hours of illness endurable.

Pain and weakness and weariness are hard to bear, even with all the devices which love can command to soften them; but, without this assistance, they are intolerable. Perhaps these hints, fresh from the experience of a fractious invalid, may be the means of bringing ease to some other sufferer who has been teased by the small annoyances which are the last drops that cause the cup of woe to overflow.

The Viciousness of Pocket-Handkerchiefs is well known to all invalids. A pocket-handkerchief in daily life is a sensible practical article which seldom indulges in vagaries and is generally ready for use when required. It is true that a woman sometimes seeks wildly for her pocket, in a vain attempt to draw the desired bit of cambric from its receptacle; but this is the fault of the pocket, or rather of the dressmaker, who for some inscrutable reason has placed it in an inaccessible position.

It is when it is divorced from the pocket that the handkerchief becomes imbued with a malign spirit which converts it into a veritable Wandering Jew. Anything else in constant use, as a bell or a smelling-bottle, will remain quietly beside the pillow where it is placed; whereas a pocket-handkerchief may be firmly squeezed between two pillows, in the vain hope of keeping it close at hand, and when wanted will be found after a protracted search snugly tucked between the lower sheet and the foot-board. Rescued from this ignominious seclusion, applied to its proper use, and placed for safe-keeping in a chink at the top of the mattress, one turns over with an easy mind convinced that one has only to stretch out a hand to find

the comforter when it shall be needed. Vain hope! Before that moment comes, the perverse thing will have ensconced itself between the blankets half-way down the bed, there to be discovered when the covers are arranged for the night. Meantime a fresh handkerchief has to be taken for immediate use: several fresh handkerchiefs, no doubt, each of which will in turn display the same total depravity as was exhibited by the first, and even more ingenuity in selecting an undiscoverable hiding-place.

As it is only when separated from the pocket that a pocket-handkerchief develops its vicious propensities, women ought to have pockets in their night-dresses. One is not an uncommon appendage to a night-shirt—an unfair advantage to give this piece of masculine apparel, as men are not usually compelled to remain in bed nearly as much as women are.

Instead of being placed on the breast in a woman's garment, it should be inserted on the right side, well to the front, just below the waist-line.

As it is not always possible to put in pockets at short notice, a valuable temporary expedient is to fasten a narrow ribbon to one corner of the handkerchief, attaching the other end to a buttonhole of the night-dress. By following up this connecting link, the truant can be recalled from its wildest wanderings. It will be found in all sorts of strange and unexpected places, such as beneath the hot-water bag, hanging over the side of the bed, or wrapped affectionately around one knee; but it always responds to the commanding tug and reports ready for duty, a little crushed but otherwise in good order.

The Comfort of a Hot-Water Bag cannot be too highly extolled. A hot-water bag has other uses besides serving as a hiding-place for pocket-handkerchiefs. There is scarcely a pain that it cannot soothe when properly applied. One holding about two quarts is the most convenient size. Bags may be had either of plain rubber or cov-

ered with a worsted material. In the former case, a flannel cover must be provided, or the patient may be burned. A common mistake is to fill the bag with water too hot, which is injurious to it and disagreeable to the sufferer. It should diffuse a gentle warmth, comforting to the cold feet or the aching side, and not a scorching breath like a burning fiery furnace from which one shrinks in alarm. A hot-water bag partly filled with air makes a comfortable cushion for the weary back tired of lying on the unyielding mattress.

The Obliteration of Wrinkles is a work of necessity. Everyone who has lain long in bed knows the distressing sensation of lying on a mass of wrinkles. Where the position of the invalid cannot be easily altered, this is a fruitful source of bed-sores, and it becomes important to be able to prevent it. The under sheet may be kept perfectly smooth by pinning the four corners, and if necessary the sides also, firmly to the mattress.

At night, the occupant should be moved to one side of the bed, the sheet pulled smooth at the foot, and the crumbs that have accumulated during the day brushed off with a small whisk-broom. This operation gives a delicious sense of freshness and straightness which must be felt to be appreciated.

The Adaptability of Pillows is a matter to be remembered. Pillows of all shapes, sizes, and degrees of softness can be used to great advantage in the sick-room. Besides the conventional square and oblong ones, there are many other forms which promote the comfort of the invalid, when skillfully applied: a long narrow pillow, to be tucked in at the back when the patient is lying on the side; a fat dumpty one, to be poked in the hollow of the aching back when the only comfortable position is to lie staring at the ceiling; a rather large, firm, round affair, to be placed behind the soft pillows as a support to the shoulders when sitting up; a half-moon shape, to fit under the arm, to raise the tired elbow from the bed; a tiny roll, to slip under the neck when pressure on that particular spot gives relief.

An excellent pillow to relieve pressure on a special part is made by a thick roll of cotton batting twisted into a hard ring and covered with a narrow strip of cotton wound

round and round it. These rings serve for the heels, elbows, and ears, when these parts have been rendered tender by long-continued pressure; the sensitive point must of course rest in the hole in the middle of the ring. In the case of the ear, it is best to cut a hole in several thicknesses of wadding, as this is softer than a ring.

The Cullingsworth roller is made by folding a blanket end to end, placing it on a sheet, and rolling them firmly together, letting the ends of the sheet project beyond the blanket. This roller must be laid across the middle of the bed, so that the invalid rests against it as she lies. The ends must be fastened firmly to the bedstead on either side, for this gives great relief and support when extreme weakness causes the sick person to slip toward the foot of the bed. A home-made hair ring will sometimes far surpass in comfort a rubber cushion; it is made by cutting two round pieces of cotton, stitching the edges together, leaving a space to insert the hair, then placing a second circle of stitching parallel with the first, the distance from the centre to be regulated by the size it is wished to make the hole. It can then be stuffed with curled hair and the middle cut out afterward.

A down pillow in a dainty linen case is an acceptable gift to an invalid. The cover may be hemstitched and embroidered with initials, monogram, or some pretty flower-device, such as snowdrops or poppies.

To arrange pillows comfortably is an art possessed by very few. The edge of the pillow next the head should reach the top of the shoulder, filling the hollow of the neck, the second pillow being pulled well under the shoulders to support them. If others are needed, they can be placed behind the second, at any angle most inviting to the sufferer.

The Coziness of Bed-Socks will never be forgotten by one who has tried them. When the circulation is deficient, the feet are very apt to be cold, and one of the most delightful correctives is a pair of these socks. They can be loosely knitted or crocheted of white Germantown wool and decorated with ribbons or in any manner that the fancy of the maker suggests. They should be made long enough to come nearly to the knees when well drawn up. They can be slipped on or kicked off with the greatest ease, and they

afford the desired amount of warmth without any trouble.

The Usefulness of Bed-Tables merits special mention. When a convalescent is able to sit up in bed, it is a serious problem how to relieve the feeble knees from the weight of the tray at meal-time; the most satisfactory solution is the bed-table. This can be purchased at any shop in which invalid appliances are a specialty, or a perfectly satisfactory one can be made at home. All that is required is a thin board about twenty-eight inches long by twenty inches wide,

hollowed in front like a lap-board and furnished with four short legs about five inches in height.

This table stands easily on the bed, affording plenty of room for the knees beneath and perfect freedom of motion. As the convalescence progresses, it may be used to hold books, pictures, or other devices to while away the weary hours. In moments of weakness, the convalescent may indulge in the impropriety of leaning her elbows on it, as she meditates concerning the alleviations of her lot.

INSECT ENEMIES OF PLANTS.

BY JOYCE RAY.

IN summer, after a long dry spell, or in houses in which the atmosphere is hot and dry, the red spiders usually make their appearance. These tiny insects, so small as to look like mere specks, feed on the under side of the leaves mostly, and cause them to become unhealthy and soon to drop off. Moisture is their chief enemy. If you keep the foliage of your plants well sponged and syringe them frequently, particularly on the under side, they will not be apt to suffer.

The mealy bug is quite small, and is principally found about the forks of branches and the axils of leaf-stalks. Kill all off with a sharp-pointed stick, and then go over the plant thoroughly, using a little alcohol applied with a camel's-hair brush.

The green fly is easily detected, as it feeds on the tender young succulent growth, and the most simple and effective remedy is fumigation with tobacco or syringing the plants with weak tobacco-tea.

Closely allied to the green fly or aphides are the thrips. They fly away from the plant if it is disturbed or shaken in the least, so it is hard to get rid of them. The leaves, after being attacked by them, become whitish all over or dotted with small black spots. Many remedies have been tried in the warfare waged against this abominable little pest, but few have been found to produce much effect. I tried Hammond's slug-shot; but, in order to drive the insects away, I had to make it so strong that it dried up the foliage. Now I content myself and also do effectual service with repeated syringing of tobacco-tea.

The scale which attacks ferns, palms, ivies, oleanders, lemon-trees, etc., must be scraped off and destroyed; an old tooth-brush may be used, and the plant well brushed with soft-soap and water, syringing well afterward with clear tepid water.

Rose caterpillars or leaf-rollers are the young of certain moths or butterflies, and are about three-quarters of an inch long, of a bright-green color. They envelop themselves in the leaves or burrow in the flower-buds. The best means to get rid of them is to pick and kill them. I cut off the bud or leaf containing any, and then crush it with the foot. Powdered hellebore or Hammond's slug-shot dusted on the plants after they have been wet will prevent their ravaging all over the plants, but will not kill them.

Slugs are the little soft worms which feed on the leaves of roses, mignonette, pansies, etc. If not quickly captured, they will soon strip the plant. When the dew is on the leaves, sprinkle on cigar-ashes, snuff, air-slacked lime, insect-powder, or slug-shot, and they will not do much damage if taken in time.

The rose-bug affects some localities, and usually comes in swarms during the month of June. This is a little brown beetle, and it is more fond of eating the flowers than the leaves of roses, and prefers the lighter-colored kinds. There is scarcely anything in the way of poisons which can be used strong enough to have any effect on these bugs, without injury to the plants; so hand-picking is about the only means of getting rid of them.

THROGMORTON HAGGETT'S DISCOVERY.

A STORY: BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



HROGMORTON HAGGETT was a lean, gray-haired, high-featured gentleman, sixtythree years old. He had one ambition and one regret.

The ambition beset him by day and night. He meditated upon it in his waking hours. In his sleep, it often

formed the tissue of his dreams. These dreams uniformly depicted a successful issue to his desires; but, as a matter of fact, they had never been realized. He hated to wake up in the morning, because he knew he would awake to disappointment; and he hated to fall asleep at night, because he knew he would become the victim of deceiving visions. Thus he was never at ease. The only thing to be done was to labor diligently to find evidence for his theory, and this labor had gradually become the controlling aim of his existence. Being wealthy and a bachelor, he was able to use his time as he pleased, and this was the way in which it pleased him to use it.

As for the theory, or the ambition—for they amounted to the same thing—it possessed many theoretical merits, the chief one lacking being that of novelty. Mr. Haggett would have preferred that it should possess this also; but he consoled himself with the reflection that, if he could only vindicate it, he would enjoy two triumphs: first, the vindication; and secondly, that he would have been the first to succeed of many that had tried. His name would be rendered immortal. Only, there was the "if"!

The theory was, that Bacon was the author of "Shakespeare." Mr. Haggett had familiarized himself with all the extant controversial literature on the subject, beginning

with Miss Delia Bacon's "The Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays unfolded," and coming down to the ingenious analysis of a recent American student. He had, besides, copies of the various original editions of the Plays, and of every work that bore in any way upon either Shakespeare or Bacon. He had secured photographic copies of Baconian letters and MSS. of various dates, and of all Shakespeare's alleged signatures. The entire history of the Elizabethan period was at his fingers' ends. He had even got so far as to determine exactly what it was he was looking for in the way of conclusive evidence. More than once, he had imparted this to one of his very few friends and confidants, a certain vendor of second-hand books, by the name of Philemon Inkpenney and Co.

"It stands to reason, Philemon," he would say, "that negotiations must have been carried on between Lord Verulam and Shakespeare regarding this matter. As a rule, no doubt, these negotiations would be by personal interview. But occasionally they must have been conducted by correspondence; and although, as a measure of precaution, there would have been an understanding that this correspondence should be destroyed, yet the doctrine of chances warrants us in the belief that some fragments of it have survived. And over and above that, Philemon, it is to be remembered that a man of Shakespeare's low and tricky character would have been most apt to preserve some written evidence of Bacon's authorship, to be possibly used against him for purposes of extortion. I am convinced, consequently, that some such documentary evidence exists; and, should life be spared me, I will find it."

"Bless me, Mr. Haggett," Philemon would reply, cheerfully, "you're good for thirty years yet! And you look to me a man to carry out what you undertake, sir."

"Well, I think you may say that without flattery, Philemon. Besides, my good friend—though I should not say this to everyone, you understand—but it is sometimes borne in on me that I am under Providential guid-

ance in this matter. I have had dreams, Philemon! The other night, now, I dreamt that a strange old man visited me and imparted information of consummate value. A very vivid dream that was—more like a vision. I should know that old man's face again at once, were I to meet him."

"Which I dare say you will, sir," responded Philemon, as he finished inserting a title-page into a first edition of Reynolds's "God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther," from which it had been missing. "And you might, as like as not, find what you want hid between the leaves of just some such old volume as this, sir."

"Yes, it may be so, Philemon," returned Throgmorton Haggett, his gaunt cheeks flushing and his small gray eyes glinting. "But, come what may, the individual who affords me such hints or assistance as shall directly result in my discovering the evidence in question will receive a pecuniary acknowledgment in the form of my check for ten thousand dollars! But don't mention that, Philemon," added Mr. Haggett, adjusting his spectacles and regarding the book-seller with some anxiety. "I should be overrun with cranks and adventurers, you know."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Philemon Inkpenney. "And ten thousand dollars—that is a sum of money! It is a sum of money, Mr. Haggett!"

How happened it that Mr. Haggett, rich though he was, should have been moved to set apart what Philemon rightly termed "a sum of money" to such a purpose, especially since he was not by nature of a gushing and giving disposition? The phenomenon arose from the regret which we referred to at the opening of this narrative.

Throgmorton Haggett had formerly been young; and, while in that relatively defenseless condition, he had fallen in love with Dorothy Haselfoot. The vicissitudes of that passion cannot be recounted here. All was going on well, and Dorothy was looking forward with a chastened joy to becoming Mrs. Haggett. But there was another young man about—an artist, Gabriel Hastings. He and Throgmorton had been friends since their school-days. He conceived a purely artistic regard for Dorothy, who was a comely maiden; and, at Throgmorton's own suggestion, he undertook to paint her portrait.

While the portrait was in progress, however, the demon of jealousy entered Throgmorton's soul. There was no more warrant for it than existed in the famous case of Othello vs. Othello, Cassio co-respondent. It resulted in unpleasant scenes, however, and finally in the rupture of the engagement. Throgmorton, who had already presented his intended with a piece of real-estate valued at ten thousand dollars, gave her a very broad hint that circumstances alter cases. She, in pursuance of Ophelia's theory that rich gifts seem poor when givers prove unkind, promptly handed him back the title-deeds. A year later, she and Gabriel were married—a union of mutual esteem, and perhaps also, on Gabriel's part, of a romantic sense of honor. They had a daughter Edith, but no other stroke of good fortune; and, having been poor to start with, they rapidly became more so. Gabriel died. His widow, at the end of her resources, humbled her pride for the sake of her daughter, and applied to her former lover for help. He had, meanwhile, sold the piece of real-estate for fifteen thousand dollars. Nevertheless, he refused Dorothy's request, in a letter of which few high-minded gentlemen would have wished to be known as the author. Dorothy died, and Edith disappeared. As years went by, and Throgmorton Haggett grew richer and richer and more and more lonely, the regret above mentioned began to haunt him. He wished he had not recalled that gift of ten thousand dollars. He even advertised for Edith, with a view to making restitution; but nothing came of that. The ten thousand dollars lay heavy on his conscience. At last, to ease the weight, he actually deposited that sum in the bank, with a view to disposing of it according to the contingency he stated to Philemon Inkpenney. Of course, it was possible that the contingency might not arise; but what more could he do? And meanwhile he was drawing interest on the sum, just the same.

One morning, while Mr. Haggett was in his study, critically comparing a paragraph in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," concerning the impropriety of putting young men to the study of moral philosophy, with a somewhat parallel passage in "Troilus and Cressida," Act II, sc. 2, a servant knocked at the door and informed him that there was

an elderly party who wished to know if he might see him on a matter of business.

The party was admitted. He was a venerable individual, about seventy years of age apparently, decently but poorly clad, and carrying under his arm a bundle tidily done up in an old newspaper. He performed a ceremonious obeisance, and spoke as follows:

"Mr. Haggett, I hope the object of my intrusion may excuse my intruding. My name is Christopher Crumblehorne. I have been a student, like yourself; but I am poor. During my life, I have collected a good many books—old books, Mr. Haggett—including some rare early editions of the Elizabethan poets. I am informed that you are interested in Shakespearian researches. I have here"—he had been undoing his bundle as he spoke, and now produced an antique and worm-eaten volume bound in brown leather—"a copy of *Plays by Christopher Marlowe*, dated, as you see, 1611. As you are aware, Marlowe is reputed to have collaborated on certain of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare."

All this while, Haggett had been staring at his visitor as if he were a phoenix, a spectre, or some other improbable phenomenon. The longer he stared, the more amazed and bewildered did he appear. Well, it is certainly not often that one has better cause to be surprised; for this old gentleman presented neither more nor less than the living counterpart of the personage whom Mr. Haggett had beheld in his dream, as related to Philemon Inkpenney! Was the rest of the vision, then, to be confirmed? He took the book with a trembling hand. He turned over the leaves mechanically, hardly aware of what he was doing. The volume was not in very good condition. Here and there, passages were interlined in faded ink. Its original owner had evidently read it thoroughly, and with critical if not sympathetic interest. Still, it was not obvious how any enlightenment could proceed from it as to the true authorship of Shakespeare's dramas. Mr. Haggett overcame his agitation sufficiently to make some remark to this effect to Mr. Christopher Crumblehorne.

"Possibly," the latter replied, "but have you carefully examined the title-page?"

Mr. Haggett turned to it. At first, he glanced at it carelessly. After a moment, he

started and his face became red. He stole a strange look at his visitor. He snatched off his spectacles, rubbed them, and looked again. Anon, he laid the book on the table, reached for a huge magnifying-glass, and studied the page intently. Finally, he laid down the glass, leaned back in his chair, and contemplated Mr. Crumblehorne several moments in silence.

"May I ask, sir, how you obtained this volume?" he inquired, at length.

"At a second-hand book-shop in London, just off the Strand, in 1856," replied the other, composedly. "I thought it might interest you."

"A signature of William Shakespeare's!" muttered Mr. Haggett. "Why, it's an historical event! And this book was his! But it can't be! Can it be genuine?"

"I have gradually arrived at that conviction during the four-and-thirty years that it has been in my possession," answered the old gentleman. "I have here," he added, "noted down some of the reasons that go to confirm me in my opinion. A glance at them will put you in possession of my train of argument. Pray take your own time."

He handed the other several closely written pages of blue note-paper. Mr. Haggett perused them with absorbed attention. After ten or fifteen minutes, he raised his head and passed a hand over his forehead.

"And do I understand that you wish to dispose of this book, sir?" he said, in a slightly tremulous voice. "What value do you put upon it?"

"I sell it reluctantly," replied the old man, "because I am old and need money to support life. My price for it is one hundred dollars."

Mr. Haggett concealed his emotions by a violent effort. He had expected to have to pay at least a thousand. After a pause, he faltered out: "I might give you fifty."

Mr. Crumblehorne rose. "I cannot accept it," he said, with a sigh. "I named my lowest figure. If you cannot afford it, I must try elsewhere." And he put forth his aged hand and laid it upon the book.

"Well, well," said Mr. Haggett, hastily, "after all, I may as well stretch a point. It is an extravagance; but, to a brother student—I will write you a check. But—a hundred dollars! Suppose we say seventy-five?"

The old man shook his head. "A hundred or nothing."

Mr. Haggett wrote the check. Mr. Crumblehorne pocketed it in his usual serene methodical manner, bowed, and withdrew. Mr. Haggett spent the rest of the day hanging over his treasure. That evening, he received a letter that agitated him on other grounds. It was signed Edith Hastings—the long-lost daughter of his old love! It recounted the leading facts of her history since her mother's death. She had, it appeared, developed a fine soprano voice, and had found a patron who defrayed the expense of training it. She had sung with success in concert in England and on the Continent, and was now in America with a snug little fortune. She had accidentally learned that her mother's old friend—so she called him—was living in Philadelphia, and would do herself the pleasure of calling on him. She appointed the next day for her visit.

She came, saw, and conquered Throgmorton Haggett. And well she might, for she was a young woman of beauty, talent, and vivacity. Moreover, she soon conceived a most flattering regard for the elderly student, and showed an intelligent interest in his pursuits. He presently insisted upon her and her maid's taking up their abode in his home. Before she had been there a week, he had intimated to her that, if she would remain permanently his guest and give up her public career, he would make her his heiress. She did not give an unconditional assent to this proposition, for it was easy to see that the applause of audiences had become dear to her; but neither did she absolutely refuse. Meanwhile, she staid on. She entered into all Mr. Haggett's ways of life. She helped him in his investigations. She encouraged him to persevere. He had never in his life been so happy. His conscience was at ease. His hopes were brightened. He began to feel a young man again. Nay, he even began to ask himself whether a well-preserved and wealthy gentleman of sixtythree might not with success propose a matrimonial alliance with a gifted and charming young lady of five-and-twenty!

"Have you noticed, *mon ami*," she said, "that there is something odd about the binding of this book?"

She was sitting in the easy-chair in the embrasure of the study window, dressed in

an adorable negligé. Her bare polished arms emerged from the half-sleeves; her white throat was fully revealed, with the delicate necklace of carved coral round it, the gift of her devoted Throgmorton; one knee was thrown over the other, causing the ruffled hem of her petticoat to discover a tapering silken ankle and arched foot shod in a high-heeled French slipper. In her fragrant lap was the old volume of Marlowe's Plays.

The scholar rose from his desk and came over to her, glad of a pretext to be in contact with her dainty loveliness. He placed a chair close to her own, adjusted his spectacles, and bent over her. "And what is there odd about the binding, my dear?" he said, tenderly.

"Why, see: this paper that is pasted on the inside of the back cover is cracked all along the inside edge. And look: the cover seems to be double, as if there were a sort of pocket in it, such as one sees inside the lid of a desk. Give me your paper-knife—yes, there is a pocket; and I do believe—"

"Edith!" broke in Throgmorton, in a high quavering voice, "let me—give me—what is this? My stars! has it come at last?"

With hands shaking as with a palsy, he tore out the paper lining, he tore open the pocket, he drew from it—what? A faded, stained, fragile, embrowned fold of letter-paper. He began to unfold it, but his nerves were too much unstrung. "You—you—" he said, faintly, holding it out to Edith.

She opened it deftly with her tapering white fingers. "What can it be, I wonder? Such a queer old handwriting! I'm not sure I can make it out. Let me see—it begins: 'Gray's Inn, y^e MDC'—oh, 1611—no, that's in another line—'y^e Fourth Day of March, 1611. Goode Master'—dear me, what is this? S-h-a—why, I do believe it is—yes, it is—Shakspeare! 'Goode Master Shakspeare'! Oh, isn't this interesting?"

She looked up with a brilliant smile. Mr. Haggett was deadly pale. "It has come!" he murmured, with dry lips. "My dream is fulfilled; my reputation is secure forever! Give it to me: I can read it now. Yes, here is the signature—'Fr. Bacon.' A letter to William Shakespeare from Francis Bacon! Edith, I am the most famous man in the civilized world to-day. Yes, yes, yes!

Listen to this: 'Gray's Inn, y^e Fourth Day of March, 1611. Goode Master Shakspeare: My health hath been suche this past Spring, as that I did nigh despaire of compassing y^e Worke, the whiche is herewith inclosed. Briefly, I alcombe myself to your Love, and that you shall with all proper dilligence make me a fair copy thereof, after y^e same maner as alwaies heretofore. Concerning y^e name or title of this present Drama, I doe find myself in some debate: yet methinks that of 'Othello' will serve as well as another, albeit 'Desdemona' likewise hath a faire sounde. Yet will I declare for y^e first. So, with affection for your past services, and desiring you toe be goode to alle concealed Poets, I continue your verie greatful

FR. BACON."

After finishing the letter, Mr. Throgmorton Haggett folded it gently up again and laid it reverently upon the table. "Edith," he said, solemnly, "this is the culminating moment of my existence: it is a turning-point in the history of the world. After three centuries, the truth is at last known, and through me! To-morrow, all the world will ring with the discovery which is yours and mine alone to-day. That letter is, beyond all comparison, the most important—the most valuable—document in existence. As you perhaps know, 'Othello,' according to the most trustworthy indications, was written about 1611. Bacon wrote it: Shakespeare copied it 'without blotting a line,' no doubt, as the saying was. Edith, my dearest Edith, let me celebrate this triumph by kissing your lovely hand!"

Edith accepted the caress with infinite grace and complaisance. "But, mon cher," she said, "is not this the book that you bought of that old gentleman with the curious name?"

"Christopher Crumblehorne? Yes, that is so. I paid him his full price for it—one hundred dollars."

"You paid him for the book, mon cher, but not for the letter! And were you not telling me only yesterday that you had set aside an immense sum of money, ten thousand dollars, for the person who should bring you evidence in support of your theory? Surely this Mr.—what was his name?—has done this; and you are bound to hand him over the bequest. Am I not right?"

She laid her soft hand on his and looked

up in his face. Mr. Haggett's features had begun to assume an embarrassed expression, but, under the influence of those glorious eyes, they gradually softened. "Edith," he cried at last, "Edith, I will do it! But on one condition: one condition, dearest—dearest of women!"

"And what is that?" she asked, sweetly.

"That you consent to—remember, Edith, that I am not only rich as men rate riches, but henceforth the equal in distinction of any potentate on earth. Edith, let this hand which I now hold be mine forever! Be my wife! Believe me, that, as Mrs. Throgmorton Haggett, you will be the envy and the glory of your sex, in renown, as you already are in fact! Edith, I might once have been your father: fate denied me that: it is for you to compensate that loss by permitting me to become your husband!"

"Dear Mr. Haggett," she replied, looking him frankly in the face, "I feel your kindness and the great honor you offer me, and you have no doubt observed that I have regarded you with no ordinary interest; and yet I am hardly prepared to settle the whole future course of my life at a moment's notice." She hesitated and looked down.

"Do not refuse me!" urged he. "I will make any arrangements you wish. Half—two-thirds of my fortune shall be yours on my wedding-day!"

"It is not your fortune that moves me, mon cher. But," she added, again placing her hand in his, "I will make a stipulation—call it a woman's whim, or say that I wish to test the nobility of soul that I am morally convinced is yours. Send this money to old Mr.—Mr.—you know whom I mean. He is old and poor; it will enable him to pass the remainder of his days in ease and comfort. Sit down now and write the check for him. Enclose it to him and give me the letter. I am going out to take my morning constitutional with my maid. I will put the letter in the registered mail. And when I come back, mon cher—my dear Throgmorton—it will be to fix the day on which we can be happy!"

There is little left to tell, but that little is not unimportant.

The check was written. It cost the writer a pang, but it was done. Edith, with a smile of heavenly promise, put it in her reticule and sallied forth with her maid.

She was due to return at lunch. She did not arrive. The afternoon passed. Dinner-time came. Mr. Haggett had passed through the stages of anxiety, alarm, misgiving. He was now in a frenzy of panic. The servant brought in a note. From her!

He tore it open. It is not often that a man has the fate to read, in one and the same day, a letter from Bacon to Shakespeare and such an epistle as this from Edith to her elderly lover. It ran as follows:

"Mon cher, we are gone. By 'we,' I mean my husband, myself, and your ten thousand dollars. My husband is the gentleman known to you as Christopher Crumble-horne. That is not his real name; neither is he so old, by some forty years, as he appeared to be during your interview with him. He is an actor, and has few rivals in his make-up for elderly characters. As for me, I am indeed the Edith whose mother

you wronged and left to starve. I have supported myself by my own talents, and I have, with the assistance of my husband, paid off an old score on you. This money I hold to be rightfully mine; my conscience will never reproach me with the manner in which I chose to possess myself of it. You offered me half your fortune. I took ten thousand dollars. We are quits. As to the authorship of Shakespeare, I advise you to consult an expert before announcing your discovery to the world. When I return, I will be yours. Meanwhile, with cordial good wishes, I subscribe myself your obliged

EDITH."

"It's all clear enough, except as to that dream of yours, Mr. Haggett," said Philemon Inkpenney, when he heard the tale. "How do you explain that?"

Mr. Haggett shook his head. And it has remained a mystery to this day.



THE MONASTERY BELLS.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

'Tis a strange sweet tune of the olden times,
With its sweet low notes of the vesper chimes;
And it tells of peace to the world-tossed sou'
And to the weary a heavenly goal.

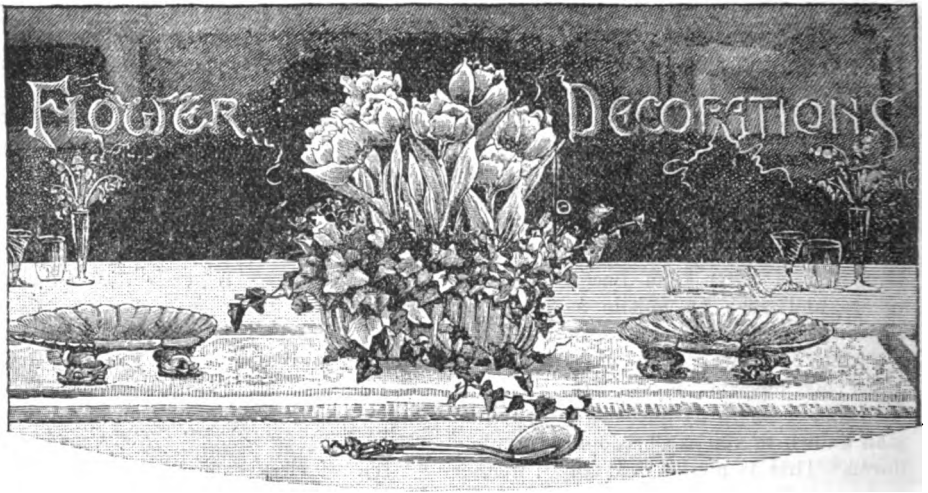
But that one deep note through the silvery
strain,
That heart-cry of loneliness, sorrow, and pain—
How it thrills the heart with its dull despair,
How it lingering dwells on the trembling
air!

How it knells above all those convent bells,
How it tells of the living dead in their cells!

How full does it seem of their unshed tears,
How hoarse with the cries they've smothered
for years!

O'er the silvery chimes, how it rises and swells
Till it fills the air with its tolling knells!
O'er the rippling notes glides the light sweet
strain,
But that note through all echoes ceaseless pain.

My heart sings to-day of the olden times,
Of its joys, its loves, and its vesper chimes;
But a tender note and a mournful tone
Re-echo regret for the friends that are gone.



BY ROSA F. HASTINGS.

A HOUSE in which there is not always a show of flowers can never be an ideal home, any more than it can without sunshine, music, or the voices of happy children.

Neither handsome furniture, artistic hangings, fine paintings, nor expensive china can make up for the lack of plants and blossoms, though these latter will give a refined appearance and an æsthetic grace to the plainest room if the furnishing thereof has been dictated by correct taste. Among the readers of this magazine, there is probably no woman so restricted in means or so encumbered with cares that she cannot afford to brighten her abode by these adjuncts and find leisure to bestow on them the care necessary for their well-being—a pleasant task which demands much less time than many persons suppose. Of course, bouquets and cut flowers are expensive luxuries in cities; but it is a very easy matter to become independent of florists.

A cheap red clay pot filled with snowy pampas-grass will make an attractive spot of light in the gloomiest hall all winter long, and the only attention the beautiful feathers require to keep their purity unsullied is to be set out of the way on "sweeping-days."

Hyacinths, crocuses, carnations and the like can be grown in the following inexpensive manner, which does not seem generally known. The old-fashioned hyacinth-glasses were ugly things; but, for the

plan I am proposing, any pretty earthenware or china bowl will answer. Fill the jar half full of old corks, so as to secure good drainage; cover these with a layer of moss, in which insert the bulbs, laying more moss over them as lightly as possible. Put the pots in a dark dry place—a cellar is best, if not damp—and moisten the moss daily until the bulbs begin to sprout. Then set the dishes in a sunny window, and a little time will do the rest.

Plants do not like change, and they abhor draughts—two points which their owners often overlook. Many of the common ferns will thrive capitally in an ordinary room if watered regularly but not too frequently, and some of the smaller varieties need no earth—they will grow nicely if their roots are buried in moss that is kept evenly moist. Ferns, palms, and even camellias and myrtles will do well in quite dark corners, which is a thing to remember by the dwellers in confined city quarters.

The dinner-table should never be left undecorated at any season of the year. When flowers are out of the question, a few ferns in a quaint blue and white Japanese pot will last for months, if watered daily during warm weather and twice a week during cold. When a window can be spared, a box of ivy on the sill will speedily make a beautiful curtain, and the sprays are very useful to arrange with flowers in vases.

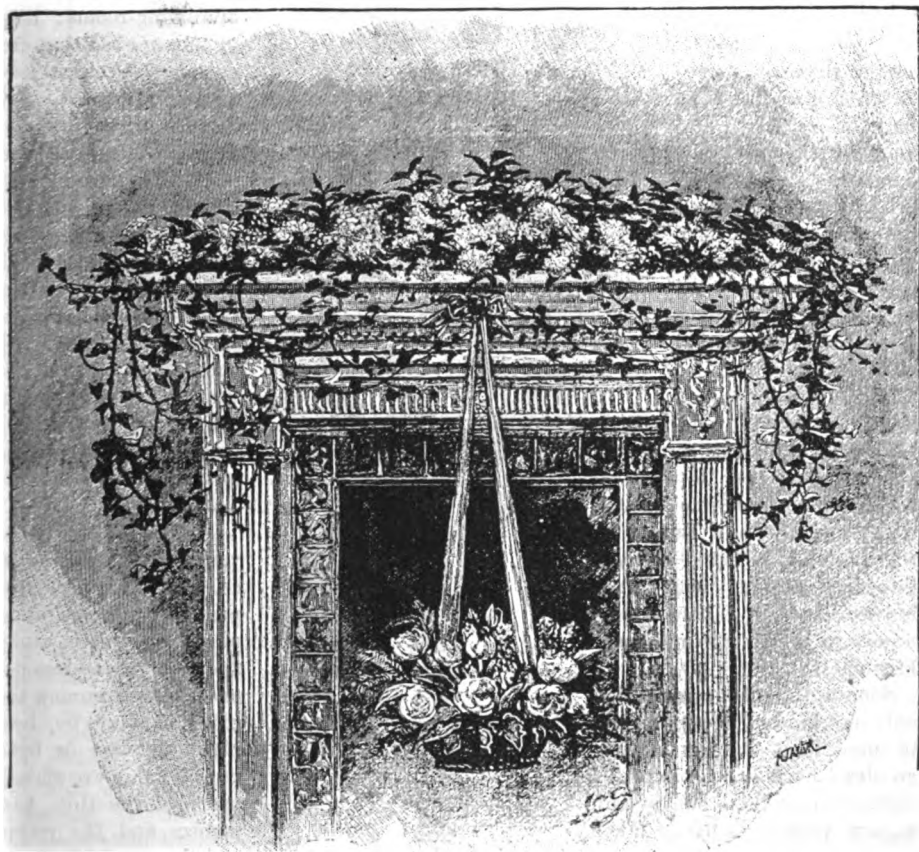
As spring comes on and blossoms grow

cheap, it does not cost much money and not a great deal of time to convert one's parlor or dining-room into a veritable bower. I was at a luncheon not long ago, given by a lady of moderate means, which, by carefully selected and daintily cooked dishes and tasteful floral decorations, she rendered fairly unique. Not only was the table profusely adorned, but the mantel presented an appearance so lovely that everybody exclaimed on entering the room, and an artist friend made a sketch of the arrangement, which is here reproduced. It was a mass of blossoms and trailing vines, with a basket of tulips, begonia leaves, and ferns hanging before the screen which filled the fire-place.

The hostess declared that the work did not take long to complete, and only called for patience and care. First of all, she covered the mantel with waterproof paper, and on this laid a bed of moss—damp, not

wet—into which the sprays and flowers were artfully fastened. By keeping the moss moist and changing the flowers as they fade, an effect of the sort could be preserved for days, though of course many persons would not care for anything so elaborate. But even a vase or two of flowers will give to the table a grace which no woman ought to neglect. The little glass troughs, three-cornered or semi-circular, cost very little, and flowers can be disposed in them, either in wet moss or water, letting sprays of ivy, mimosa, or green leaves of any kind conceal the edges of the troughs.

The Japanese, who are teaching us so many things in regard to the æsthetic side of life, elevate the arranging of flowers to an elegant accomplishment—one not confined to women, either. Indeed, though the education of ladies of rank is not deemed complete unless it includes a knowledge of flower



composition, the art finds its chief exponents in priests, philosophers, and statesmen who, on account of declining years or through political reasons, have retired from active life and so gained leisure to become its enthusiastic devotees. There are numberless books treating of the subject, and there are various schools for teaching the art, all possessing rigid rules more or less elaborate and artificial, and also, be it said, frequently entirely opposed to each other. It is really difficult for us of the Western hemisphere to believe what importance is given to this work. To afford an idea of the esteem in which it is held, I will cite from a volume descriptive thereof certain privileges and virtues which these beauty-loving Orientals attribute to persons engaged in its pursuit. First is mentioned the privilege of associating with superiors, followed by a long list of personal qualities which the practice of the art is supposed to foster; among these are named "a serene disposition and forgetfulness of cares, amusement in solitude, familiarity with the nature of plants and trees, the respect of mankind, constant gentleness of character, health of mind and body, a religious spirit, self-abnegation and restraint."

Now, I think, if there is a hope that the possession of half these virtues would follow the elevation of flower-composition into an art, that Americans and Europeans will do well to found colleges therefor without delay and import bands of Japanese professors to bestow the necessary instruction.

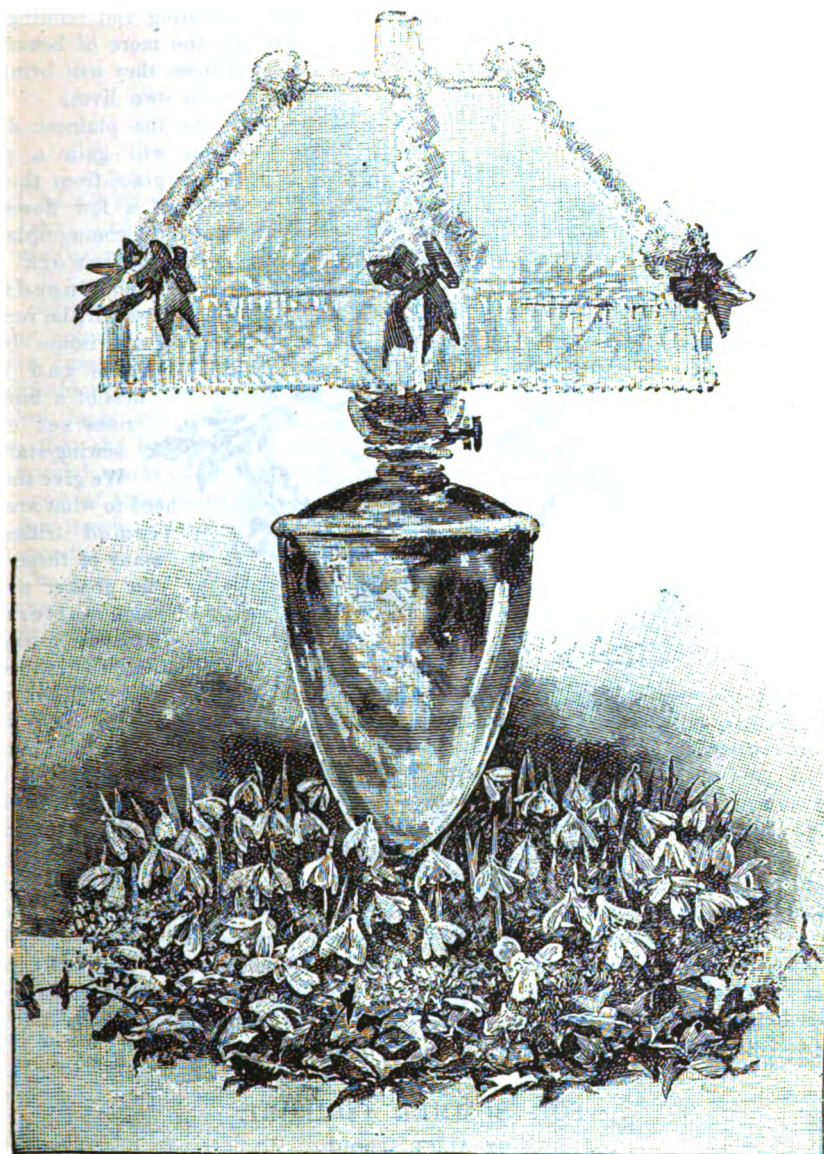
Some of the schools insist that only one kind of flowers should be used in decorating a room, an idea I have seen occasionally carried out in this country with a very pleasing effect. Then certain flowers are used at particular feasts, and each month

is associated with special blossoms. For instance, in the autumn come the morning-glory, the japonica, two kinds of valerian, and a carnation. The wistaria is a great favorite, but cannot be used at weddings because of its color—purple being in Japan a sign of mourning. The peony is the sign of rank and aristocracy; the lotus is dedicated to the dead. Chrysanthemums are highly esteemed, though it is a mistake to suppose them the national flower; that position is really accorded to the blossoms of the cherry. There are said to be two hundred and sixtynine sorts of chrysanthemums in Japan, many of them bearing titles as wonderful as the flowers themselves—such as "silver world, companion of the moon, blessings of majesty, waves in the morning sun," and so forth.

But to come away from Japan and get back to our own dinner-tables and living-rooms: I am often surprised that crocuses are so seldom used as decorations, for few flowers make a more brilliant display, especially if the three colors—purple, white, and gold—be combined. They should be put into small glass vases; a few of their own grasses or some sprays of ivy look well with them, but in the spring a very pretty effect can be produced by using budding twigs of the lilac just ready to open into leaves.

There is no end to the variety of lovely conceits which can be expressed in flower arrangements by a little study and trouble. It does not matter how common the blossoms may be, how plain the vase or bowl in which they are placed, provided the tints harmonize and the receptacle is graceful in shape and artistic in tone.





A lovely effect can be produced for the evening by arranging small-leaved or trailing flowers about the base of a lamp which has a small table appropriated to it. Now that the pretty fashion of elaborate shades of lace, gauze, or other diaphanous material is so general, one must be careful to have the flowers harmonize with or make a pleasing contrast to the tint of the shade. The blossoms can either be grouped on a round Japanese tray or on waterproof paper. In

either case, a bed of damp moss must be laid down, in which to fasten the flowers, and these should be so arranged that no sign of the tray or paper will be visible. If the table is not too large, the most effective arrangement is to have it completely covered, letting sprays of leaves or vines hang over the edge.

A lamp set in the middle of the dinner-table can be made a very artistic decoration by surrounding it with a bank of leaves and

flowers disposed in moss or put in crescent-shaped glass troughs. By the way, three-cornered glass troughs or dishes can now be had, and these are specially nice to fill with flowers for the four corners of the table.

Nowadays, even in the shops of our country villages, one can purchase, at a very low price, pitchers and vases so artistic in form and so true in color that they will please the most fastidious eye, and it only needs to put a proper arrangement of flowers therein to make the twentyfive-cent pitcher not only "a thing of beauty," but a joy—as long as the blossoms last.

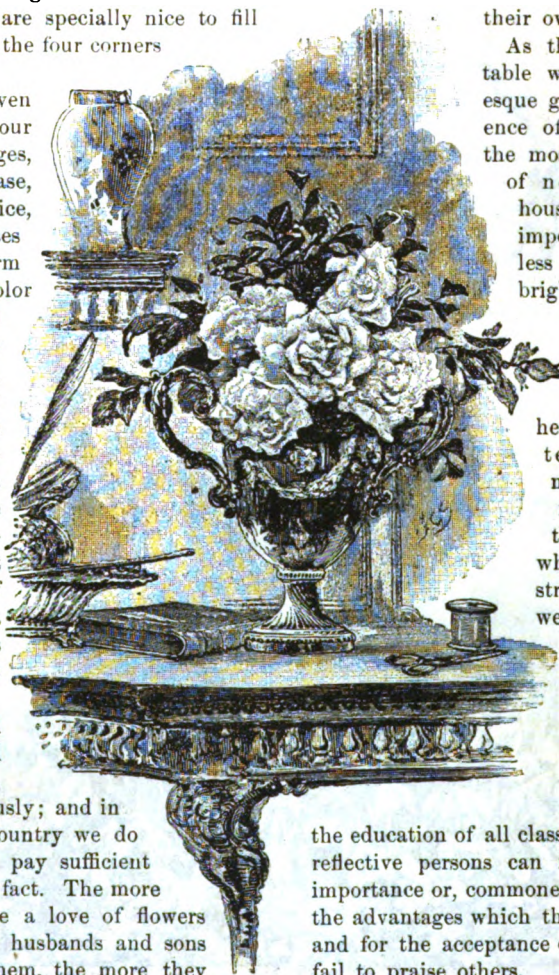
We are all greatly affected by surroundings, often unconsciously; and in our hurrying country we do not, as a rule, pay sufficient attention to this fact. The more women cultivate a love of flowers and teach their husbands and sons to appreciate them, the more they

will do toward elevating and refining masculine nature and the more of beauty and fullness they will bring into their own lives.

As the plainest dinner-table will gain a picturesque grace from the presence of a few flowers, so the most commonplace bit of needlework which household needs can impose will be rendered less wearisome by the brightness and sweetness of a bunch of roses set on the sewing-stand.

We give too little heed to what are often termed trifles, for many of these are of far greater weight than matters over which we worry and struggle till the soul is weary and the nerves are worn threadbare. Among these so-called trifles, the love of flowers is in reality a factor of such moment in

the education of all classes that it is strange reflective persons can fail to perceive its importance or, commoner error still, neglect the advantages which they clearly recognize and for the acceptance of which they never fail to praise others.



FOR SUMMER COMFORT.

BY ALICE STROUD.

ANY person who has no porch cushions ought to get some ready at once.

Do not make them too elaborate nor too fanciful to stand hard usage. Blue denim is the best material, and either red or white linen floss is more effective for decoration than rope silk. Excelsior makes an inexpensive stuffing for these cushions, which should be large. For use in a hammock, other fillings would be preferable, and which you will choose is a matter to be decided with your purse in your hand.

A *Wash-Bench* made the chief ornament of a pretty vine-shaded porch last summer. It was coated with pearl-colored enamel paint, and a vine of morning-glories ran over it, curled about the legs, and trailed across the seat, with the blossoms dropping from the skillful artist's brush just as nature would have strewn them. Everyone exclaimed over its beauty, and no one thought of associating it with a laundry. As a porch seat, it was a decided success and one that can easily be imitated.

AUNT LOIS'S SECRETARY.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

A QUAIN bit of furniture it was, and Janet had often admired it, half wondering if her Aunt Lois would not give it to her some day. Janet liked curious old things, and it was a bond of sympathy between Aunt Lois and herself; for Aunt Lois was as quaint and curious and old-fashioned, if not as old, as any of the yellow laces and old books and bits of china that she gave Janet from time to time as special marks of her affection. She had so many of these things now put away among her treasures that it was quite natural to wonder if this old secretary would not also be hers some day.

It looked like Aunt Lois, it was so tall and straight and thin. No lines of beauty nor graceful carvings relieved it in any way. Like its mistress, it was prim. When Janet saw her aunt seated at the secretary, writing up her neatly kept accounts or sending off the formal little notes in which she delighted—Aunt Lois never wrote letters—it seemed as though they had been made for each other and neither would be at their best apart.

But Aunt Lois had been young once, and fair and round and girlish; that Janet knew from some pictures which she had once seen, old and faded daguerreotypes. And it had not been so long ago, though everything about her seemed so old. Aunt Lois was on the right side of forty yet.

Janet knew the story well enough. Just twenty years ago, half of Aunt Lois's lifetime and all of her own, there had been a lover and light hearts and a scent of orange-blossoms in the air. But he had gone away suddenly, making no excuse, and had never come back. Lois Barber had kept her own counsel and had grown thin and quiet and prim and old beyond her years, and Ross Stewart had been to her as one who was dead now for half her lifetime.

And, now that Janet was to be married, she was to have the old secretary for a wedding-present.

"It is not of much value, I know, Janet;

but it will be in keeping with some of the other old things you seem to prize so much. It is strange that you care for them, for you will be a wife and happy." Aunt Lois looked at her wistfully. "I have kept old things, Janet, because I had to have something to fill my life."

"Dear Aunt Lois!" said the girl, putting her arms about the older woman. "But I must confess my sins. I have envied you that old secretary. It has so many little drawers and curious nooks to hide things in."

"Well, child, if you have cared for it, you need not wait until you are married to call it your own. I will move all my things out of it this evening, and you may take possession."

Janet found almost a child's joy in her new possession: the little drawers and pigeon-holes were so convenient. In one, she could put letters; in others, stamps, wafers, seals, little notes, cards, and all the et-cetera of correspondence so dear to the young feminine heart.

"The only trouble, Aunt Lois, is that it has so many drawers I can't always remember just where I have put things," she said, after it was all arranged.

A few evenings later, "Janet's young man," as the children called Mr. Edward Correy, came to discuss the final preparations for the wedding.

"I must show you my new treasure, Ned," said Janet, throwing open the secretary.

"Really, Janet, if you have that, I don't think I ought to marry you. It was clearly meant for an old maid, begging Miss Lois's pardon, and not for a young wife."

"Be careful, sir," Janet answered, blushing prettily. "I may be just as prim in a little while as any dear old lady now whom we know. At any rate, I shall do my best to live up to Aunt Lois's present. I know I shall have to be more careful with my letters and my accounts, if I am to write them here." And Janet perched herself

upon the high stool in front of the secretary, and did her best to look the part of a prim old maid.

After Ned had duly admired the effect, he placed some paper before Janet, dipped a pen in the ink-well, and placed it in her hand.

"I want you to write the first letter from the new secretary for me," he said.

"For you?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Yes: to my Uncle Ross."

"Oh, but I can't do that! It would seem so forward."

"No, it won't. I want him to come to the wedding, and he won't promise for me."

"Then he surely won't for me. Besides, I don't like to, Ned. He doesn't know me."

"Doesn't he, though? Then he hasn't read my letters as carefully as I flattered myself that he had."

"You must have been badly off for something to write about, if you have been taking me for a subject."

"Well, you see, I had an object. Uncle Ross is a woman-hater; but he is the nicest old fellow in the world, and I have been trying to make him understand that there is at least one woman in the world who is young and pretty and good and sweet—"

What the end of the catalogue would have been cannot be told, for at this point Janet covered his mouth with her hand.

"Do stop, Ned. Now I can't write to him, for he would of course think me bold and forward."

"No, he is too good and kind at heart for that. I think he has been disappointed sometime. If he would only come on to our wedding, I think it might do him good."

"Well, I will write," said Janet, thoughtfully; "it can't do any harm. But you must dictate."

"Dear Uncle Ross," began Ned.

"No," said Janet, "that won't do; he is not my uncle."

"Oh, but he will be, pretty soon; that is all right. Now go ahead: 'Ned tells me that he has been trying to get your promise to come to our wedding, but that he cannot do it. As you are his nearest relative, I know he will feel very badly if you don't come.'"

"Is that all?" asked Janet.

"Yes; if that don't bring him, I don't know what will."

"Oh, fie! It is easy enough to see that you are a man. Now let me try by myself."

Janet wrote rapidly for a few minutes, tearing up several half-finished notes, and finally handed this to Ned for inspection.

"Dear Uncle Ross," it read: "Ned tells me that he has been trying to get your promise to come to our wedding, but has failed. Now, I should dearly love to have you come, and I particularly want to show Ned that I can do at least one thing that he cannot. Won't you please come?"

Your affectionate niece,

JANET BARBER."

"I believe that will bring him," said Ned, approvingly. "He always did like to tell me that I didn't know how to ask for what I wanted. This will give him a chance to prove it."

The letter sealed and addressed, they began to examine the old secretary together, Janet showing it off with a virtuoso's pride.

"Here," she said, touching a secret spring, "is the secret drawer which you know all old secretaries must have. I keep your letters here."

"A secret not very well guarded," said Ned, looking at the too apparent bit of veneer that covered the spring.

"There is room enough within here," he continued, examining the body of the secretary curiously, "for a genuine secret drawer—a drawer within a drawer. Upon my word, Janet," he went on, "I believe there is some hollow contrivance in here. Listen to this!" As he spoke, he tapped the different panels, and one gave back a peculiar hollow sound. "This is right behind your secret drawer." He pulled the drawer wholly out and thrust his hand into the space. "Something in there gives!" In another moment, he pulled out a second drawer. It had evidently been arranged to slide inside of the other. "Must have got stuck in there and upset the combination," he said.

Then Janet's quick eye caught sight of something hidden under manifold layers of dust at the bottom of the drawer.

"Oh, Ned! here's a mystery," she cried, holding up a bit of paper yellow with age. "Do you suppose it's a lost will?"

She shook the dust from it and spread it out so that both could see. The paper had been written on, but the ink was faded so

that it had become almost illegible. Janet made out the first words: "Dearest Lois."

"We must not read it; it belongs to my aunt," she said.

But Ned was staring hard at the signature at the bottom. "It was written by my uncle—Ross Stewart!" he said.

"Ross Stewart?" repeated Janet. "Oh, why did I never think of that before? He was Aunt Lois's lover, and he jilted her."

"She jilted him, you mean, Janet—if indeed it was she."

"No, indeed! They were to have been married, and he was here with her one evening, like this, and they sat here at this secretary together, as we are doing—Aunt Lois told me all, a long time ago—and he was scribbling upon some bits of paper; then he got up suddenly and went away. The next day, he started for California. The bank, you know, in which he was a partner, had failed."

"Yes, I know; but no one lost a dollar. He paid every creditor."

"So Aunt Lois said. She said he was a good man."

"I wonder why she sent him away?" said Ned.

"I wonder why he left her so?" said Janet.

"Does she know that he is my uncle?" asked Ned, after a thoughtful pause.

"I should not wonder," said Janet, musingly. "I have seen her look at you so, sometimes."

"Poor Uncle Ross!"

"Poor Aunt Lois!"

"We must read this note," said Ned, with an air of conviction.

"Oh! I don't think that would be quite right," said Janet, hesitatingly.

But read it they did, with heads unnecessarily close together over the stained paper.

"Dearest Lois," it began, "it may seem cowardly to write you this, instead of telling it; but I do not want to influence your answer. I am ruined, Lois; I have lost everything. I had hoped to do so much for you, and now I can do nothing—at least, not for a long while to come. Of course, I release you from our engagement. I shall remain here another day. If you do not send for me, I shall then go away, probably forever.

ROSS STEWART."

"And she let him go," said Ned, contemptuously.

"He wanted to be freed from the engagement," retorted Janet.

"My Uncle Ross is the soul of honor," answered Ned.

"And my Aunt Lois was never mercenary," returned the girl.

"Then why did she not send him word to stay?"

"She had too much spirit, I am glad to say, after that note."

"I think your Aunt Lois was a heartless coquette."

"And I think your Uncle Ross was a base deceiver."

"Miss Barber!"

"Mr. Correy!"

"Perhaps you are trying to emulate your aunt."

"And perhaps you wish to follow the rôle of your uncle."

"Good-evening, Miss Barber."

"Good-evening, Mr. Correy."

It was from mere force of habit that Ned mailed the letter which Janet had written to Uncle Ross. But, as soon as it was done, the situation struck upon his vision with double force. He and Janet had quarreled, and now perhaps there would be no wedding for his uncle to come to. But he could not go back and apologize, for he did not believe that high-minded gentleman, Ross Stewart, had been a deliberate blackguard.

He would tell Uncle Ross the whole story and ask his advice; that was his conclusion after weary hours of meditation and repining. He could tell him what course would be best and right.

So it happened that, in his far-away home, this quiet bachelor received Janet's pretty note bidding him to the wedding-feast, and by it was almost persuaded to go. But, before he had quite decided, Ned's letter came. Then his decision was promptly reached. He would go back and straighten out this mess for the boy. If this girl, Janet Barber, were worthy of him, their life's happiness should not be spoiled by a tiff. He knew how that was, to have a life spoiled. But, if the girl were a coquette, as her Aunt Lois had been, and it was likely enough, then he would see that Ned was well out of it.

Then he thought of Lois and of this note

that Ned had found, that had caused all his trouble. Why had she kept it so long? And she had never married! His thoughts went back twenty years to that night. He knew he was ruined, and he went to Lois and tried to tell her and to ask her to wait; he should recover himself soon, if he had her to work for. But he could not tell her; she had talked about their wedding—the day was set. She had shown him his letters, all together in a drawer of her secretary.

"I shall read them all over to-morrow, and then put them safely away and keep them," she had said.

Then he had scribbled that note and slipped it in, unseen, on top of the others, where she would find it first on the morrow. Then he had come away, and that had been the end.

A week later, Ross Stewart walked into his nephew's rooms.

"A pretty mess this is, Ned, to get into," he said, after the first greeting.

"Well, sir, it's partly your fault. You shouldn't leave old notes lying about, twenty years after they have served their purpose."

"Tell me just how you found that note," said the older man, gravely.

When Ned came to the description of the second drawer, his uncle stopped him.

"Why, I never knew of that inner drawer; and I don't believe Lois—Miss Barber—did, either."

"Now you speak of it," said Ned, "I don't believe she did, either. If she had, she would have told Janet when she gave her the secretary."

The same thought leaped into the minds of both.

"Could the note—" began the elder man.

"I believe it could," answered the other, "especially if it lay near the top."

"It was on top of a pile of my letters; I placed it there."

"And it slipped through!"

"And she has never seen it!" Then he sat down, and, though he was a strong man and in the prime of middle age, Ned saw that he was trembling violently. Presently he got upon his feet again.

"Give me my hat and my gloves, Ned; I am going out."

"But, uncle—about this affair of mine?"

"Don't be a fool, Ned, if I have been. Go and find that little girl, and kiss and

make up. If you don't, I'll disinherit you." And he went out.

Miss Lois was unduly agitated when Janet told her a gentleman was below, waiting to see her. She had been "upset," as she called it, for a week past, ever since Janet's trouble, with Ned.

When she came into the room, Ross Stewart did not see a prim plain lady of uncertain age, but the woman whom he had loved and vainly tried to forget for years. He went up to her and took her hand.

"Lois!" he said.

"Yes, Ross!"

"I left a note in your secretary, twenty years ago."

"Yes."

"Did you get it?"

"Yes."

He dropped her hand, and, in his whole attitude, dejection was pictured. But he looked into her face, and there he caught just the faintest shadow of a smile, that was yet singularly like that of the Lois of old. He would try once more.

"Why did you not answer it?"

"I never had the chance."

"I waited all day for a message."

"I got the note just a week ago. Ned found it. Janet brought it to me."

"Oh, Lois! and I have been waiting twenty years for the answer!"

They stood looking in each other's eyes for a moment, then the man drew the plain faded face to his shoulder and kissed it. At the touch of his lips, a vivid blush that Janet could not have rivaled spread over cheek and brow.

"And we will have a double wedding," said Ross Stewart, as the four, now all reunited, sat together about the secretary, while Ned explained the mechanism of the secret drawer.

"Oh, no, Ross," said Miss Lois; "we are too old now. Let's not make fools of ourselves again."

"No, we will not; we have been fools long enough," said that gentleman. "Twenty years of folly is enough for me."

So there was a double wedding, and, in the weeks that intervened, Miss Lois's years and primness fell from her so rapidly that Janet said the wedding must be hurried up, or no one would believe that she was the younger bride.



THE HEART OF THE LOTOS.

BY MINNA IRVING.

In the moonlight here, by the crystal lake,
With the cold white stars above,
And behind the beat of the dancers' feet,
You murmur a tale of love;
But your words and your kisses leave me chill
As the dead in the graves on yonder hill!

Far away from the moonbeams ivory-pale,
And the music silvery sweet,
And the drooping roses and dying lights,
And the fall of the dancers' feet,
My soul returns to the hot red sands
Where a lonely obelisk, crumbling, stands.

The Nile in its slender shadow flows
With the sun on its brilliant breast.
And the wind sighs low in the papyrus reeds
A dirge for the dead at rest,
And the sky is bright as a beetle's wings,
And the air is thick with the dust of kings.

Full fifty feet from the obelisk tall,
Is a tomb with a sunken door,
Where a woman's beautiful form has lain
For a thousand years or more,
With a lotos lily beneath her chin,
And scented linen to wrap her in.

At the court of the star-eyed queen she dwelt,
In those mystical days of old;
Her hair was bound with a wreath of pearls,
Her waist with a snake of gold,
And, within her roseate flesh inurned,
The fire of my spirit beat and burned.

On nights like these, ere I fall asleep,
A memory seems to grow
Of the gliding slaves with their ankle-bells,
In that life in the long ago,
And amber planets that pulsed above,
And the rapture deep of a dream of love.

Through the dust and dark of the centuries dim,
His eyes look into mine—
That princely lover's—and stir my blood
Like a beaker of golden wine,
And fill my heart with a longing pain
To go back and lie in his arms again.

Ah! what was the cold caress you gave,
And what is a love like this,
To those purple passionate nights of yore
And the power of his burning kiss,
When the flickering flames of our souls were wed,
To the halcyon hours ere I was dead?

So I thank you, friend, for the words you say,
In the moonlight, here by the lake;
But another maiden your ring must wear,
Another your name must take,
And rule in the stately house that shines
With crimson lanterns between the vines.

For my soul lies folded forevermore
In the heart of a lotos white,
And I hear the wind in the rustling reeds,
And the lap of the Nile to-night,
And a beetle scratching away the sand
From the sunken tomb in the Pharaohs' land.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 532.



CHAPTER V.

It was the reception-day of the Countess d'Orlandes; and, as the morning had proved as lovely as if the month had been June instead of April, and madame was one of the most popular women in the Faubourg St. Germain, her handsome rooms for several hours presented a gay and animated appearance, though almost as changeable as that of a kaleidoscope.

It was growing late, and for a few moments the hostess and one of her special friends were left alone.

"Three minutes in which to draw breath," exclaimed Madame d'Orlandes; "don't expect me to entertain you, my dear—I am capable of falling asleep in your face!"

"That is one of the privileges of friendship," rejoined the Marquise de la Frulaye, shrugging her shoulders; "one can be as stupid or as rude as if one were with a relation."

Then she regarded with a resigned air her third cup of tea, destined to drown a respectable number of chocolate éclairs which she had munched in an abstracted fashion delightful to watch.

"You are as greedy over sweet things as you used to be when we were school-girls at the Sacred Heart," said Madame d'Orlandes, laughing.

"And you have the same bad habit of telling the truth," was the quick retort. "How the time has gone!"

"Ten years—ten whole years!" sighed the countess. "What happy days those were in the quiet convent."

"If we had only known they were,"

replied her friend, with a half-cynical, half-philosophical expression which just suited her fairly Oriental beauty. "Perhaps this era will seem so too, when we look back on it."

A sad smile crossed Madame d'Orlandes's lips; but, before she could reply, the salon doors opened and the stately groom of the chambers announced the Baron d'Armeur in a tone as subdued as if the occasion had been a visit of condolence.

As the daintily dressed little old gentleman ambled up the room, Madame de la Frulaye said quickly in the lowest possible tone:

"He always looks as if he were put up in some cosmetic, warranted to keep indefinitely! A good soul, but such a gossip—the gazetteer of the faubourg."

"Welcome, baron, welcome!" cried Madame d'Orlandes, as he approached. "I have not seen you for an age."

"Enough of itself to make me wretched, without all my other woes," rejoined the visitor, as he bent over the delicate hand extended to him. "The marquise, too! I am really in luck for once," he added, as he kissed the tips of that lady's slender fingers.

"And we also," replied that lady. "Everybody has been intolerably dull: not a particle of news to-day—not even the tiniest scandal, to keep one's spirits up! We shall hear both now, thank goodness! Begin, baron, begin: we are all ears."

"Oh, first let me have a cup of tea and a truffle sandwich," sighed the old gentleman, sinking into a chair in an attitude which made the most of his still shapely figure. "I am dying of fatigue and hunger!"

"Poor baron!" said Madame d'Orlandes; "you shall not be allowed to perish."

"At least, not till he has told his news; I see in his face that it will prove exciting," added Madame de la Frulaye, aiding her hostess to serve the old beau with a plate full of small delicacies.

"Ah, this is paradise, after all my worries!" said the baron, with a sigh of content.

"Do tell us what you have been about," urged the two ladies.

"Oh, my rascal of a nephew is the cause of everything," returned the baron, biting his sandwich. "He forced me rush through my breakfast and hurry out—only fancy, I have been on the march since twelve o'clock!"

"All on account of Monsieur Renaud?" questioned the hostess.

"What now?" added the marquise.

"Oh, the calamity of owning relations!" groaned the baron, as he handed his cup to be refilled. "A man stays a bachelor for the express purpose of being able to live in peace, and behold! his sister must needs die and leave him the care of her son and daughter."

"But, since your niece was married several years ago and you adore your nephew, why complain?" asked Madame d'Orlandes.

"Ah, you don't know, dear friend; you don't know! I am worn out—exhausted—had only just strength to drag myself up your steps!" vowed the baron, looking pleasantly excited and as hale as possible. In spite of his modern dress, he closely resembled one of the elderly gallants whose portraits have come down to us from the days of the regency. "It is a whole history!"

"We are devoured with curiosity, you know," urged Madame de la Frulaye. "The moment your nephew's name comes up, of course one expects something startling."

"This time, he is mad—fit for a strait-jacket, I give you my word," cried the baron. "I think I could eat a wine-cake!"

"Not till you tell us!" rejoined the marquise, holding the plate out of his reach.

"Well, this is the story," said the baron, wiping his lips and laying his left leg over the right, careful to show its calf to the best advantage. "Yesterday, my arch-maniac was sunning himself on the steps of Sainte Clotilde, just at the close of high Mass—"

"He went no further, I'll engage!" interrupted Madame de la Frulaye.

"Well, I would not take it on myself to swear to the piety of his motives," replied the baron, tranquilly, "but there he was; and, as sometimes happens in this wicked

world, he received an undeserved reward. He saw an enchanting blonde girl, in half-mourning, come out on the arm of a white-haired man who looked as if he were some very great personage. The pair stepped into a coupé drawn by two superb horses, and—it was all over with my maniac; he had fallen in love at first sight."

"With the horses?" she demanded.

"Worse—with the young lady! He but-tonholed every man he knew and intercepted every woman, but all of no avail; not a creature could give him any information concerning the elderly gentleman or his beautiful companion."

"And you come to me, of all persons, to discover a clue?" asked Madame d'Orlandes.

"My maniac and I have only just got back from Nice; you returned four weeks ago," said the baron. "I said to myself, there is no one but that dear Madame d'Orlandes who can help me, especially if they are foreigners."

"I know very few foreigners."

"But your husband knows so many; he is always floating about among the foreign colonies."

"Just now, the count is very attentive to his wife," put in Madame de la Frulaye; "he has had an attack of rheumatism and is a martyr to dyspepsia."

"Wickedness!" said the countess, with a somewhat forced smile; then she added to the baron: "It is possible that my husband may recognize your unknown pair by the description. He was at the reception of the Minister of Foreign Affairs the other night; the beauty might have gone there, even in her half-mourning. If I see Leon this evening, I will not forget to ask about her."

"You are not sure, then, of seeing him?"

"If he gets through the day without a dyspeptic attack, he will doubtless dine at his club."

"At his club?" murmured the marquise, with a world of doubt in her voice; but her friend continued, without paying any attention to the interruption:

"Let me tell you this, though: your Renaud is a poor specimen of a Romeo! Any young man capable of the delightful folly of falling in love at first sight would have hailed a cab and followed the carriage and the blonde beauty."

"But suppose she was the gentleman's wife?" suggested Madame de la Frulaye.

"Too young," objected the baron; "moreover, Renaud said there was a strong resemblance between them."

"Ah! a valuable indication which you forgot to give," observed the countess. "A coat-of-arms on the coupé?"

"Yes—no—Renaud was not certain; he had not time to spare for anything. Still, he thought he remembered there were roses."

"Roses?" repeated the countess, clapping her hands. "I believe we have already reached daylight!"

"Indeed! Who—who?" The baron almost shouted in his delight.

"I feel quite certain that the unknown couple are no other than the Duke de Rosenthal, an Austrian millionaire, noble as the emperor, and his daughter, of whose marvelous beauty one has heard a great deal during the past weeks, and whose appearance in Paris mothers and daughters have been dreading."

"Worse than the jaundice," supplemented the marquise.

"Renaud really deserves to have a chance given him," observed the countess, after an instant's reflection; "he is a handsome fellow, sufficiently clever, and has a better record than most of our young dandies."

"And our ancestors, my dear child, were in the Crusades with St. Louis!" added the baron. "That ought to count with your Austrian."

"Yes, yes; a family tree to be proud of," assented the countess. "And Renaud inherited a good fortune that has not been too much cut into by debts."

"Not counting that he will be his uncle's heir, only the baron means to live till doomsday," added Madame de la Frulaye, with her mischievous laugh.

"I must live while you stay beautiful, and that will be forever," rejoined the old beau.

"How old is Renaud?" the countess asked. "Thirtyone."

"Not possible!" cried the marquise. "His sister, Madame de Noves, is older than he, and she is only twentyseven; I heard say so, the other day."

"She leaves out the five years spent in the nursery," said the baron: "that is permissible."

"To go back to the Rosenthals," the countess remarked. "They say that the duke is very severe on what most people call the excusable follies of young men. Luckily, so far as ever I heard, Renaud can stand the test better than most of his associates."

"Surely, surely!" the baron asserted strenuously, while the marquise gave her wicked little laugh. Then the old beau rose, bowed over their hands again, and added: "I hear carriages stopping—I am off! I shall look in on Madame de Languenais—I have just thought."

"Why, yes," said the countess; "she is own cousin to the Austrian ambassadress."

"Precisely. I must beg her to arrange a quiet little evening, so that Renaud and I can meet the Rosenthals. A thousand thanks! I can count on both of you? Two angels! I fly—au revoir."

He ambled out with an agility that made both ladies smile, though his genuine kindness of heart kept them from being severe on his little vanities.

"He is a dear old man," the countess said; "and how about Renaud? You laughed—"

"Only to tease the baron. I really believe Renaud will make as good a husband as a rich girl could expect to find. Of course, we all know what any man is, after a certain period of matrimony; he becomes a regular husband, which generally means a very irregular one."

The countess could not repress a sigh; and, seized with contrition for her heedless remark, Madame de la Frulaye hastily changed the subject. She knew well that her friend, in spite of her patience and cheerfulness, had passed through dark waters before she learned to support with seeming indifference the vagaries of her handsome lord and master.

Several visitors were announced in rapid succession, among them a stylish little woman wearing a bonnet which was such an exquisite work of art that it excited the general admiration.

"And only yesterday, my dear," the marquise said to her, "I heard you vow that you would not buy another new one until summer."

"Yes—I meant it, too," sighed the little lady. "But, you see, unfortunately I stopped in at Madame Flore's and saw this angelic creation—the flesh is weak, you know! Oh,

dressmakers and milliners will have a great deal to answer for in the next world."

"That is what old Baron d'Armeur says of relations," observed Madame de la Fru-laye.

"Oh, the delightful old man!" said the lady of the bonnet. "I caught sight of the baron just as I drove into the court-yard; I stopped on the steps to look back at him. He's a wonderful creature; he danced along as if he were eighteen instead of sixty-eight, with several years added."

"Oh, he is younger than ever to-day," said Madame d'Orlandes, and proceeded to relate the baron's errand and the story of his handsome nephew's having at first sight fallen in love with a beautiful unknown who, it was probable, would prove to be the already famous young Austrian heiress, a rumor of whose speedy introduction into Parisian society had already caused a good deal of anxiety to marriageable young men, and women also.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE these discussions and plans were occupying the group gathered in the salon of the Countess d'Orlandes, the hero of the baron's romantic tale was seated in a room of the Jockey Club, the favorite lounging-place of the gilded youth of Paris.

Renaud Edmond Ferdinand de Matigny, Marquis de la Boissière, was a tall, splendidly built, and very elegant young man, a leader in his circle of intimate friends, and, what is somewhat unusual for a man who is an acknowledged favorite among women, exceedingly popular with his own sex.

As he sat watching a game of whist, his thoughts were following the energetic old uncle, whom he had persuaded to undertake the spread of the sensational story which he so ardently desired to have circulated through the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain without loss of time.

By the next day at furthest, the beautiful blonde would herself certainly hear the poetic legend of his having fallen a victim to her charms without knowing whether she were Cinderella or the Princess Nonchalante. By this master-stroke, he would have already taken a great step toward obtaining the favor of the great heiress, Mademoiselle de Rosenthal, before being presented.

With much complacence, he mentally repeated the name that represented a marriage-portion of six millions of francs—the name whereof the baron had believed him in utter ignorance, and to discover which the venerable gentleman had sallied forth with an enthusiasm that his nephew smiled to remember.

"The blessed uncle!" he thought, as he lighted a cigarette and lazily watched the whist-players. "How greedily he swallowed the whole story, as delighted with the romance of it as if he had been a boarding-school miss! Really, to us old young fellows, there is something quite touching in the simplicity of the young old chaps of the past generation! Six millions and a Rosenthal! Into the bargain, so ideally beautiful that I am sure to fall in love with her! I have always said that I was capable of the folly and that I should like, just by way of originality, to love the woman I marry! And one must marry, especially when one has a name with a handle to transmit, and a legion of debts that press heavily. But, after all, usurer as he is, old Father Jean deserves to be canonized for setting me on the track of the beautiful heiress, and his little sensational romance was a positive stroke of genius."

The game ended, and Renaud de la Boissière strolled away to find other amusement while awaiting his uncle's arrival.

It may be old-fashioned to allow one's characters to indulge in soliloquies, but it is a very convenient way of making their plans and motives clear without long pages of description; so I shall offer no apology for setting down the young man's reflections.

On reaching his majority, Renaud de la Boissière had entered into possession of a large fortune, and he began his social career with two objects in view: the first was, to amuse himself as much as possible; the second, never to indulge in any excess which could give him an unpleasant notoriety and so militate against the marriage which he considered that every man with a title ought sooner or later to make.

During the ten years which had passed since he came of age, De la Boissière had fully carried out his intentions, and, while allowing himself the largest liberty, had exercised so much care that his world in general would have echoed the verdict of

Madame d'Orlandes as to the probability of his proving a far better husband than the average idle man of fashion.

In spite of an open frank manner, Renaud was secretive, just as he was calculating under an exterior of impulsiveness—which, however, was not assumed. Notwithstanding all the memories that would have stared him in the face had he not kept them locked in some dark chamber of his soul, Renaud had faith in his own capacity for being in love, and it was quite true that the corner of his heart which he had always reserved for matrimony had beaten high at the sight of Mina de Rosenthal, in spite of the fact that his assertion of not knowing who she was had been pure fiction.

Renaud was nearly ruined pecuniarily, but nobody knew this except the money-lender Father Jean; for, with his usual prudence, the young man had confined his borrowing operations to this one source, and the old usurer was as close-mouthed as an oyster.

The money-world in which Father Jean lived had known of the approaching arrival of the new heiress before the world of fashion, and he had explained to his client that here might be a chance to pay his debts and secure a great fortune.

De la Boissière had seized eagerly on the plan, and Father Jean's ossified heart fairly warmed to him; for the wily miser felt confident that, in case the young man succeeded, sooner or later a large share of the wealth of the Rosenthals would find its way into his own coffers.

CHAPTER VII.

Most of the guests had arrived at the Austrian embassy on the evening of the small reception which had been arranged through the mediation of Baron d'Armeur's lady friends.

Match-making is always an interesting business, and the Austrian ambassadress, a charming and kind-hearted if somewhat frivolous woman, had entered with enthusiasm into the plan of bringing about a marriage between her youthful countrywoman and the Marquis de la Boissière, who had been presented to her in the most attractive light by the baron's knot of counselors.

The old beau was seated between Madame d'Orlandes and the Marquise de la Frulaye, half hidden by their draperies, watching

with delight his nephew, who stood near the entrance of the great salon, looking handsome enough for one's ideal of a poet, his eyes fixed eagerly on the curtained doorway, apparently utterly forgetful of everybody about.

"Hasn't he an acute attack?" demanded the baron, delightedly.

"A scarlet fever of the fiercest type," replied Madame de la Frulaye. "He will certainly burn his way into the heroine's heart."

"You need not laugh," said Madame d'Orlandes; "a man capable of falling so desperately in love deserves to succeed."

"Indeed, yes!" cried the baron. "Why, it rejuvenates me just to watch him; it sets my heart beating from sympathy."

"Do you know," added Madame d'Orlandes, "that the ungrateful wretch barely remembered to salute us as we came in? I doubt if he would have seen either of us if the marquise had not spoken his name."

"Quite in order!" chuckled the baron. "She and I—all others mere unknown atoms! Oh, it is delightful—delightful!"

"Ah, well," sighed the countess, "love is the chef d'œuvre of Providence—one must own that."

"It gets nicely caricatured, your chef d'œuvre!" said Madame de la Frulaye, mockingly.

"Oh, oh, I heard their names announced in the antechamber!" cried the baron, excitedly.

In another instant, the pompous announcement was repeated, and the Duke de Rosenthal entered with his daughter.

The three years which had passed since the events detailed in the opening chapters of this story had changed the duke almost beyond recognition and developed Mina's budding charms into the bloom of early womanhood.

Attired in the mist-like folds of a white gauze robe, without other ornament than lilies of the valley resting on her bosom and crowning her blonde hair, Mademoiselle de Rosenthal, in her chaste and exquisite beauty, accentuated by the proud blood of her race, looked like a royal lily. As she moved across the salon, leaning on her father's arm, toward the place where the ambassadress was standing, low murmurs of admiration followed her.

"Ideally lovely! The incarnation of purity!" said Madame d'Orlandes.

"I don't know whether to compare her to a flower or a pearl," said the marquise. "Well, baron?"

"I am trying to find a simile! She resembles—oh, an aristocratic sylph, made out of moonbeams."

"Bravo, the uncle!" laughed the marquise.

"On my honor, I feel like going down on my knees and saying a prayer," he persisted. "After all, she is human—one can see through that gauze how beautiful her neck is. What arms and what a figure! Eh—eh—one would like to do more than say an Ave!"

"Evidently Renaud's opinion," laughed the marquise. "Only look at him—a veritable ecstasy!"

"You must have him presented to the duke," said the countess; "do it at once."

The baron rose and ambled up to his nephew, saying in his ear:

"Delicious—a marvel! But I am almost frightened; there will be a terrible competition."

"I have one advantage," rejoined Renaud, softly: "She knows that she will meet this evening a young man who fell in love with her at first sight only a few days ago. Madame de Languenais is very kind; she has promised to be my friend. She says that, if the lovely creature divines I am the man, there will be nothing needed but to let matters take their course."

"Come now, we must be introduced to the duke," said the baron, eagerly.

Mina was seated by the side of the Duchess de Languenais, moved by a sensation of expectancy in a fashion that was new to her. She had been told the story of the effect produced by her on one of the handsomest, cleverest, most elegant men of the day, without having heard his name. Even at twenty, Mina was as innocent and trusting as she had been at seventeen. She knew that this young man was in the room, that he would be presented to her after a little—this hero who for days and nights, it appeared, had thought and dreamed of her alone.

The critical moment of the girl's life had arrived—that in which she was bidding farewell to her girlish past and entering into the sovereignty of her womanhood. Adieu to the rosy dawn of vague dreams and vaguer

romance; adieu to the idyl, a sweet recollection of which, unconsciously cherished, had lent a perfume to her maidenhood, as a bunch of violets scents the fine lace in which it is hidden! The idyl had woven its measures too soon—Mina had not understood the vague charm which had touched her; but now, now, she was ready to comprehend a similar poem—her heart was ready to waken.

The girl watched a little crowd of men whom the ambassadress was presenting in turn to her father: watched them with an excitement in which something stronger than curiosity mingled. One among the group was the man chivalrous enough to have flung his heart at her feet, knowing nothing of her save that she was the realization of his ideal! Ah, if his appearance should not prove in keeping with his poetic enthusiasm! Which of the number could be the hero of the romance?

This man was too old: that young one already bald: the next, too stout: a fourth—oh, well enough, but the face lacked expression.

It was the duchess who forced her, as the presentations took their course, to express an opinion of each gentleman in turn.

"Now this one, dear child?"

"Oh, his hair is red!"

"Another—one of your own countrymen."

"He could not be a hero of romance, with those shoulders!"

"Patience, then! But see: the tall young fellow with the little old man!"

As the duchess spoke, Renaud de la Boissière turned his head quickly, and his passionate eyes flashed their light full into those of the girl for a single instant; then, in his turn, he was being presented to her father.

"Who is—who are they?" Mina asked.

"Ah, he is more like a knight of romance, eh?"

"Yes; I—"

"Well?"

"If it were he—"

"It is he, little sorceress!"

The first measures of a bewitching waltz floated out on the air. In another moment, the ambassadress came up on the arm of Renaud, whose manly beauty was only heightened by an evident agitation.

"Mademoiselle de Rosenthal," said the

hostess, "let me present the Marquis de la Boissière."

Renaud only bowed, while again his dark eyes flashed their magnetic glow into Mina's very soul. For a moment, he stood looking down at her, while her eyes drooped under his and her breath came so fast that the flowers on her bosom trembled slightly. Then he offered his arm; she knew that he was asking her to dance; she rose in silence.

"The game is already won," Madame de la Frulaye said to the countess. "There is not a young man in the whole set can stand a chance after this; Renaud is positively ideal, too."

"I believe he will make her happy," sighed the countess. "Twenty, and to be loved—happy girl!"

The waltz was a positive triumph for the young couple, and the old baron was in ecstasies to hear audible murmurs of admiration from those about, as he stood conversing with De Rosenthal.

The duke himself heard; he had already been told the sensational story and had its hero pointed out to him. Now he watched the marquis with a keen scrutiny which did not escape the baron's eagle eyes, and the old gentleman trumpeted his nephew's praises in a fashion as effective as it was sincere. All that he said, too, was borne out by the verdict already expressed to the duke by the ambassadress and various other persons in whom he had confidence.

He watched the pair till the dance ended, then turned away, saying to himself:

"Why not? An old name—a charming man, who it appears has proved himself worthy of it! And I have so little time left—so little!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE beautiful Duchess de Rosenthal had died a year and a half previous, after an illness so sudden and so brief that she was dead before her husband and daughter fairly realized the possibility of danger.

The blow had been terrible to both, and it was only within the past few months that Mina's youth and strength had begun to reassert themselves, to the great comfort of her father and her faithful friend Made-moiselle Dumont. The duke had borne his burden with a composure which astonished everyone, with the exception of his physi-

cian; that authority understood the secret of his patient's tranquillity. The duke was dying of an internal malady which had developed some two years before, and, after his wife's death, made such rapid progress that, when the sufferer came on to Paris, he knew a few months more at most were all that he could expect.

His one regret was the thought of leaving Mina alone, and he was consumed with anxiety to see her in the charge of a good loving husband with as little delay as possible. Fortune had favored Renaud de la Boissière in every possible way: he had appeared at exactly the right moment. The duke, who at bottom loved poetry and romance nearly as much as his daughter, was touched by the pretty story of love at first sight, and the young man's handsome face and charming manner were so much in keeping therewith that the father seized eagerly on the hope of having found the "brave cavalier, troubadour, nobleman, and man of heart" to whom he could safely confide the happiness of his treasure, his ewe lamb.

The moment had been equally propitious where Mina was concerned, and the maiden heart which lately had begun restlessly to stir, to wonder over the mysteries of life and love, could hardly have met one who in outward semblance seemed a more complete realization of a lofty ideal than this young hero whose approach had been heralded in a fashion as unusual as it was attractive.

More than once, during the past three years, had the duke thought of Gaston Bernard and wished that in point of birth and fortune he had been sufficiently near their own social level to have made him a fit suitor for Mina from a worldly point of view. Monsieur de Rosenthal had recognized the innate nobility of the man, had admired his varied talents, and most of all had honored him for the manner in which he had conducted himself during that quiet sojourn at the castle. The duke was too keen-sighted not to perceive something of the real state of Bernard's feelings, and he felt that the human being capable of such self-restraint, such really grand self-abnegation, must possess a nature so fine, so exceptional, that not often in any one century could its like be met.

More than once, too, had Mina recalled every incident of that beautiful summer

idyl. For a time, she was haunted by a vague regret, a dimly understood sensation as of something very beautiful and precious having flitted transitorily across her life, which, had it tarried, might have brought a happiness transcending all dreamed-of possibilities; but gradually this feeling died out, though the memory of that summer never lost its charm.

Then came her mother's death and her engrossing sorrow; and besides, Bernard never in any way recalled himself to her recollection. Soon after his departure, a few letters were exchanged between him and the duke; but the correspondence speedily dropped, and, save by his book or some mention of his name in the newspapers, nothing occurred to give him the slightest prominence in Mina's thoughts.

And now, as she believed, the real hero—the dream-prince of girlish imagination—had appeared on her horizon and found her heart ready to recognize his presence.

As for Renaud himself, beginning with that first evening, he became fairly transfigured in his own eyes. He was in love for the first time, he told himself; the heiress and her millions were of no consequence; he had met the woman who could enthral his heart and soul and fill him with an actual adoration such as he had never dreamed of, which appealed to soul as well as to sense and enveloped its object with a halo that set her apart as completely from the women he had known and thought he loved as if she had belonged to some loftier order of being.

Three weeks after that first meeting, the Duke de Rosenthal authorized Renaud de la Boissière to pay his court to Mademoiselle Mina. Before the month ended, the young couple's engagement was announced and the marriage set for the early part of June.

During this interval, the lovers spent every evening and the greater part of each day together under the chaperonage of gentle Mademoiselle Dumont or of Madame d'Orlandes, toward whom, notwithstanding the ten years' difference in age, Mina found herself greatly drawn, a liking which the countess repaid with a veritable enthusiasm.

For the young girl, a new life had begun; to have this handsome man at her side with his glorious eyes whose every glance was a caress, to listen to his eloquently expressed devotion, was living an enchanted poem in an ideal realm.

The marquis was perfectly sincere in every look and word; he enjoyed to the full this new experience. The innocence of that virgin heart added to his passion a certain tenderness which rendered her fairly sacred in his sight. Under the dominion of a sentiment so profound, all the good impulses of his nature, hitherto so ruthlessly trampled down in a fierce pursuit for pleasure, asserted themselves, seemed to be taking deeper root, and put forth a show of wishes and resolves so bright and luxuriant that he actually believed they had become fixed principles.

The wedding took place at the date set, and for days afterward all Paris talked of its magnificence.

"It is something to have had even a little to do with such happiness," Madame d'Orlandes said to the duke.

"And I want to thank you for all your goodness to Mina," the father answered; "you will still be her friend when I am gone."

The countess did not then understand the full significance of those closing words; but, three months later, that "when I am gone" rang in her ear like a mournful elegy—the Duke de Rosenthal was dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRANSITION

BY NORA C. FRANKLIN.

A CRUDE young bud on a pendent stem,
A wandering sunbeam near it;
The south-wind croons a low sweet tune,
The shadows lean to hear it.

A sudden flush on the floweret's face,
A thrill through its leaves' repose;
A warmer ray, a bolder touch—
Abloom, the full red rose!

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A fair girl face, with brow whereon
A maid's sweet dreams lie sleeping,
Eyes filled to brim with questions shy,
White lids unstained by weeping;

A whispered word by a lover breathed,
A strange new joy foretold—
A heart's wild throb, and eyes uplift
Ablaze with a woman's soul!

HOMELY HINTS.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

HOW to make a little go a long way is a problem which puzzles the brain of many a woman who wishes to render her home attractive; but, in these days of ingenuity and cheap pretty things, a great deal may be done for the homeliest room at slight cost.

To begin with: If the paper is faded or perhaps rather dull, try a thin coat of varnish, and you will be surprised at the result. I have lately seen the walls of a parlor covered with what anyone would have supposed to be an expensive paper, until the mistress, whose own hands had wrought the change, told me that it was very ugly and very cheap. She had put a paper dado three feet high around the walls, edging it and the ceiling with a border which had cost her only a very small sum, and then covered the whole with a thin coat of varnish. The result was a room of which any lady need not be ashamed.

This same home was so pretty that I can hardly do better than to describe some of the work of its owner. Her solution of the problem mentioned may be useful to tired sisters who are still working it out.

The carpet was a good ingrain, in a neat pattern of cream and olive, edged with a band of olive felt, fastened down by tiny gilt-headed tacks. The two windows were draped with curtains of large dotted muslin hanging from beneath lambrequins of olive satin, a very old rich piece which had been the skirt of the lady's grandmother's wedding-dress.

In one corner stood a pretty writing-desk formed by a small desk placed on two shelves made of a pine box, the shelves neatly painted in olive-color and draped in front with another breadth of the grandmother's satin hung on a small brass rod such as may be bought at any furnishing-store for thirty cents. One of the shelves was used for a few choice books, the other held several pretty pieces of bric-a-brac.

A charming little stand in another corner was made of three broomsticks cut the same

length, crossed, and tied securely in the middle. They were then gilded, a round top manufactured of a pine board, and covered with a bit of the olive satin. A fringe was tacked about the edge of the board, and olive ribbon tied in a nice bow over the securing string.

In the small dining-room, this ingenious lady had arranged a handsome sideboard out of a large old-fashioned wash-stand with a marble top. A mirror, one of the old-fashioned kind in a gilt frame, was placed just above the marble top and fastened to the wall. Over the glass, a bracket-shelf of walnut, the same wood as the wash-stand, having a high top, made a nice finish, the ends of the mirror being covered with a bit of drawn silk to hide the frame. A pretty worked scarf and fringed napkins under the glassware added to the effect, and there was a very charming little sideboard quite in proportion to the size of the dining-room.

The curtains in this room were of cream cheese-cloth, bordered with a band of Turkey-red and tied back with red ribbons. A handsome centre-piece for the table was made of twilled linen, eighteen inches square, embroidered in a pattern of grape-leaves in gold-colored floss, the edge of the cloth cut close to the work.

From the dining-room, we may go to the bed-chambers, in which, as below-stairs, ingenious taste may work wonders on small means.

Don't have anything to do with the abominations called "shams." With a nice spread and fresh pillow-slips, they are not necessary, and never are beautiful, never stay where you want them.

Unbleached muslin spreads, outlined with red or blue working-cotton and joined with inch-wide strips of Turkey-red or blue linen twill—have the color to harmonize with the furnishings of the room—are very nice. Make pillow-slips to match, working a design or motto in the centre, if you please, and your bed is always nicely dressed.

Set off your bureau and wash-stand with

Swiss muslin over a lining to match the bed-draperies, and have the wash-bowl and pitcher also to match. If you cannot afford to buy an expensive set, purchase one of clear white, in some of the quaint shapes which are now to be found in the cheaper ware, and paint on it a narrow band of the color you desire. It will stand washing for a long time, and can then be renewed, even if you do not understand firing china.

Get a small pine box, such as is used at groceries, and put small hinges to the lid. Then cover it with some pretty cretonne, tack a fringe about the edge, and you have a cozy foot-stool as well as a handy place in which to slip your shoes or slippers.

Embroider a case for your night-dress and hang it inside your closet, using a little brass hook instead of a clumsy nail, and you will not hate to open the door. If you are not so lucky as to have a closet in your bed-room, then buy a second-hand wardrobe and curtain it with a double canton-flannel of some shade to harmonize with the rest of the room. Hang the curtains to small rings, and you will like them better than doors.

Get a comfortable willow rocking-chair and ornament it with suitable ribbons, and a cushion if you like. You may make a little stand out of the three broomsticks and a board, covering the top with cretonne to match the stool, and you will have a very pretty room.

Remember above all things, in none of

your rooms have any cheap chromos or gaudy glaring pictures. A few good engravings or photographs are in far better taste.

A lady once said to me: "The first things I look at, when I go into a strange house, are the pictures; when I have seen them, I know the kind of people I am to associate with." Such lovely photographs and etchings can be bought in these days for very little money, that no one need have her eyes offended by the pictured monstrosities exhibited on so many walls.

If you have a veranda, you may make it attractive by a few pots of flowers and an easy-chair or two. It is not necessary to buy expensive things. Almost everyone has some old splint-seated chairs or a rocker or two, put away out of sight; bring them out, get a small can of red lake and paint them nicely, then set them in the veranda, and they will attract many a gaze and often the remark from some tired passer-by: "What a cozy little place!"

Paint the flower-pots the same color, and, if you chance to have a rickety old stand, give it a coat, set a pot of oxalis or nasturtiums on it, and you will add greatly to the effect of your summer retreat.

These little things are within the reach of all, whether in town or country. It costs so little money, and not a great deal of time, to bring somewhat of grace and beauty into our humdrum workaday lives, that it well repays anyone who will make the effort.

FOR A WRITING-DESK.

BY DORCAS EVERHART.

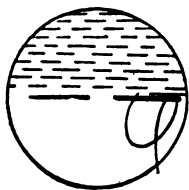
IT is always pleasant to have the little appointments about one's desk dainty and original, and, when they happen to be the result of someone's loving thought for us, they are more acceptable and valued than ever. A very pretty portfolio on a desk that came under my observation lately was in the shape of an immense butterfly. It seemed at first sight as if it would be very difficult of construction, but on examination it proved to be simple enough, as the following description will show.

The wings are first cut in stiff pasteboard, of the desired shape and size, and then covered with orange silk. On the under side of the wings goes an interlining of a thin sheet of cotton batting perfumed with

sachet-powder and covered with black silk. The silk on the outside of the butterfly's wings is then painted in oil or water-colors to imitate as nearly as possible the natural markings of a butterfly's wings. Another pair of pasteboard wings covered with black silk make the under part of the portfolio. The body of the butterfly is made of a roll of black velvet, tied around in three places with orange silk to represent the markings on the body, and beads are sewed on for eyes. The wings are first fastened to the lower leaves and then very neatly sewed to the body. If the wings are large enough, this portfolio will be quite as serviceable as a plain one, and will besides have the charm of novelty.

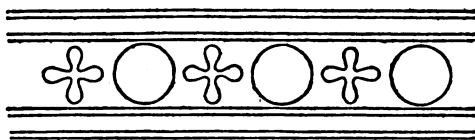
A CHEAP WAY TO ORNAMENT A BED-ROOM.

To anyone skilled in the art of drawing and painting and the particularly womanly accomplishment of the needle, the way is open for many a pretty affair, with but little outlay for material.



You may take, for instance, a few yards of brown jeans; it answers very well for the fashionable color, terra-cotta. Take twice the length of your window, so that you may have two halves to your curtain. Take of blue jeans a strip twenty inches deep, draw on it, with a glass or cup, discs or crescents; alternate them if you prefer

Outline the pattern in etching, in a dark color, fill in the discs and crescents with French darning, in shades of yellow, olive, or terra-cotta. Place the strip, a sample of which is given, on the curtain, eight or ten



inches from the bottom. Cross-stitch the piece down. Make a similar one for the top, but narrower; place the same distance from the top, and fasten down. Hang the curtain by a rod, and let it hang straight, just escaping the floor.



If you want a curtain to hang in front of some shelves in your bed-room, simple unbleached muslin treated in the same manner, only using paints instead of the needle, will give you surprise and pleasure. In painting, as in darning, the outlines of the figures must be darker than the filling, to be effective; attempt no shadows—content yourself with using the solid colors. Unbleached muslin may be made very pretty for work-bags and tidy-bags, by painting it over in a small design like that shown in the last illustration. Paint the fine lines brown to imitate water-lines, and the flower to suit the color of your room.

A THING TO HAVE.

THERE is no article of underwear which is a greater comfort to a woman than a good silk petticoat. To buy a garment of the sort ready-made is of course rather expensive, but an expert needlewoman can easily make herself one equally pretty and serviceable out of the skirt of a dress which has passed its prime. Black taffeta or glacé silk is the best to employ, not only for durability, but because it does not readily absorb dust. However, any sort, even to China or surah, will make a useful petticoat. The skirt should be dyed black, shortened, and edged with a fold or ruffle—lace wears out too quickly to be advisable. The petti-

coat ought not to be too long, otherwise it becomes a nuisance instead of a comfort, getting frayed by the shoe-heels, besides catching a part of the mud and dirt which the present long dress-skirts sweep up at every step.

It is to be regretted that American women have been silly enough to adopt the fashion of trained skirts for street-wear. It is incomprehensible, too, after several years of experience had accustomed them to the convenience and cleanliness of dresses of a reasonable length, that they could consent to become garbage-collectors and public nuisances.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Shows a stylish street-gown with of white or black, as the individual taste jacket, made of pin-striped serge or any other may decide. The jacket to this gown fits light woolen material, summer weight. Our tightly in the back and is slashed, being model is in two shades of gray. The bell- much shorter than in front, where it is cut



No. 1.



No. 2.

shaped skirt has a single band of worsted to form a long point. The wide collar and braid all around, about two inches wide, and all the edges of the jacket are bound with set up about the same from the edge. This black braid. The sleeves are full, but not braid may either match the material or be so high on the shoulders as they have been ;

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deep-pointed cuffs to match the inside handkerchief. The under-vest of this jacket is particularly stylish and becoming. As will be seen by the illustration, it is full and crosses from right to left, over an inside handkerchief arranged upon the lining, crossing in the same way. This should be

the figured ginghams. The plain bell-skirt has two rows of narrow trimming on the edge; the kind of trimming must be determined by the material. Our model, which is of China silk, has two rows of narrow crimped silk ruching. The baby-waist is trimmed with a wide lace set on to a narrow yoke and standing collar of the same color and material as the wide sash which passes



No. 3.

of China silk or soft India muslin. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with white mull or silk to match the handkerchief. Of double-width material, fortytwo or fortysix inches wide, five to six yards will be sufficient.

No. 2—Shows a pretty girlish gown for a summer day, and may be made of challis, printed organdie, China silk, or even one of



No. 4.

twice around the waist and ties at the back. Full puffed sleeves, with deep cuffs of the plain silk like the sash, trimmed diagonally with narrow velvet ribbon to match the other trimmings. Hat of fancy straw braid, trimmed with fine knife-plaited ruchings of crêpe or silk muslin to match the gown. From ten to twelve yards of yard-wide goods will be required.

No. 3—Is a house-gown of black and

white China silk, grenadine, organdie, or challis. The front of the skirt has two narrow ruffles, the upper one set on with a tiny heading. The back hangs straight and full, without trimming on the edge. Full bodice and full sleeves, strapped across with bands and bows of velvet ribbon. Deep

the basque. Lapels and cuffs are formed of the figured edge. Vest of guipure lace.



No. 5



No. 6.

No. 5—Shows a simple and sensible gown of pin-striped or plain white flannel for a young girl. The plain round skirt without train has the edge slashed and trimmed with worsted braid, the slashes opening over a



No 7.

cuffs and high collar of velvet. Ten, twelve, or fourteen yards of material, according to the width; fourteen for China silk.

No. 4—Shows how to make up one of the printed side-bordered robes. The deep flounce is set up on the skirt proper. The pointed bodice has also a flounce forming

deep knife-plaited ruffle of silk or cashmere. The plaited shirt-waist is trimmed front and back with the braid, to form a square yoke.

Full sleeves, slashed at the cuffs. A knife-plaited flounce is arranged on the under edge of the wide waistband of black velvet, trimmed with three rows of the braid. For a more useful gown, we would suggest marine-blue serge or flannel, with the plaited ruffles of red; braid of blue, to match the gown. Ten to twelve yards of single-width

much more girlish if made to match the skirt, simply trimmed with the bands of velvet. No. 7.—This sailor-dress for a little girl is a pretty arrangement of plain and striped material. The skirt is of plain white serge, with several rows of narrow dark-blue braid; and the blouse is striped blue and white,



Nos. 8, 9, and 10.

flannel, six of fortytwo or fortysix inch serge or flannel. Hat of fancy braid, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

No. 6—Is for a girl of twelve to fourteen years, and is made of printed challis trimmed with three bands of velvet ribbon on the skirt and for the cuffs. The collar is of black lace in our model, but it would be

with a dark-blue collar braided in white. A white sailor-hat is worn, having a band of blue ribbon around the crown.

Nos. 8, 9, and 10—Show a boy's sailor-suit in flannel or duck, trimmed with braid; a girl's frock of wash-flannel or gingham, full skirt and blouse-waist tied at the waist with worsted cord and balls; a frock for a little



No. 11.

girl of three or four years, made of white flannel and trimmed with embroidered bands. The same style is suitable for white nainsook and English embroidery.

No. 11—Is a sailor-blouse for a little boy, made of Scotch tweed or checked linen in blue and white. The wide collar is of dark-blue linen or flannel braided with white, as are the cuffs and waistband.

Brown Holland would make an exceedingly serviceable blouse, and one of white linen or piqué, with the collar and cuffs braided in blue or white, would have a very jaunty appearance. This blouse is both stylish and comfortable, and no small boy's summer wardrobe is complete without one.

PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

For our colored pattern this month, we give a charming design for embroidery on a photograph-frame. The frame itself should be made of stiff pieces of card-board and put together like the back of a book or a portfolio, having two stiff sides and covered inside and outside with the material, which is embroidered. On the inside of these covers, there should be an open space left, neatly edged, for the picture to be seen, which should slip in from the bottom. The material on which to embroider may be of gray linen, silk, satin, or cashmere; and either silk, crewel, or linen floss may be employed for the work.

DESIGN FOR INFANT'S CAP.

On the Supplement, we give a design of embroidery for an infant's cap. The material for the foundation may be of silk or cashmere, or even of piqué; and the embroidery can be done in silk or crewel, or, if on piqué, in linen thread. In the latter case, the cap ought to be starched in order to make it keep its shape. If made for winter wear, a very thin layer of wool or cotton may be placed between the outside and the lining.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.



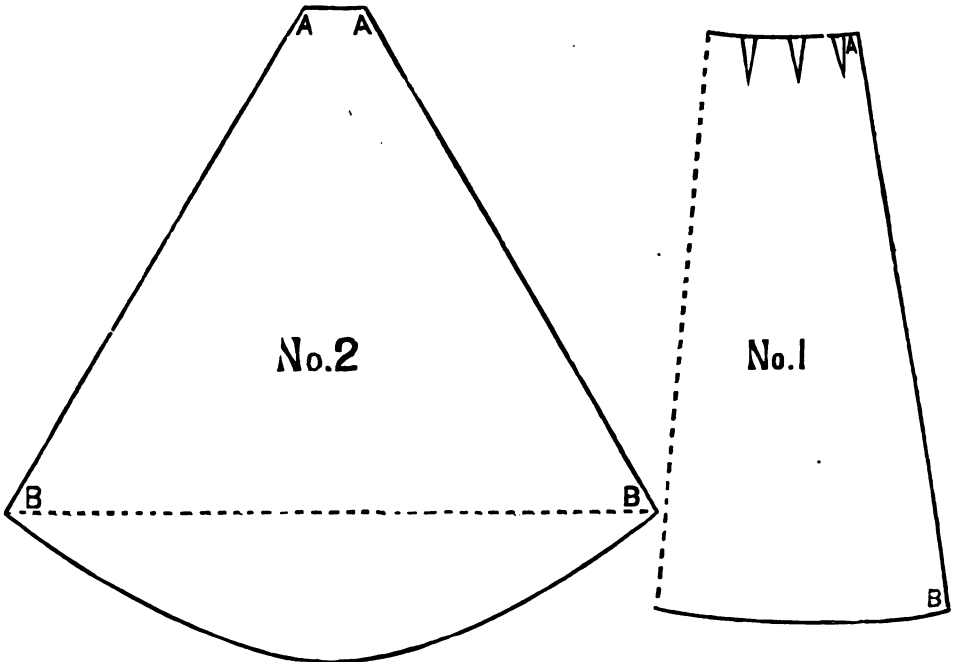
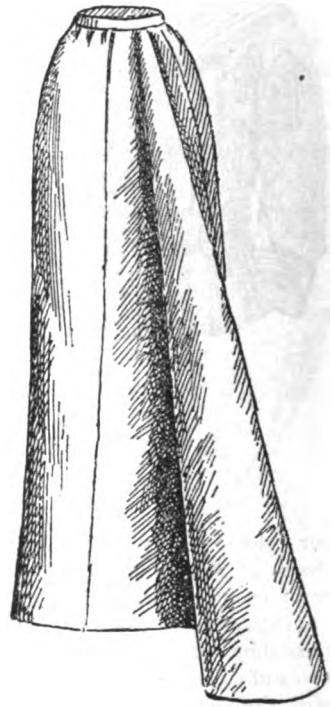
CORNET SKIRT.

We give the skirt made up, and a small diagram of the pattern, which consists of two pieces.

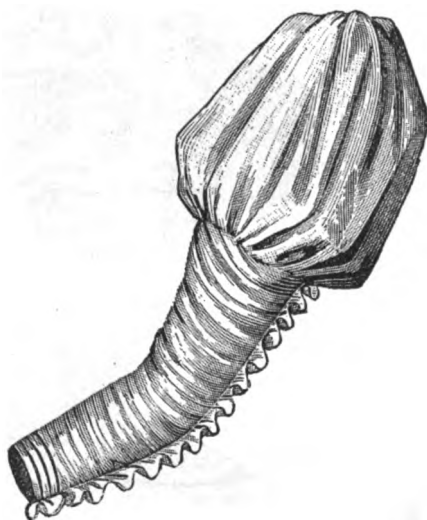
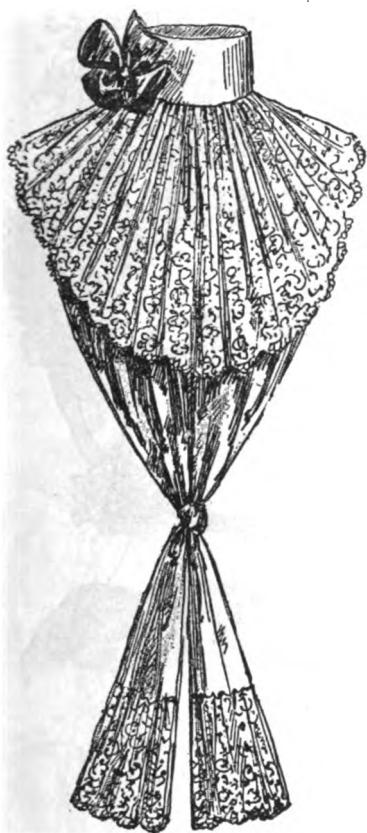
No. 1 is the front. The diagram shows one-half. It is to be cut without seam down the front, which is shown by the dotted line. As will be seen, there are three darts taken in at the waist-line, to fit it perfectly around the hips. The width of the skirt across the front is fortyeight inches.

No. 2 is the back. The diagram shows how it is to be cut, and composes the entire back width. It is also fortyeight inches from B to B, on the dotted line.

This skirt is intended for the promenade or for the voyage, and is made tailor-fashion of lady's-cloth, which generally is fortyeight inches wide; three yards will make the entire skirt. The letters show how the pieces join. The fold of the cloth is in the middle of the back, also in the front. The skirt is without seams except those at the sides, marked A to B on the diagram.



LACE COLLAR. NEW-STYLE BODICES. SLEEVES.



HATS. BONNET.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.



CORSAGE FOR LITTLE GIRL: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for this month's Supplement, the pattern for a corsage for a little girl of six years. It consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT OF LINING.
2. HALF OF BACK OF LINING.
3. HALF OF FRONT OF OUTSIDE, showing the fullness.

4. HALF OF BACK OF OUTSIDE.
5. SIDE-PIECE OF OUTSIDE.
6. COLLAR.
7. SLEEVE.

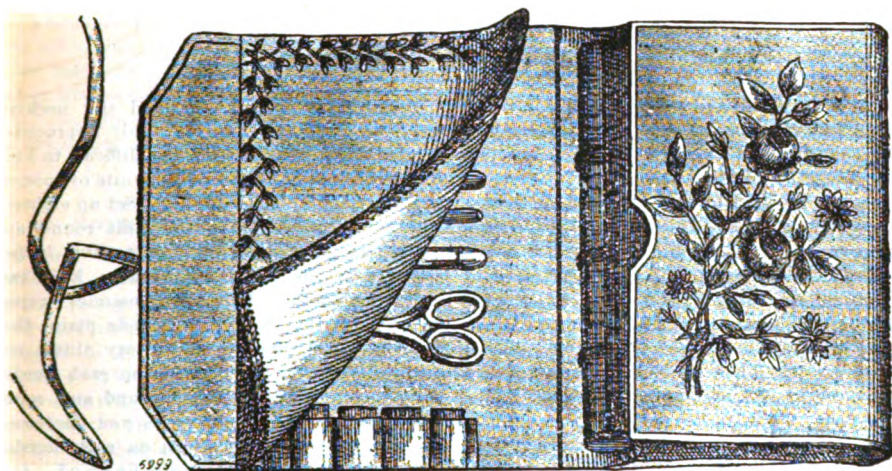
The notches and letters show how the pieces join, and the diagram shows how the plaits are laid. The skirt is full and simply gathered.

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR CASHMERE.



This is a pretty design, easily executed; edge of a baby's shawl or blanket or flannel to be done on flannel or cashmere, for the petticoat.

NEEDLE AND MEMORANDUM CASE.



For this, a piece of bronze kid, very strong blue silk for lining, and a piece of pink flannel for the needles and for lining the kid are used.

Stretch the kid on a board, and gum on it a piece of thick writing-paper. When this is dry, cut it to the desired length and width—ten by five inches is a good size—and embroider a portion for the inner lap; it is then wide enough to turn down the edges of the leather from the outer to the inner side; gum and press it ready for a lining of flannel only large enough to fill space from one turned-down edge to the other, but not near

the outer edge. Fold down a small piece of the flanneled leather for the over-lap; then fold it in three parts, the inner over-lap to be less in size than the two others (see engraving); then sew in a small gore on each side of the width for the memorandum pocket; then line the whole with stout satin or silk, and sew the second side of the gore to the over-lap; sew on a band of elastic to hold the working implements, and then a piece of flannel for covering the whole of this side, also covered with satin or silk and embroidered in thorn-stitch; fasten on strings to tie the needle-book when folded.

WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

This pretty waste-paper basket may be made of the most inexpensive materials. One of the daintiest we have seen was a small peach-basket, such as the fruiterers sell filled with fruit; the covering was of gay pieces of silk sewed together and embroidered in large designs, somewhat after the model given, and put together with cat-stitching. Crewels were used, and the whole affair was most effective; the handle was covered with silk wound around it, ending in bows. A small ordinary pail will answer the purpose as well as a fruit-basket.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE IRIS.—Under the name of *Iris Germanica* are included all the varieties of the *Iris*, which have broad leaves, but which really belong to the *Pallida neglecta squalens*, *Amœna variegata aphylla*, as well as the *Germanica*. These sorts all appear to be the same in foliage, but the flowers differ greatly. The *Iris* will thrive in almost any location, and well, with ordinary culture; it is particularly suitable for rockeries and as borders of ponds, etc. The bulbous-rooted *Iris* should be taken up and replanted every other year, as the new bulbs are found under the old ones, and soon the bulbs are formed so far down in the ground that they do not grow well.

Iris Susiana is remarkably handsome, but not really hardy. It is tinted bluish and is netted with fine lines, and does finely in pots.

Iris Iberica, like the above, is not quite hardy. Its habit is dwarf, and it bears very large flowers, the sepals of which are pure white, borne very erect; the petals are oddly and beautifully colored; the stigmas have shining blackish-purple bases—in fact, a curious combination of colors in the same flower.

Among the finest species is the *Koempferii*, not long ago introduced from Japan. The plants are perfectly hardy and are very free-flowering. The flowers are double and single, the colors pure white, purple, maroon, blue, and many with the various hues marbled with white. They grow readily in almost any situation, in full exposure to the sun or in partial shade. The plants are increased by division or may be grown from seed, which, if sown in an open border, will produce plants that will flower the second year. These, to quote the opinion of one of our leading florists, "are really grand plants. Scarcely any plants in the garden can compare with them for gorgeous beauty. That they do not flower until near midsummer, when the season of the common *Iris* is past, is an additional recommendation for giving them a place in one's collection."

GOOD MANNERS.—Nothing sits so gracefully on young people, and nothing makes them so lovely, as habitual respect toward parents and elders.

"'PETERSON,'" says the Washington (D. C.) Post, "is the queen of the lady's-magazines and equal to the best of the highest-priced periodicals."

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A PRETTY PRESENT.—Knitted silk neckties are sufficiently novel to be highly appreciated by gentlemen, and they are not difficult to knit. Buy one ounce of knitting-silk, white or colored, and four fine knitting-needles. Set up eighteen stitches on each needle, and knit round and round (as for a stocking) for twelve inches. Decrease in the following manner: knit two, knit two together, knit the remainder; repeat on each needle. Knit two rounds plain, then decrease again, and do this every third row until only six stitches are left on each needle. Knit these eighteen stitches round and round for twelve inches. Increase as you decreased, till you have again eighteen on each needle; knit these for twelve inches and finish off. Iron out with a cool iron. Be careful to begin the increasing and decreasing from the same needle, otherwise the necktie will not lie flat.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The exhibit which Illinois women will make in the Woman's Building will be a model hospital, conducted entirely by women. The women physicians and surgeons of the State and the Illinois Training School for Nurses will manage the matter. Three rooms in the Woman's Building have been assigned for the exhibit, and the State board has appropriated six thousand dollars to defray the expense. In the Illinois State Building, a large room has been assigned to a kindergarten exhibit, which will be made chiefly under the direction of women.

ALWAYS IN FASHION.—Belts are a necessity with shirts, which never go out of fashion, though they may alter their style. Some of the belts are made in Russia leather, others in Suede, some in basket-weave leather, and others in crocodile-skin. They assume various forms. Some have leather buckles, others are of the Swiss belt shape and laced in front; and small useful leather bags are made to be worn with these belts, or to be used without them.

POINTED BODICES, the sides reaching very little below the waist, or with basque about three inches longer than the waist at the sides, and lengthening at the back and front, trimmed with fringes, are becoming and very elegant.

SHORT CAPES.—Lawn-tennis players will be glad to hear that feather capes are to be had formed like a pointed yoke, which just cover the shoulders and have standing collars.

ALL INDISPENSABLE.—Immunity from maladies is largely a question of taking care of one's general health and vigor. Seeds of disease that find a foothold in an enfeebled frame are repelled by a sound and hardy constitution, or they lay feeble hold on it. To maintain this happy condition, wholesome food, abundant exercise, personal cleanliness, temperance in all things, and the avoidance of worry, are indispensable.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

It Came to Pass. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Mrs. Sanborn's first novel, "Sweet and Twenty," met with a well-deserved success which will incline its numerous admirers to give this new venture a hearty welcome. The book, however, can stand on its own merits; it is a decided advance on its predecessor, although, like it, a story pure and simple—not that, nine times out of ten, dreariest of deceptions, a novel with a purpose. The heroine is an admirable study of character, and she is surrounded by a group of men and women whose distinctive personality impresses the reader in a wonderful way.

Methods of Instruction and Organization in the German Schools. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—While giving much useful general information, this work is designed for the use of American teachers and normal schools. There are many interesting details connected with elementary science and observation lessons, and the closing chapter is devoted to an impartial comparison of the merits of schools in Germany and this country.

Who Lies? An Interrogation. By Emil Blum and Sigmund B. Alexander. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.—A fairly unique book in its radicalism and scorching verity: a book to call forth hostile criticism, but which cannot fail to interest and make the reader think. It takes for its motive the falsehoods which are a terrible blot on our social system, and describes the efforts made by a band of men prominent in various professions to renounce untruth in every form. The dire results to these bold spirits after only one day's trial of this grand resolve are as amusing as they are painful, but they outline possibilities which if carried into general action would regenerate society.

The Irrepressible Conflict. By Rev. Minot J. Savage. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.—In these lectures, the leading questions which for some years have so deeply moved the religious world are considered in a spirit as reverent as it is searching. The discourses were called forth by Dr. Lyman Abbott's lectures on the "Evolution of Christianity," and that gentleman has cordially welcomed their publication;

because, he says, "I am sure that the final result of all this discussion will be the elucidation of the truth, and that is all which any of us can desire."

A Poor Girl. By W. Heimburg. New York: Worthington Co.—An excellent novel, written with a fidelity to nature close enough to satisfy the most advanced realist, but at the same time presenting a series of admirably arranged incidents enacted by men and women who are in themselves highly interesting.

Felix Lanzberg's Expiation. By Ossip Schubin. New York: Worthington Co.—A romantic and perhaps rather improbable story, but told with the intensity and force which characterize all the writings of the clever woman who elects to hide her identity under the pseudonym of "Ossip Schubin."

Love Knows No Law. By Leon de Tinseau. New York: Worthington Co.—An odd little story, with the scene divided between American life in the Far West and the boulevards of Paris. Its melancholy end will give it an additional charm in the eyes of this sensation-loving generation.

A Loyal Lover. By E. Lovett Cameron. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—"The story of success," says Mrs. Cameron, "is always wonderful; for, in this hard world, success is so rare and failure so frequent that the former never ceases to astonish one." There is a great deal of truth in this pessimistic statement, which is borne out by the novel itself; for its interest hinges on the fortunes of a very successful man. Mrs. Cameron's hosts of admirers will find the book worthy of its predecessors, which is no meagre praise to offer it.

Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. By W. Clark Russell. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—A novel by Mr. Russell is always eagerly sought for. The present story is clever and original enough to make a reputation if it had appeared anonymously. The characterization is clear and marked, and the descriptive portions done with much power.

Rural Legends and Lyrics. By Arthur E. Smith. New York: John B. Alden.—The readers of this magazine are familiar with the author's graceful verse and will be glad to make acquaintance with this daintily bound volume. Some of the shorter poems have already appeared, but the longer ones are published for the first time. Mr. Smith is a very young man, and his book is full of great promise. He possesses a fertile imagination, his lyrics are smooth and musical, and his imagery is abundant and well chosen.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: John B. Alden.—A very quaint and pretty edition of this favorite among American classics. The odd shape of the volume is an

attraction, the paper good, the type clear, and the price simply a thing to wonder at—twenty-five cents in a neat cloth binding, and ten cents in pamphlet form.

The Household of Bouverie. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. —When this novel first appeared, years back, George Ripley, one of the keenest critics this country has ever possessed, pronounced the following flattering verdict in regard to it: "‘The Household of Bouverie’ betrays everywhere a daring boldness of conception, singular fertility of illustration, and a combined beauty and vigor of expression which it would be difficult to match in any recent work of fiction." It has just been added to the publishers’ twenty-five-cent edition.

A Christmas at Sea. Edited by E. Shippen. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersley & Co.—A series of sketches illustrating a Christmas on board of an American man-of-war. The "Yarns" are from various clever writers, such as Alexander Murray, Captain Charles King, etc., woven together in a skillful fashion by the editor, who has also contributed a couple of excellent stories.

A Covenant with the Dead. By Clara Lemore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—One of the most individual novels of the season, unhackneyed in incident and plot, marked in characterization, natural in dialogue, and displaying an uncommon talent for narrative.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

KUMYSS, a few years ago, was a favorite food for invalids, when at the proper stage of fermentation it was easily digested and assimilated by stomachs which refused any other kind of nourishment. But the great trouble was, it spoiled easily, could not be shipped in winter on account of cold, spoiled in summer from heat, and so fell into disuse.

Mr. Carnrick, of Reed & Carnrick, New York, has succeeded in making a powdered Kumyss which dissolved in water makes a delicious drink. It is a product of pure sweet milk, can be readily transported in summer or winter, and is ready for instant use. Where a preparation of this kind is demanded, it certainly has no equal. —*Medical Argus.*

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

TO USE COLD MEATS, ETC.

A *Nice Breakfast-Dish* can be made by chopping veal very fine, adding a few tablespoonfuls

of breadcrumbs, two eggs, a little parsley and seasoning. Form this into cakes, dip them into beaten egg, then into breadcrumbs, and fry in hot lard. Veal chopped very fine also makes a nice omelette. To six eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of chopped veal, season with pepper, salt, and parsley, beat well together, and fry the same as a plain omelette. The knuckle of veal makes a nice soup-stock; add to it a bunch of sweet herbs, a slice of cold veal minced fine, also a slice of bread boiled in a pint of milk; season with salt and pepper and a little mace.

If you have boiled more eggs for breakfast than were eaten, they need not be wasted. Put them in water again and boil them till solid. They can then be used for salad of any kind, or for egg sandwiches. To make the latter, peel the eggs when quite cold, and, after taking a little white off of each end, cut the remainder into four slices; lay these between bread and butter. This is very nice for luncheon or to take to picnics. Boiled ham left over is, of course, nice cut cold. Another way to utilize it is to chop it very fine, mix with a little mustard, and make sandwiches. This is a change from the regulation cold ham and makes a dish for lunch or supper. A salad can be made of cold ham; make it as you would chicken salad. Then there is ham omelette. Chop the ham very fine, break and beat well enough of eggs to mix with the quantity of ham you have; you can easily judge. Fry as you would any omelette. Cold fried ham can be used in the same manner. An appetizing way to cook this latter is to cut it in small dice, pour milk over it, put it in a pan and let it boil, and, when boiled, thicken the milk by adding a little flour and water nicely mixed as for gravy.

Cold Mutton may be warmed over and made to do very well for a second dinner. Wrap it in thickly buttered paper and put in the oven. Be sure it is covered closely, and let it remain long enough to get hot through, but not to cook. Make a gravy to serve with it. If the joint cannot be covered in the oven, another way is to put it in a pot over the fire without water, but with a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Let it get heated through, and serve with vinegar sauce. For a breakfast-dish, cut cold mutton into slices, season with cayenne pepper and salt; melt a small piece of butter in a frying-pan, and add two blades of mace; turn them once, dust in a little flour, and stir in half a teacupful of jelly; stir till the jelly is melted. Another way to warm over mutton is to cut it, if a loin, into chops, or a leg into thick collops, and dip each into egg well beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then dip it into very fine breadcrumbs and fry quickly in plenty of hot lard. Instead of being breaded, they are dipped into thick batter and fried.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF WHITE INDIA SILK, figured with blue. The skirt has a band of plain blue silk around the bottom, piped with white; it is gathered a little at the waist, forming small paniers. The bodice has a low blue pointed plastron, piped with white, and a full plaited shirt-front. Blue plaited ruffle over the shoulders. Loose sleeves, with deep blue cuffs. Small cream-colored toque, trimmed with bluets. Parasol of the same material as the dress.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF POPPY-COLORED SATEEN, dotted with cream-colored spots. The bottom is trimmed with a ruffle edged with white embroidery. The front of the dress is cut in one piece, narrowed at the waist, where it is gathered under an ornament or buckle. White lace is put over a plain front of the sateen, below the collar. The bodice is made with a small basque at the back, and the shawl-shaped collar is ornamented with a ruffle edged with embroidery. Very full sleeves, with deep lace cuffs.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF GRAY CHINTZ, figured with pink roses. The skirt has a plain ruffle. The bodice has a ruffle trimming around the pointed waist and across the shoulders, back and front.

FIG. IV.—DRESS-SKIRT, OF PLAIN CREAM-COLORED SERGE. The skirt is perfectly plain. The blouse bodice is of blue silk, with broad bands of white lace insertion. The large collar is edged with white lace and tied with a blue ribbon at the neck. Three-quarter sleeves edged with lace, and blue surah sash. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with black velvet bows.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED GINGHAM. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three lace flounces. There is a very slight drapery at the hips. Bodice slightly full, worn under two pointed bands of white lace. Large lace ruffle collar, caught up on the left side with a pink bow. Sleeves rather close to the arms except at the top, where they are full and ornamented with bows of pink silk; they are three-quarters long and edged with lace. Leghorn hat, faced with rose-color and trimmed with rose-colored ruched silk and an aigrette.

FIG. VI.—COUNTRY DRESS. The skirt is of gray serge, the bottom trimmed with five rows of braid. The bodice is of blue serge, with long collar of gray, ornamented with braid. Plastron of striped jersey-cloth. Sleeves full to the elbows and close to the wrists. Sailor-hat of mixed straw, with a band and loops of reversible ribbon.

FIG. VII.—Back view of FIG. VI.

FIG. VIII.—DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED FOULARD, figured with spots of a darker shade. Skirt trimmed with a band of velvet of the darker shade, cut in points. The very long

jacket has a Directoire collar of the velvet and a narrow trimming of the same down the front. It opens over a full vest of écarle-colored lace. Tie of dark heliotrope. Sleeves full to the elbows, tight to the wrists, with large cuffs of the velvet. Bonnet of open-work straw, ornamented with a roll of the velvet ribbon.

FIG. IX.—DRESS, OF STRIPED GINGHAM, trimmed with three broad flounces bordered with ribbon. The waist is trimmed with an embroidered muslin; and the top of the bodice, which is square back and front, opens over an embroidered muslin yoke and is finished with a ruffle of the velvet. Full sleeves, with pointed cuffs. Straw hat, ornamented with black velvet ribbon.

FIG. X.—DRESS, OF BLUE CHALLIS, spotted with cream-color. The skirt is plain. The bodice has a deep added basque, put on under a pointed band of blue and cream-colored embroidery. The full bodice is gathered to a point in front, and the fullness comes from the armholes. Sleeves full at the top, and tight below. Collar of the embroidery. Dark-blue straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored India silk.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF MAUVE CRÉPON. The skirt is edged with lace, headed by a galloon in mauve and silver. The skirt is partially buttoned down the side. The close-fitting bodice is buttoned down the left side, in a line with the buttons on the skirt, and is fastened under a rounded belt of dark-mauve velvet edged with the galloon. Similar trimming at the neck. Full sleeves, with velvet cuffs. Ruffles for the neck and wrists, of fine lace. Hat of yellow straw, ornamented with morning-glories.

FIG. XII.—A NEW-STYLE ORNAMENT FOR THE NECK. This lace collar is deep at the back, narrower on the shoulders, and coming low in front to the waist, where it falls in long tabs. A bow of rose-colored ribbon is placed on the left side. These lace collars serve to vary a limited wardrobe and to smarten up old bodices.

FIG. XIII.—NEW-STYLE BODICE. This is a kind of Figaro jacket of striped tennis-cloth, worn over a white flannel shirt-waist. Full sleeves, with white flannel cuffs. Skirt of the striped tennis-flannel, with the front cut cross-wise.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE, OF WHITE SURAH, made with three puffs separated by bands of black velvet ribbon. Black velvet band at the wrist.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE, OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING. The top is very full; the lower part is laid in full folds, and a narrow ruffle is placed on the outside of the arm.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF WHITE STRAW, with bows of brown and white figured ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, trimmed with a bunch of hawthorn.

FIG. XVIII.—HAT, OF BLACK CRINOLINE,

with a deep fall of black lace. A bow of buttercup-colored ribbon loops the lace up in front. A black aigrette.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts for walking continue to be too long for comfort or cleanliness, though the best French models are made so as to escape the ground. For indoor wear, the long skirt is graceful and suitable. Many persons are tired of the sameness of the bell-skirt, and have the least drapery in front, just about the hips, or have narrow pockets, about a quarter of a yard deep, put in the material, with the long flap ornamented with buttons. This style serves two purposes: it breaks the monotony of the plain skirt, and it enables a woman once more to get at her purse or handkerchief without the awkward fumbling in the plaits at the back of the dress. The modes of ornamenting the bottoms of skirts are numerous, yet they present a sameness that is rather tiresome. The trimming is not deep, as a rule: only a few rows of ribbon, or three or four narrow ruffles, or bands of galloon or lace, or even of machine-stitching, are used. The draped flounces caught up with bows, which promised to be popular earlier in the year, are chiefly used on evening-gowns and are very graceful. Some of the new French dresses are caught up very slightly with rosettes, one low down and one near the hip; this is also a pretty change.

Bodices appear in a much greater variety than skirts. The trim tailor-made jacket and close-fitting vest, or full shirt, as the fancy may dictate, seem to be necessary as a part of every woman's wardrobe for street-wear. Then there are several other kinds also most popular: the corselet, with a full top and deep pointed belt; the bodice with the yoke made of velvet, silk, or of the material of the dress; but the most beautiful is of lace or of embroidery. There is also the bodice with a long basque at the back—or a coat-tail back, as it is more generally called—which comes to the side seams, where it is rounded off, and ends in a coat-tail at the back; and the bodice with a point in front and moderate basques at the back, the front being in full folds. There is also the bodice slightly pointed at both back and front, which is finished by a folded sash tied in a bow at the right side, the ribbon used being from about an inch and a half to two inches in width. With this bodice, the band of the skirt may be trimmed instead of the edge of the bodice, and hooked over it. The band is shaped in this case, and the ribbon laid on in a pointed form before and behind. This will be found a very good way of altering gowns that are of last year's styles; and the advantage of putting on the skirt over the bodice is, that that portion of the skirt, from being always covered up, is perfectly unworn and clean, and a fresh ribbon sash will restore the dress to much of its original freshness. Another bodice has

the new revers and folded Empire sash. The latter is also a mode that can be applied to old-fashioned gowns of thick material, to which either velvet or silk can be used for their new embellishment. The revers at the back take the shape of a rounded collar, and the sash is the same as in front. The waist is defined in nearly all the new dresses, and the sash is a noticeable feature. Sometimes it is the wide soft sash, draped around the waist and ending in a broad short bow at one side, sometimes it is of narrow ribbon, brought up at the back and tied between the shoulders; sometimes it is a mere apology for a sash—a bit of narrow ribbon tied round the waist, with the ends of the bow about four or six inches long. But, in any case, it has a smart effect and is a welcome change. Sleeves are also a distinguishing feature; they are full and wide and put in with large plaits, but do not rise above the shoulders and are usually close-fitting from the elbows to the wrists.

Capes continue to be worn for light summer wraps: they are so convenient, easily put on, can be of light or heavy weight, are easily made, and easily carried if not needed. The very ugly loose coat that had a short reign has been modified by being made half tight-fitting, and is consequently more comfortable than the tight ones worn for some time past.

Bonnets are small, just set on the top of the head frequently, but with the inevitable upstanding bow back or front, or a stiff flower which too often nods in a most ungraceful way with every movement of the wearer.

Hats are of medium size, as a rule, the quite large ones only occasionally seen; the turban or toque is popular, and the sailor-hat is much worn by young girls and women, and is generally becoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. A plain skirt, gathered to the waist with three rows of shirring. A narrow band of red serge around the bottom. A yoke made of the same material as the band on the skirt. The waist of dark-blue serge, gathered to the yoke. Full sleeves, made of the same material as the dress; the lower part plain, bound with red.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT. The knickerbockers are made of heather-colored cloth. Gray blouse-waist, trimmed with the same material as the trousers. Large straw hat.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S FROCK. Guimpe of white India silk. Sleeves and neck of guimpe tied with bows of black velvet ribbon. Skirt and waist in one, of rose-colored nun's-veiling, shirred at the waist and neck.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF DARK-BLUE STRAW, trimmed with a band and rosette of cream-colored ribbon.

"IT IS
THEY"

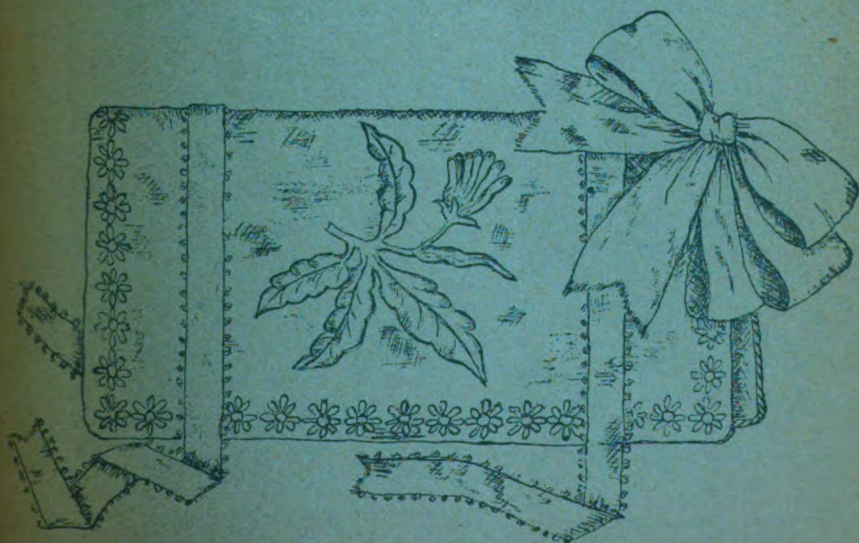
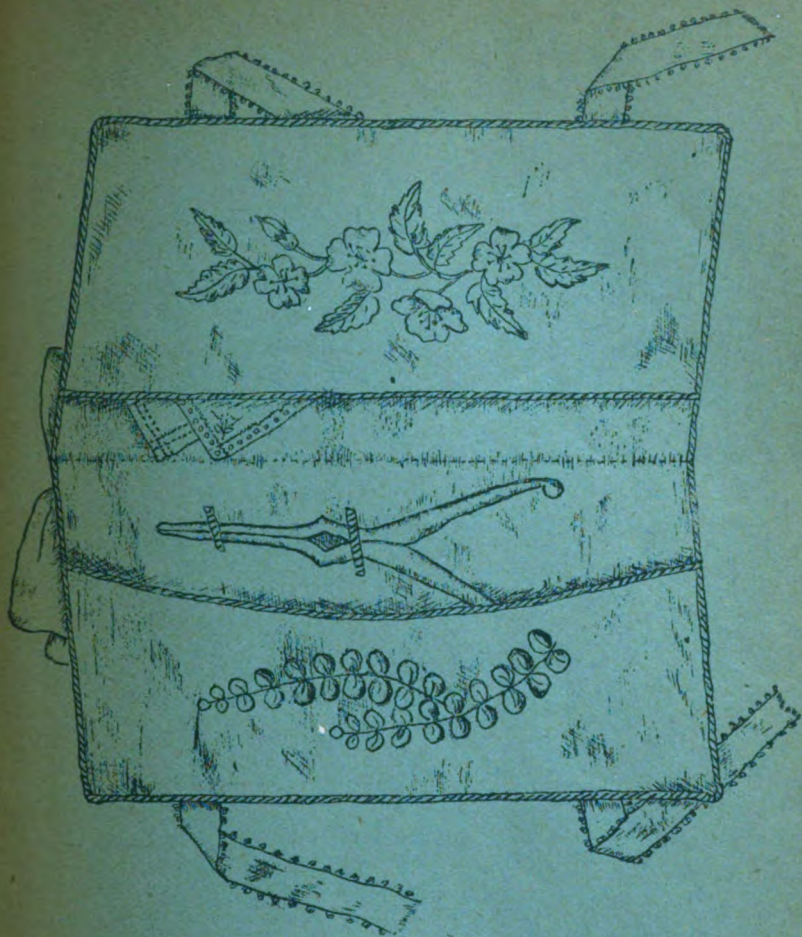
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

BY DAMA B. STEVENS.



NE pleasant moonlight evening in midsummer, when the air was filled with the fragrance of new-mown hay, Ross Leggett and Thalia Elton were married.

Thalia was an only daughter and a favorite in the neighborhood in which she had lived all the twentytwo years of her life. Nevertheless, none of its young men had been the fortunate wooer and winner of the pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden. This success remained for young Dr. Leggett, whom Thalia had met while visiting a school-mate in a distant city, a year or more previous. Now, having worked into a large lucrative practice, he had come to claim his bride and take her to the cozy home prepared for its young mistress.

A few evenings before the eventful one, Thalia's four dearest friends were assembled in solemn conclave to talk over the wedding.

"Girls," said Lou, dolefully, "I suppose, if Thalia will get married, we ought to trim up the house in grand style."

"Oh, yes!" assented Ruth, with a certain enthusiasm. "I know, too, where we can get plenty of flowers."

"And," interrupted Clara, the liveliest one of the party, "instead of majestic palms and rare exotics, we will have stately graceful ferns."

"Yes," said quiet practical Rilla, "we can take them up, roots and all, and set them in

shallow boxes or on boards, which we can cover with moss, asparagus-vines, or—"

"And," again broke in Clara, "we'll take a horse and wagon and bring home a load of flowers, ferns, and moss."

So the girls chatted on, planning how, for this occasion, the large handsome farm-house could be made to outshine all its former splendor.

When the night of the wedding came, it was a pretty sight indeed that greeted the guests as they entered the parlors, after laying aside their wraps in the prettily furnished chambers to which they were shown by one of the four little lads dressed in Lord Faunteroy suits, or lassies dressed in dainty white lawns, who acted as ushers.

The doors leading into the parlors and the double doors between these rooms were tastefully draped with long trailing ferns and vines. The mantels were banked with moss in shallow tins, filled with short-stemmed daisies and buttercups, and the fire-places were filled with ferns interspersed with long-stemmed daisies. The mirrors and windows were festooned with flowers, and on the tables there were vases filled with them. The bay-window of the back parlor, in which the girls had decided the ceremony should take place, had been transformed into a veritable bower of beauty. Its walls were veiled by ferns placed on graduated steps, so as to reach from floor to ceiling, while its draperies, which divided it from the room, were looped in festoons at the top and fell in heavy folds down the sides, covered with daisies laid on a ground of asparagus-vines.

At the appointed hour, eight o'clock, the eight little ushers made an aisle from the hall door to the flower-draped window, with flower-trimmed white ribbons. The parents

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of the bridal couple entered first, and took their places on either side of the window. The minister, to the low strains of the "Wedding March" played by Clara, came next, and, passing under the flower festoons, turned and faced the room. Then came the bride and groom, unattended save by the little ushers, who followed and formed in a pretty group about the pair as they stopped under the flower festoons, facing the minister.

The bride's dress was white *crêpe de Chine*, looped and trimmed with daisies. She carried a bouquet of daisies and ferns, and the groom wore the same flowers in his buttonhole.

After the short impressive marriage ceremony, the little ushers opened the aisle again, leading the way back into the front parlor.

While the newly married couple were receiving congratulations, the four friends arranged little tables in the back parlor and dining-room, from which later they served the simple refreshments. The tables were covered with pretty towels, and on each napkin lay a bouquet of daisies and ferns tied with white ribbon. Pressed chicken, cut in thin slices and garnished with parsley, thin buttered slices of white and brown bread, pickles and olives, and salmon salad served on curly lettuce-leaves, formed the first course. Then came ice-cream and various kinds of cake, followed by coffee, topped with the white foam of rich cream, the bride's cake, and fruits.

In a room off from the parlors, the many useful and beautiful presents were set forth. The gift of the four friends was a set of fancy articles "for Thalia's own room," they said. It included a bed-spread, dresser-mat, bangle bow, two cologne-bottles covered with a puff of silk, and a small oxydized silver tray for pins, and a larger one holding a white-handled brush, hand-glass, and comb.

The bed-spread was of figured China silk, lined with cotton cloth to give it body. It was edged with wide lace and made large enough to fall over the sides of the bed and cover the pillows.

The dresser-mat, of fine butcher's-linen, had a three-inch border of drawn-work above a hemstitched hem an inch and a half wide. The ends and one side were edged with torchon lace two inches wide.

A very pretty finish was given to this lace, also the spread lace, by picking out the pattern with wash-silks in the spread colors.

The bangle bow was made of large silver crescents fastened at the ends to the ends of narrow picot-edged ribbon, which was tied in a large bow through a silver ring.

I must not forget the two large palm-leaf fans, which were to be placed diagonally side by side for a splasher. They were covered with China silk, which was shirred a little around the outer edges and drawn down in full gathers at the handles, under large bows of the same.

A practical aunt's present was a half-dozen hand-made huckaback towels, having from one to three rows of simple drawn-work above the hemstitched ends. Another sensible relative gave a tea-cloth, a lunch-cloth, a tray-cloth, a carving-cloth, and a bread-doyly, of fine Irish linen. The set was fringed and finished with a broad lattice-work border outlined in gold-colored wash-silk.

The remembrance from a school-mate was a half-dozen hand-made handkerchiefs of China silk. The colors were white, cream, blue, and pink, and all were finished with narrow hemstitched hems. Two of the handkerchiefs had frills of fine lace, another two bore the bride's initial embroidered in one corner, and the remaining two showed narrow borders of drawn-work. They were in a case of chamois-skin, very prettily contrived of an oblong piece folded through the centre crosswise, making it square. It was lined with pink silk and decorated with a bow of broad pink ribbon, having a floral design in pink kid couched on with Japanese gold cord.

Thrown over a stand in loose fluffy folds, with the ends falling in careless uneven lengths, was a figured scarf of China silk, two yards long and one wide, with hemstitched ends finished with silk tassels. By it lay a pale olive-green satin ribbon, four inches wide and five yards long, painted with a running vine of wild roses, dark-green leaves, and falling petals.

"For draping a picture," said a friend standing near. "It must be caught at one of the top corners of the frame, then carried across to the opposite side, and end in a bow of loops and ends half-way down the side."

The quilt made and given by an old lady of nearly fourscore years was one of the choicest of the many choice gifts. Its delicate blue cheese-cloth covers were caught together over an interlining of sheet wadding by tufts of pale-yellow zephyr, which also formed the centres of the large daisies, worked in long petal-stitch with white zephyr, that were scattered over the quilt. The edges were finished with a deep button-hole-stitch of white zephyr.

An odd tidy had for its foundation rosettes of inch-wide picot-edged ribbon. Three rows of crocheted chains, in a darker shade of silk, joined them in a square finished with an open shell border.

Another pretty gift was a gilt easel holding a white panel painted with yellow roses and framed with three inch-wide folds of yellow crêpe de Chine, which crossed at the corners log-cabin fashion. This panel was a pane of common window-glass painted white, making a good imitation of porcelain; and, by the way, if painted black, an ebony panel in looks will be the result. The design, whether flowers or landscape, should

be painted on the opposite side from the background. The edges may be simply gilded or bound with ribbon; and, by gluing on strips to hold rings, these panels can be used for pendants to larger pictures.

At the close of the evening, the four friends placed a doily-covered tray, piled with packages of cake wrapped in white tissue-paper and tied with narrow white ribbon, on a table near the open hall door.

"Put it under your pillow, and it will bring true dreams," laughingly said the girls, as they gave each guest a package.

Ah, girls, your tear-filled voices belied the smiling faces you so bravely wore when saying good-bye to Thalia—who, poor girl, so little realized what she was leaving until she turned for one last farewell look at the dear old home and it had gone from sight. No, not quite: for its open doors and windows were still twinkling a God-speed on the long journey that lay between its sheltering roof and the far-away Western home. Just a little longer, though—then even these had faded from sight, and Thalia had left the old home for years, perhaps forever.

A MEMORY.

BY EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

AGAIN I feel the summer breeze,
And watch the ragged shadows
Play hide and seek among the trees
That fringe the purple meadows.

I see our bonny banks and braes,
The flash of water falling,
And, through the warm midsummer haze,
I hear the wood-thrush calling.

A filmy cloud voluptuous swings
The misty hill-tops over;
The drowsy hum of busy wings
Grows softer in the clover.

About our feet, the locust spills
A bloomy drift of sweetness;
And every pulse of being thrills
With summer's rare completeness.

Yet swifter than the whirling throng
That twitter down the meadow,
The spinning-wheel of fate has swung
Our sunshine into shadow.

And now, since years have rolled between
The dreaming and the seeing,

I wonder if "what might have been"
Is better for not being.

And when on summer afternoons
The bees hum in the clover,
And soft and low the mantis croons,
I dream the old dream over—

And in it this refrain returns:
"The love that age remembers
More brightly on life's altar burns
Than love among its embers."

The meadows now are garnered sheaves,
The thrush's song is ended,
And with the dripping of the eaves
The waterfall is blended.

And still the locust's odorous rain
Of withered blossoms falling
Will bring the old time back again,
Its sad sweet pain recalling.

And dreams that into being start,
With memories are thronging;
While change, as ever, flings apart
The hopes to youth belonging.

NOTED WASHINGTON SOCIETY WOMEN.

BY GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.



Life at the national capital, shifting like an ever varying panorama, does not pall upon us as elsewhere. It is the focus for charming people from every part of the country; the grave, the gay, the cultured, the distinguished assemble here, and churlish and unappreciative indeed would he be who could not among these find congenial companionship.

The cosmopolitan character of its inhabitants may be discovered at a glance, by the varied costumes of the men and women who throng its sidewalks. Here, too, every shade of manner is exhibited: the Southern woman, with her soft tones, her leisurely speech, and her thousand witcheries; the Western girl, fresh, breezy, independently progressive; the Northerner, bright, alert, and cultured: are all represented.

The types of beauty, also, are as varied as the sections which produce them. Lovely indigenous flowers bloom here, and such a number of others have been transplanted that the public assemblies resemble a brilliant parterre. One plucks a handful of blossoms and turns away with a sigh, leaving others uncultured perhaps equally worthy of selection.

One of the most prominent social leaders in Washington is Mrs. Mason, wife of Lieutenant T. B. M. Mason, of the Navy, and a daughter of Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps. The Old Dominion claims the honor of being the place of Mrs. Mason's nativity; but, more properly speaking, she is a citizen of the world, having lived in various parts of Europe as well as of her own country. Her summers are usually spent abroad, and she has traveled over Europe, Egypt, India, China, and Japan. She has also crossed the American continent, and made the passage via the Isthmus of Panama to California.

Nymphs preceded the goddess of beauty, so mythologists tell us, scattering flowers in her way, and Mrs. Mason's path has been

strewn with all of the good things which life has to offer. Her home in Washington, near Dupont Circle, is one of the most beautiful in the city, being filled with articles of virtue collected by her husband and herself from all parts of the world. The walls of the hall are adorned with armor from Europe, India, Asia, and Africa. Her library, lighted by a stained-glass window from the roof and surrounded with unbroken rows of shelves filled with the rarest and costliest books, is one of the handsomest in America. An interesting feature of this is a collection of autograph letters bound in volumes, from all of the distinguished men who figured in the American Revolution, with steel-engravings of each. The letters are inlaid, so that either side is shown, and are surrounded by a marginal frame. The work is very difficult of accomplishment, only one man in this country understanding the art. Adjoining the library is a reading-room furnished with luxurious chairs, where birds sing and flowers bloom, and here may be seen the original chart of Mount Vernon, drawn by Washington's own hand and signed with his name.

Lieutenant Mason is a man of decided literary tastes and attainments and is the author of several books, among them a comprehensive history of the war between some of the South American States and a valuable text-book on ordnance and artillery tactics. His ancestors bore a conspicuous part in all of the wars of this continent, and he inherits from his progenitors on either side the chivalry and courage which distinguish him. By his own personal bravery, he has saved more than twenty lives, and he possesses many testimonials bestowed in recognition of his courage. Among these is a gold medal presented by the New York Life-Saving Society; the Order of the Rose, the emblem of chivalry, bestowed by the Emperor of Brazil; a naval medal from the King of Italy; and letters of thanks for valuable services rendered, from the Presi-

dent of the United States and from the Corean and Siamese Embassies.

Mrs. Mason's father, Admiral T. S. Phelps, is a native of Maine and a great-great-nephew of Israel Putnam, upon whose tombstone is seen the inscription, "He dared to lead where any dared to follow," and who, for strength of purpose, high courage, and decision of character, had not his superior among the heroes of the Revolution. Admiral Phelps is a worthy scion of such illustrious stock, being one of the most distinguished officers of the United States Navy. He served with credit through the Mexican and Indian wars and through the war between the States. Throughout the latter struggle, he held prominent positions and rendered distinguished services to his country.

Mrs. Mason's brother, Lieutenant Thomas S. Phelps, has also seen important service in every part of the world. Her sister is the wife of Lieutenant James D. Adams, of the Navy; and their son, Lawrence S. Adams, is now a cadet at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

In stature, Mrs. Mason is above the average height, with a graceful majestic presence. Her form is Juno-like in its proportions and the beauty of its outlines; and, to the native charm of her manner, she adds the ease and elegance which come from constant intercourse with the most cultured society in all parts of the world. Her complexion is ivory-like in its exquisite purity and the beauty of its texture; her eyes are as blue as forget-me-nots and fringed with dark lashes, while a wealth of golden hair crowns her like an aureole. Not the least among her attractions is a charming smile which irradiates her countenance. Her features are indicative of resolve and

force, and, between the rifts in the conventionalism that surrounds the society woman, one recognizes the hardier virtues which would have grown and flourished even had her life been less sheltered by circumstances, and which would have enabled her to adorn any station in which her lot had been cast.

Contrasting charmingly with Mrs. Mason's blonde loveliness is the dark glowing beauty of Miss Kate Deering. So Oriental is her type that one would fancy she had been nurtured beneath tropical skies, and hears with surprise that so brilliant a flower is the product of a northern clime, and that her birthplace is Maine. In this State, her family, breaking off from the parent stem in England, a very old and distinguished family there, have lived for generations. The first twelve years of her life were spent in America, after which she was taken abroad to complete her education. While there, that she might perfect herself in the languages of the three countries, she divided her time between France, Italy, and Germany. At this time, also, she learned to play upon the mandolin, that charming little instrument which, with some modifications,



MRS. T. B. M. MASON.

has come down to us from the Crusaders. At present, she is devoting herself with characteristic ardor to art, drawing from life in the Corcoran Gallery art school. Though last winter was only her second out, her hold upon popular favor is thoroughly established, and none ranks higher in masculine and feminine estimation. With Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, she is a special favorite, and is a very intimate friend of his daughters. So faultless is she in coloring and classical outline, that when the famous French artist, Anderson, was in this country, he followed her about from place

to place, fascinated by her beauty, and begging to be permitted to defray her expenses and those of her mother to Paris, that she might sit as the centre-piece to a group which he was painting. "This picture," he said, "will then be my chef d'œuvre."

Miss Deering's complexion is of the clearest and darkest olive, richly tinted with carmine. Her eyes—large, dark, fathomless—would glorify the plainest countenance. They are liquid and dreamy, with latent slumbering fires in them, and are shadowed by long dusky lashes and overarched by distinct yet delicately penciled brows. Her hair, rivaling the raven's wing in hue, is abundant. Her brow is Grecian in outline, and the pose and contour of her head are eminently aristocratic. Her laugh, as musical as the song of a bird, sets in motion numberless dimples and discloses a set of teeth as exquisitely white and regular as a row of pearls. She is tall and slender, with a graceful willowy figure, and her manner, voice, intonation—in short, her whole personality—bespeaks high breeding and culture. Her environment, too, is harmonious, her home on Q Street being a most attractive spot and furnishing an appropriate setting for so fair a gem.

Miss Deering's father was a naval officer, and she traveled much with him in her own and in foreign countries. Her household now consists of her mother, still sufficiently youthful to sympathize with her in her tastes and enjoyments, and a younger brother.

The press predicted a brilliant social career at the national capital for Miss Courtenay Walthall, adopted daughter of General and Mrs. Edward C. Walthall, of Mississippi. Even the New York "Town Topics," dropping its usual cynical vein, prophesied that she would be one of the most popular junior members of official society during the season then approaching, and public expectation was not disappointed. Miss Walthall has all of the elements of belleship—unusual beauty and a most fetching trick of manner. But perhaps her chief charm, and that which enhances all of her other attractions, is her freshness and absolute freedom from affectation—blossoming, as she does, like a dewy forest flower amid the artificial atmosphere of modern society. Incense

has been perpetually burned at her shrine, during the brief period of her young-ladyhood; but her pretty head has never once been turned, and she still retains the artlessness and simplicity that characterized her as a child. She entertained most charmingly, throughout the season, at her own home; and no ball or reception was considered complete, ungraced by her presence.

Miss Walthall is petite, with a dainty figure and a graceful carriage. Her eyes, fringed with "poetic lashes," are large and of the richest brown, with amber lights in them—tints that are emphasized in her soft undulating locks. Her complexion is like the sunny side of a ripe peach, and her features piquant.

Miss Walthall was born in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, her paternal name being Stone. At the age of three months, however, she was orphaned, losing both parents within a short time of each other. She was then adopted by General and Mrs. Walthall, the latter being her maternal aunt, and carried by them to their home in Mississippi. At an early age, she was sent to North Carolina, to school; but, when her father was elected to the Senate of the United States, she was placed at Norwood Institute, Washington, under the care of Professor



MISS KATE DEERING.

and Mrs. William D. Cabell, and there completed her education.

Her adopted mother is also a native of Mecklenburg County, and her father, though so long a resident of Mississippi, is really a Virginian, having been born in the city of Richmond. His career as a United States Senator is without a precedent. He was appointed a member of that body as a Democrat, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, taking his seat in March, 1885, and was elected by the Legislature in January, 1886, for the unexpired term. He was then re-elected in January, 1888, and again in January, 1892. His present term of service will expire March 3d, 1895, and that to which he was last elected not until 1901.

To bear off the palm for beauty in a State famed for the loveliness of its women is indeed a distinction, and this honor has been unanimously accorded to Miss Mattie Thompson, daughter of the Hon. Philip B. Thompson, of Kentucky. Miss Thompson was born in the historic town of Harrodsburg, around which so many interesting memories cluster. It was called in honor of James Harrod, who bore so conspicuous

a part in the early history of our country, and who in 1774 built a log cabin upon its site, and thus laid the foundation for the present flourishing town. Harrodsburg enjoys a reputation for its mineral springs, and was at one time one of the most fashionable resorts in the Western States. It is still frequented by invalids, and the town itself, as the oldest in the State, is an object of interest to tourists.

In Colonial days, Kan-tuck-ee, "the dark and bloody ground," was the scene of some of the fiercest struggles between the whites and the aborigines. It was then a county of Virginia, and when it rose to the dignity of a separate county court, with justices of the peace and other officials, the first sittings were held at Harrodsburg. The latter is now the seat of a female normal school, "Daughters' College," one of the most important educational institutions in the State. The inhabitants of the town number several thousand, and it is built upon a decided elevation, the surrounding country being charmingly picturesque.

In this spot, hallowed by so many memories, Miss Mattie Thompson, through whose veins the bluest of Kentucky blood flows,



MISS COURTENAY WALTHALL.

was born. A long line of illustrious ancestry is her heritage, while those from whom she is more immediately descended have always occupied prominent positions in the various callings which they have selected. Her uncle, Hon. John B. Thompson, one of Kentucky's ablest Governors, was a distinguished member of the United States Senate about the close of the civil war, and her father for many years represented his State in Congress. Although a Protestant in faith, Miss Thompson received her education at the Roman Catholic College in Georgetown, where she acquired many accomplishments. She has gained much also from travel in her own country and upon the Continent,

and is thoroughly conversant with the French and Spanish tongues. She is also a charming musician, playing upon several instruments, and has a wonderful aptitude for all outdoor sports. As a horsewoman, she is unexcelled, and she is also an admirable driver, handling the ribbons with grace and dexterity. Her manners are suave, and she possesses that rare tact and adaptability which enable her to render herself equally charming to all with whom she is thrown. She enjoys the reputation of being able to entertain more men at a given time than

any woman of her age in America. Nor are her fascinations bestowed exclusively upon the opposite sex. Her wonderful personal magnetism attracts all who come within the

sphere of her influence, and wherever she goes she is fêted as the famous blue-grass beauty, holding "an absolute court of devoted admirers." Her last two winters have been spent with Mrs. Ex-Speaker Carlisle, whose home in Washington is the rendezvous for the most charming and distinguished people who figure in official society at the national capital, and here her career was marked by a succession of brilliant triumphs.

Miss Thompson is above the average in height, with an

exquisitely rounded form and beautiful neck and shoulders. She has a face like a flower, with not one harsh line to mar the beauty of its moulding. Long silken lashes shade eyes of the richest hazel, while sunny brown hair, such as painters love and poets sing of, clusters about her fair young forehead like the vine. Her expression is animated and her coloring rich, but it is that subtle nameless something which one cannot define that more than all else renders her one of the most fascinating women of the day.



MISS MATTIE THOMPSON.

WITHERED ROSES.

BY SUSANNE SAWYER.

LAST night, oh faded roses,
How your crimson hearts did glow,
As you trembled on my bosom
In the music's dreamy flow!

You felt, oh royal roses,
How my heart in rapture beat
As o'er your perfumed petals
Came a story old and sweet

Oh roses, faithless roses,
Last night so fair to see,
To-day this withered fragrance
Is all you have for me.

But sadder still, oh roses,
The love I thought so true,
That I believed undying,
To-day is withered too.

THE GENERAL VERDICT.

BY KATE WALLACE CLEMENTS.



DON'T think we should visit her, and I for one shall not cultivate her acquaintance."

"Nor I," said another, while a third member of our sewing-circle ventured to remark:

"I consider her conduct highly improper."

A silence fell upon us while we sat with bowed heads and deft fingers, fashioning the garments

for the little heathen away in the distant lands.

What had this woman done to outrage our feelings? One would suppose she had committed a grievous offense—a sin against God and man. To the eyes of the female portion of our little village, she had.

We were a quiet community, in that sleepy little town. Rather slow, I am afraid, at grasping the more advanced ideas of our sisters in the larger cities, who recognize the fact that a woman can fill almost any position in life equally as well as her brother, or indulge in any outdoor sport that is conducive to her health, without being considered unwomanly.

No, we had not arrived at this. To be sure, we had outlived the days of the patchwork quilt and the sampler; but the tricycle was something almost unheard-of, except through an occasional item in our local paper. We took the precaution to destroy these particular copies, fearful lest they should fall into the hands of our growing daughters and prove demoralizing.

Imagine, if you can, our dismay to find that in our very midst a woman had come with short hair and short petticoats reaching only to her boot-tops, and was seen daily riding along our highways on this odious machine, and this woman the wife of the young doctor who had come to Grantham with the expectation of building up a lucrative practice!

He might have done so, for we boasted of only one other physician: a sleepy old fellow, who had outlived his usefulness.

We thought it such a pity that the doctor's wife, by her folly, should injure his prospects in life. To consult him would be to countenance her conduct, and this we could not or would not do; consequently, the young doctor's future was anything but promising.

It was something of a boycott on our part. We reasoned thus: If the doctor fail to build up a practice, he will naturally be compelled to return to the city, taking with him his wife and that odious tricycle; if, however, on the other hand, he understands the position we have taken, and will induce his wife to let her hair grow, lengthen her petticoats, and walk like the rest of us, we are perfectly willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and consult him on any subject, from a case of measles to that most interesting event—the arrival of the latest baby.

They didn't seem to realize that they were being boycotted—they appeared so happy. Once we saw the doctor help his young wife to mount, then, standing in the open doorway, kiss his hand lovingly as he watched her ride away in the open sunshine along the country road, where the branches of the elms met overhead, forming a leafy canopy through which the sunlight fell in little rifts of yellow light.

It was a glorious morning in the early autumn, before the leaves came eddying down, when the woods were decked in amber and gold. I remember watching with infinite pleasure the fluttering of her blue flannel skirt and of feeling an indescribable longing to ride a tricycle.

I did not dare express my views to my companion, Miss Billings. In fact, I was rather ashamed of being guilty of such a desire, with something of the feeling that a monk might have if found sleeping at his beads.

When Miss Billings said "Isn't it shame-

ful?" moral coward that I was, I answered "Yes."

We met her often, like a phantom gliding noiselessly along, her jaunty blue cap shading a face that, although not pretty, was sweet and womanly withal.

We always drew our skirts a trifle higher after she had passed, as if the ground she had ridden over were unholy.

"If she would only go out in the darkness," said one woman. "But in broad daylight!"

Do you wonder that we frowned on her?

We missed her for several days, and learned that she was ill.

She had fallen from the tricycle and sprained her ankle. It was quite serious, as, after sustaining the injury, she walked all the way home.

"Had she gone into some house by the wayside," said the apothecary's clerk, who vouchsafed the information, "rested, and bathed her ankle, it would have amounted to nothing; but now it's very painful, and, what makes it a great deal worse," said the young man, confidently, "she does all her own work: they can't afford a hired girl. They're poor," he said, sadly: "poor as church-mice."

"They deserve to be," said Miss Billings, spitefully. "If she'd stop riding that tricycle, she would find her husband's practice increasing."

To me, she said: "I'm glad she didn't come to my door. I saw her, too," she added, triumphantly, "dragging that tricycle along. I shut the door quick, for fear she would expect me to ask her in. I'd as soon let an infernal machine in my house as that—"

"How could you, Miss Billings?" I interrupted, in indignation, for once casting aside my cowardice. "How could you permit this woman, weak and suffering, to pass your door? You, who profess to be a Christian!"

We had reached her gate by this time. She bid me a curt "Good-afternoon," without deigning to reply. I watched her striding up the garden-walk, her head high in the air, offended at my doubts as to her Christianity.

I walked home through the gathering twilight, thinking seriously. I knew what our opinion was concerning the doctor's wife, but I wondered what she thought of us.

I realized how painful a sprained ankle must be, and what a long road she had traveled, most of it up-hill, and she dared not come in to rest: our doors were closed against her.

I wondered how she would get on with her work. They could ill afford to hire help. The words of the apothecary's clerk rang in my ears: "They're as poor as church-mice." I was tempted to go over and offer my services, when I remembered that I too had drawn my garments closer when the cloud of dust away in the distance heralded the coming of the doctor's wife.

I did not go. Like many another good resolution, this was not put into execution; the fear of being repulsed kept me away.

Never before did my home look so uninviting to me. I fancied the snowy curtains, half drawn, disclosing the warmth and light within, had a cold repelling tone, or why would she have passed them by?

The next day, I gathered the prettiest flowers in my garden and brought them to the doctor's. Away from Miss Billings's influence, my better nature prevailed.

It was my intention to leave the bouquet as a sort of peace-offering. The doctor's door had an old-fashioned brass knocker. It might have been that my knock was soft and timid; at any rate, it was not heard. I discovered that the door was slightly ajar, and stepped into the hallway, conjecturing in what manner I could best make known my presence. I heard voices in the sitting-room.

"Perhaps, dear," I could hear, in a very faint voice that I knew to be the sufferer's, "perhaps, dear, I had better give up the tricycle. To be sure, it has done me so much good. I never have that rasping pain in my side any more. But, Harold dear, it seems to interfere with your practice. The women of the village are laboring under the impression that I ride it to be bold and unwomanly. They draw their skirts away from me. If they only knew how much benefit I have derived from its use! It is impossible to overcome their feelings on the subject. Think, dear, of my walking a whole mile, and fainting from pain and exhaustion within a few yards of my own door, and lying there so helpless until you found me, darling!"

I could hear her sobbing softly as I

clutched tighter the flowers I held. Poor little woman! I was not eavesdropping; I was spell-bound.

It was the doctor talking now.

"No, Letty, you will not give up your tricycle," he said, "to suit these narrow-minded women. Confound them!" he added, angrily, "I'd like to meet one of them. I'd—"

As I was one of "them," it is needless to write I stole noiselessly out, while something like a tear fell on the purple and gold chrysanthemums. Yes, I was weeping.

I found part of a letter by the wayside, on my way homeward; it read as follows:

"We miss you very much, dear; nothing can reconcile me to your absence, save the thought that the country air is beneficial to you, and the hope that Harold will build up a practice. I am surprised that he has not done so by this time. Do you still ride your tricycle? I sincerely hope you do not let other duties crowd in upon your time to the exclusion of this healthful exercise. You know what a wonderful help it has been to you. I found one of your pretty curls, dear, that we cut off during the fever. It was only then that I realized how very near we came to losing you—in fact, how you had come back to us from the shadow of death."

The letter was signed "Mother."

I knew it must have been written to the doctor's wife. So she had been ill, and they had cut off her curls! This accounted for her short locks. I remember that Miss Billings said she must have cut her hair to attract attention. And she rode the tricycle for the benefit of her health! Oh, how narrow-minded we were, we women of the sewing-circle, not to have guessed this!

The next week, my boy fell ill. I consulted the old doctor. He pronounced it a case of diphtheria in a malignant form. Susan, the hired woman, coming into the room, heard his startling words. A look of fear stole across that stolid face. She came to me the following morning, saying:

"If you please, ma'am, I'll be leavin' you. My sister is down with a fever, with no one to look after the children, and she's that low, ma'am, that—"

"You may go, Susan," I said, paying little heed to the fabrication, "if you have any fear on account of Paul's illness."

She went, and I was alone. My husband

had left home but a few days previous, to be gone on an extended business-trip.

The ladies of the sewing-circle learned of my boy's illness. As the disease was contagious, they could only send messages of sympathy. Miss Billings had frequently remarked that she was not afraid of any disease, feeling assured that the Lord would carry her through; but I had doubted her Christianity, and this was a reason for her not coming to my assistance.

The days lengthened into weeks. My boy was out of danger. I could leave him now for a while, to take much-needed rest, had I anyone to take my place. The doctor promised to procure a nurse from the city, but as yet she had not come.

The doctor's wife had recovered from the effects of her sprained ankle. I caught a glimpse of the blue cap and gown gliding past my window in the early morning. I almost envied her, out in the cool fresh morning air. What would I not give for one half-hour of such keen enjoyment, after my close confinement in a sick-room for weeks past?

I was beginning to show signs of fatigue. My pale cheeks and sunken eyes bore evidence of this. If only someone would come and sit with my patient, that I might have one night's rest uninterrupted. Oh, how tired I was, and yet I dare not close my eyes, lest, through sheer exhaustion, I should fall asleep and neglect the little sufferer. I knelt beside my boy's bedside and prayed for strength.

How long I knelt there, I cannot tell. I was startled by a slight tap. Perhaps it was the doctor. No one else came: we seemed to be completely cut off from the world, as it were—little Paul and I. I had been weeping; but it was twilight, and the old doctor would not notice my red and swollen eyes. I went to the doorway, and there stood the doctor's wife!

"Your boy is ill," she said. "I only heard of it an hour ago. I've come over to help you."

She came in, laid aside the jaunty blue cap, and, before I could realize it, she insisted upon my lying down.

"You are quite worn out," she said, in such a sweet musical voice. "Leave him to me," she added. "What is his name?"

"Paul," I answered.

Turning to the child, she said: "Now, Paul, mamma is going to lie down and rest. She is very, very tired. I am going to take care of you. I know you will be a good boy while I tell you of the little sick boys I've met with in the hospitals."

My little son was rather spoiled, I'm afraid, but he yielded completely to her control.

I was soon in the land of dreams. When I awoke, the sun was shining in the window. I could see the doctor's wife gliding noiselessly across the room, dressed in that short skirt that I, with the other members of the sewing-society, thought so odious; and now I likened it unto the robes of a Sister of Mercy.

She came and sat beside me.

"How is Paul?" I asked.

"Very much better," she answered. "I had a little time to myself this morning," she went on, "when Paul was asleep. I took the liberty of going into your kitchen

to straighten things up a bit. I washed the dishes. I want you to have all the rest you can. You need it."

"How kind of you!" I faltered. "And you've been with us all night, and I let you pass my door with a sprained ankle! I've—"

"No, you didn't," she interrupted. "I didn't pass your door; I took the other road."

"You are an angel!" I cried, sobbing hysterically. I was very weak, and the slightest excitement unnerved me.

She drew me toward her, and I rested my poor aching head on the bosom of that tricycle-costume, and she comforted me only one woman can comfort another.

Somehow we overcame our prejudice. How could we do otherwise? The doctor's practice increased. To-day he is the leading physician in our little town, and I—well, I have bought a tricycle.



WILL THERE BUT ONE.

BY WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

WHEN I beneath the damp cold earth lie sleeping,
Life's troubles o'er,
Oh! will there then be aught of sorrow's weeping
To see me more?

Will there but one come out across the meadow
To that lone spot
Where, with the years and alders casting shadow,
I bide my lot?

Will there a bird, upon the branches swaying,
Build her a nest?
Will children come that way, unknowing, straying,
And stop to rest?

Or pluck a flower chance growing in the grasses
Just o'er my head,
Where sweet wind whispers lightly, as it passes,
About the dead?

Will there but one sometime in lonely weather
Remember me
And how we journeyed thither oft together
Contentedly?

Oh! will there one, when thoughts are hushed
forever,
To that lone spot
Journeying in earth's sweet autumn weather,
Think on my lot?

MULLEIN-STALKS.

BY ALICE L. ANDERSON.



HERE was a time when North Gore seemed destined to greatness. In those days, the Reverend Theophilus Dane died, bequeathing the savings of a self-denying lifetime for the founding of a free public library, which, as he fondly hoped, should be as his voice still speaking to the children and grandchildren of his dearly beloved. For a time, North Gore continued to prosper. Then gradually a change crept in. One may read the tale of New England's woe in broken-down dams and deserted farms and pastures overgrown with bushes. For two generations, the tide has been running out, draining away young blood, business energy, even the very life of the soil. Sometime the tide may flow back. Meanwhile North Gore, like many another New England town, stands deserted and forlorn, like a last year's mullein-stalk in a pasture of stone-heaps, like a broken cart-wheel left by the roadside to be overgrown with grass and thistles.

At the time when chance led me to North Gore as librarian of the Dane Free Library,

poverty was the universal condition, and life was compressed into an unceasing struggle to clip off and narrow in all growing needs and expanding desires, and to "get along" on as little as could possibly support existence. The habit of niggardliness had become so ingrained into the nature of the people that the very air and sunshine were shut out of the houses, or admitted only in meagre quantities, as if in fear lest a too lavish use might lead to extravagance and swell that horrible bugbear of "expense," while the never solved problem of "how the minister's salary was to be raised" had grown to be a continual nightmare to the parish and a raw spot in the sensitive soul of the Reverend Anthony Greer.

The one oasis in all this desert, the one luxury of North Gore, was the Dane Free Library. The income from its permanent fund being amply sufficient for its running expenses, its freedom was absolute and unstinted, and it was perhaps the one thing in all the universe which the people of North Gore used without grudging and without anguish of spirit. Not that they used it according to the intention of its founder. There were some who, from long habit, still held cards and drew books which they never read. Others—these were the few young people of the town—intermittently devoured light fiction and tales of the bush-ranger order. But chiefly the library was used as a centre for whatever life still remained in the place. The old-time topics of interest, preserved from decay by the saving habits of the people, were discussed and rediscussed nightly in the gathering around the stove. Town politics were cut and dried in the week before town-meeting, by little knots of men holding private conclaves in the alcoves. If Farmer A wished to sell a cow to Farmer B, they met at the library to talk it over. The wonder was, that they did not bring the cow along with them. Still another use of the library, and to my mind not its least important one, was as a trysting-place for Matt Evans and Nan Blodgett, who thus evaded

the anger of Nan's father and boldly carried on their love-making under my very eyes.

The Reverend Anthony Greer, who frequently used the theological alcove as a study in preference to his dreary boarding-place, coincided with me in my inclination to play the part of ladder for this young Romeo and Juliet.

"I am not much of a politician," he said, "but there is something to be said in favor of protection to young industries, and marriage is an institution which should be encouraged."

"You are thinking of your fees, I suppose," I said, wickedly. "I wouldn't advise you to indulge in any hope. They will certainly deduct the amount from your salary."

The Reverend Anthony gave me a look which was intended to be reproving, but which failed of its object on account of his inward agreement with the spirit of my remark. There was a subtle satisfaction to us both in the practice in which I indulged, of making myself a mouth-piece for sentiments which his reason approved as true, but which his strict sense of ministerial duty forbade him to harbor. I was his safety-valve for the necessary irritation consequent upon North-Goreism. This I considered practical philanthropy, and I flattered myself that I was laying up treasures in heaven whenever I was able, by any method, to palliate in any degree the necessary suffering of the minister in North Gore.

Mr. Greer was slender and light-haired, somewhat puny in body, but of dauntless spirit, as was proved by his acceptance and persistent occupancy of the pastorate of North Gore. He was a young man and had not been long in the place, but quite long enough to acquire that look of saintly forbearance and sweet patience which so soon impresses itself upon the faces of those who practice self-immolation for the benefit of mankind. I had respect unto the courage of the man, while I disapproved of so much waste of talent and devotion. Of all the parishes which I have ever known, North Gore was the most unresponsive, the most disheartening, the most absolutely devoid of anything like stimulus or encouragement.

Mr. Greer, who was a trustee of the library by virtue of his position, had nourished hopeful dreams of awakening the minds of

the people, along with their souls, by the crafty inoculation of good literature. I, as librarian, was called upon to supplement his endeavors in this direction; but, after some experience, I considered myself to have proved the truth of the old proverb that "any fool may lead a horse to water, but a wise man cannot make him drink." Thereafter the fellow-feeling which existed between us on account of our common experience of having stranded on a desert island was disturbed by a perpetual under-current of disagreement as to the wisdom of casting pearls before swine.

"One never knows," insisted Mr. Greer, during one of our conversations at the library; "nine-tenths of the good that is done in this world is devoid of visible results, yet the results are there."

"How do you know they are, if neither you nor anyone else can see them?" I asked, skeptically.

Nan Blodgett came in at that moment, nodded to us shyly, and sat down at the reading-table, making a pretense of looking over some magazines. She was a slight nervous little thing, and a long subjection to paternal tyranny had developed in her a shrinking habit which was almost pitiful to witness.

"How about Deacon Blodgett?" I whispered to Mr. Greer. "Have you done him any good? Do you hold to your theory of results in his case?"

"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Greer, manfully.

Nevertheless the thrust went home, for Deacon Blodgett was his thorn in the flesh. A man born with a selfish and tyrannical will is to be pitied, but a man who makes such a will his religion is to be both feared and resisted; and such was Deacon Blodgett. For years, he had nourished a quarrel growing out of some old dispute between himself and Solomon Evans, Matt's father; and his daughter's love for Matt was, in his eyes, but the perversity of an unregenerate heart which must be brought into subjection by authority or by force.

Matt came presently and sat down by Nan at the table. He was a strong young fellow, with a certain wide-awakeness of habit and an impatience of youthful energy in refreshing contrast to the usual dull plodding spirit of North Gore. My admiration was further

evoked by the fact that at a comparatively early age, twentyfive or thereabouts, he had boldly branched out from the paternal compass, and, alone and single-handed, had undertaken to make a living on an unoccupied farm known as the Rood place. This proceeding was looked upon as a very doubtful experiment in North Gore, where it was the custom for sons to grow up and succeed to the tried and proved garments of their ancestors.

Matt and Nan straightway became absorbed in each other and oblivious of the rest of the world. Mr. Greer retreated to his theological corner, and for a few moments there was peace.

Mrs. Beals was my next visitor, and she brought with her an idea—a rare bird in North Gore. Mrs. Beals was President of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, an inert organization which lay in a trance throughout most of the year, but which annually gave token of continued possession of the spark of life by a kind of spasmodic kick, projecting a couple of "pieced-up" quilts and a package of last year's Sabbath-school question-books into the home of some Western missionary.

"We've always quilted 'em in somebody's settin'-room," said Mrs. Beals; "but it makes a sight o' work to whoever has it, and there ain't room to set up but one to once. If we could take out that air long table out'n this room, we could set 'em up both to once and do 'em a sight easier. I s'pose you'hain't no objection, have ye, Miss Elliot?"

Objections had long since ceased to be in my line, where any use of the library was concerned. Mrs. Beals went away beaming, with a sidewise glance at my two young doves at the reading-table.

Mr. Greer came out of his corner and laughed with me over this new proof of the appreciation in which the people of North Gore held their library.

"And I have another idea," he said. "I am a firm believer in sociables. If you can get people to talk, you break up that state of stagnation which is worse than any positive evil. Now, I haven't seen anything worthy of the name since I came to North Gore. You should have seen the parlor sociables that we had last winter. The older people sat in solemn rows around the edges of the room and looked uncomfortable, and the

younger people sneaked out into the kitchen and played kissing games. Ugh!"

"Well, I have no doubt that the poor young things enjoyed it. Why should you be so cruel as to deprive them of even one of their few pleasures?" I said.

"Because they can be taught to enjoy something better. Do you know any reason why people of ordinary intelligence, such as our people here, should be stricken dumb and find nothing to say to each other throughout an entire evening?"

"Paucity of ideas, I suppose."

"Then let us plant ideas," said Mr. Greer.

"They wouldn't grow. The soil is too poor."

An audible snicker revealed to my intelligence the fact that Tommy Scott sat on the wood-box, dangling his legs and playing the part of interested listener. Tommy occupied the proud position of librarian's assistant: his duties, according to his view of them, being chiefly to drum his heels against the wood-box and keep an eye and ear open to everything which went on within the library precincts. I had made a feeble effort to dispense with Tommy's services and society, but had been admonished to the contrary by the inevitable comment: "We always have had a librarian's assistant." In North Gore, departure from established precedent was reckoned the unpardonable sin.

Mr. Greer turned sharply.

"Tommy," he said, "I don't altogether agree with Miss Elliot in her remark about paucity of ideas. I think you have one. What is it? Speak out like a man."

Thus adjured, Tommy bashfully drew himself into a heap upon the wood-box, pursed his mouth into a circle like the orifice of a cannon, and explosively ejaculated:

"Grub!"

"What?" said Mr. Greer.

"That's the talk," said Tommy, nodding his head knowingly. "North Gore folks likes to eat, they does. Tell 'em you're gon' ter have a sociable, and there won't nobody come but women. Tell 'em you're gon' ter have some vittles, and all the fellers 'll come and bring their girls, and you'll have a crowd."

"Thomas," said Mr. Greer, gravely, "you more than do justice to my faith in your sagacity. We made a mistake in not inviting you to our councils at the first."

Tommy grinned and squirmed in ecstatic embarrassment, bunching up his shoulders and drawing in his neck like a toad when suddenly forced back upon its own consciousness.

"There are others besides North Gore people who like to eat, Tommy. It is quite a usual practice among civilized people," I remarked, casually.

Mr. Greer gave me a severe look.

"A very excellent practice it is, too, in some circumstances," he said. "I propose that we have a lawn-party with refreshments in the evening after the quilting is over."

"Where will you find a lawn?" I inquired, sarcastically.

"There," replied Mr. Greer, waving his hand toward the open door, through which was visible a somewhat extended level space, green in spots where the grubs had spared the grass-roots, elsewhere strayed over by running blackberry-vines and a few scraggy young pines, and bounded at one side by a long brush-heap redeemed from its ugliness by an overgrowth of wild woodbine.

"You will have to be classed among those who, having eyes, see not," observed Mr. Greer. "We will have the reading-table out there under—no, beside—the trees, and chairs for the people who are tired. The women will bring the supper when they come in the afternoon, and the men will come when they are through with their day's work, and we will have the food spread out on the table and passed around by the young people. It will be the cool twilight; and you and I, Miss Elliot, will make it our business to see that the people talk."

"It is one thing to make plans, and quite another to carry them out—when they involve the human animal in North Gore," I said, skeptically.

"Now, Miss Elliot, you aren't going to turn wet blanket?"

Mr. Greer treated me to a long-suffering look, and I straightway reproached myself. If to tell the truth was to make more obtrusive the dreariness, the hopelessness of the work this devoted young man was doing, or trying to do, then I would prevaricate.

"You know I must have my grumble first. After that, I'll help you to the best of my ability; and I have no doubt we shall have a delightful evening," I said.

I was rewarded for my falsehood by seeing the instant relief which it brought. Mr. Greer caught at my prediction with that eagerness of self-deception which inheres in the resolutely optimistic temperament.

After that, the planning went on smoothly, and we were just considering what form of entertainment would be best suited to the period after supper, when we were interrupted by a heavy step on the porch, and a dark shadow, as of some huge bulk, filling the doorway. Deacon Blodgett stood there, his thumbs hanging heavily in his pockets, frowning darkly on our two young lovers.

Nan sprang up with a half-scream. Matt rose too and stood sturdily at her side, regarding his intended father-in-law with no loving looks. Blodgett looked past him and fixed a menacing gaze on Nan.

"I've heerd what you've been up to," he said, with slow ominous emphasis. "I folloed ye and found ye out. Now, you go home and you stay there."

Nan shrank tremblingly past him. Matt took his hat.

"Going, Nan? I'll walk along with you," he said, with feigned carelessness; and he went, casting at Blodgett, as he passed him, a look of defiance which I expected to see answered by a blow. Blodgett let him go, but he followed him with a look which said: "I'm not done with you yet."

Then he came slowly and heavily up the room to my desk, and brought his huge fist down on its lid with a blow which shook the building.

"You, ma'am, I hear you've been encouragin' my girl to disobey me. Don't do it any more. Don't do it any more!" he said, threateningly.

Before I could speak, Mr. Greer stepped forward.

"I wish you could be persuaded to think differently, Deacon Blodgett," he said, soothingly. "Why not let the love of the children heal this old difference between your families? You surely can have nothing against Matt personally, and he is well able to support a wife in comfort."

So much for masculine tact. Deacon Blodgett turned upon him roughly.

"I hain't asked none o' your interference in my family affairs," he blurted out.

Then Mr. Greer took another tack.

"When you were young, Deacon Blod-

gett," he said, gently, "you married a wife, and I have no doubt you were as happy as you could be. Don't you remember it?"

Blodgett stood glaring at him for a moment, then he turned with an angry snort and left the building. Tommy, who had maintained his position on the wood-box, agape with wonderment at this exciting scene, slipped down and followed him.

Ten minutes later, Matt returned, outwardly calm, but evidently strongly irritated.

"I hoped I should find you here yet. I want to see you on partikiler business," he said to Mr. Greer.

He glanced at me doubtfully at first, then disposed of me with the remark:

"I guess it ain't no matter if Miss Elliot hears. She's been a good friend to us all along. You see, it's this way," he went on: "Nan and I are gon' ter git married. She's willin', and her mother's willin', and I guess I'm willin', I ruther guess; and there ain't nobody but what's willin' but that old—father of hers. And I say we've waited on his ugliness long enough. I've got my dander up, and I ain't a-gon' ter stand it no longer. I'd have took her away from there long ago, only she couldn't quite make up her mind to it; but I guess she will, after this afternoon. I'm much obleeged to the old man for makin' a row, 'cause it's sorter brought matters to a head. Now, I'd ruther be married fair and open, like other folks; but if we ain't let to be, why, we'll have to take some other way, that's all. And what I want to know is, will you marry us? Course we'd ruther have you, but old Blodgett'll be tearin', and he may make it hot for you; so, if you'd any ruther, we'll go out o' town to git married."

Mr. Greer's thin face flushed. These slight men are doubly sensitive to implied doubts of their manliness.

"Matt," he said, gravely, "did you take me for a coward?"

"No, I didn't," replied Matt; "only, I didn't know as you'd see it just as we did, and I don't want to git you into no trouble."

"I think you are doing just right," said Mr. Greer, heartily. "I should do the same thing in your place, and I will help you to the extent of my power."

Meanwhile, I had been struck by an idea. When I recovered from the shock, I said:

"Matt, the ladies are going to have a

quilting here in the library, and we have planned a basket picnic and a lawn-party for old and young in the evening. Had you heard of it?"

"No, I hadn't," replied Matt, with the natural impatience of one to whom picnics and parties are an impertinence, in view of the weightier matters demanding attention.

"We have been trying to think of some little entertainment for the time after supper. How would you like to furnish entertainment by being married?"

The stroke fell with such force that for a moment my two auditors were stunned into speechlessness. Then Matt exclaimed in ringing tones:

"I'll do it!"

And for the second time that day, my unoffending desk suffered a resounding thwack.

"I don't see what's the matter with Mis' Blodgett, that she don't come to help. Pass the thread, will ye, Mis' Upham? I was there yis'day, and I ast her if she wan't comin', and she said she didn't know but mebbe she should come along in the evenin'. She's most gen'llly ready to do her part. You don't s'pose she's got miffed at nothin', do ye?"

"I kinder guess mebbe she's feelin' kinder bad erbout Nan," said Mrs. Upham. "She always favored her havin' Matt, ye know. I expect the deacon was pretty well riled when he found out they'd been meetin' here right along, unbeknownst to him."

"I don't see what they'll do now," said Mrs. Beals. "Matt's awful gritty. I don't calc'late he'll let it go on so for long. I s'pose he thought he could stan' it, long's he could see Nan here every day or so. I ruther guess Miss Elliot favored it some, leastways she didn't hender it none."

"I don't favor this meetin' fellers on the sly. The Bible says children should obey their parents, and it don't make no exceptions," said Mrs. Upham, austere, glancing toward her two meek elderly daughters, who were apparently anticipating the heavenly condition in which "they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Mrs. Upham was a consistent woman. Her daughters had never been allowed to escape from the maternal surveillance long enough to indulge in the stolen pleasure of "meetin' fellers on the sly." "I always

know where my girls are," had been her constant boast. Therefore she had also been obliged to know where they were not, and to see the matrimonial net still pass them by ungathered. This was a trial; for had she not, all their lives, been preparing for the event of their marriage? The Upham girls had chests full of quilts laid away and waiting. Quilting and waiting, waiting and quilting: this had been the history of their later lives. Presently the quilting would be quietly abandoned, and then it would be only waiting, while every year they would grow lankier and meeker and more sensitive to the open and the unexpressed disdain by which women are punished for the sin of willful or enforced virginity.

It should be set down to the credit of womankind that lingual dexterity is not incompatible with manual accomplishment. In good time, the quilts were finished, taken from the frames, and held up for inspection.

"I call them erbout as harnsome quilts as we ever made. Them squares o' Turkey-red you give, Miss Elliot, do set 'em off wonderful," said Mrs. Beals.

"We hain't gen'lly had much Turkey-red. It costs ruther more, and most of our folks think common print's good enough for them," remarked Mrs. Upham, disapprovingly.

"I expect them quilts 'll be a sight o' comfort to that air missionary's wife. 'Tain't likely she has much to show to comp'ny when they come," Mrs. Beals went on.

"I don't calc'late they have much comp'ny 'ceptin' Injuns and sech," said Mrs. Upham.

"Massy me! I hope they won't let them git a holt on 'em. I should hate most awfully to haf to think o' them quilts bein' used to wrap up little naked Injun babies in," said Mrs. Beals.

The evening guests were beginning to arrive by this time: farmers, weary with their day's work and wearing an air of unwilling martyrdom; "fellers" with girls, "fellers" without girls, and girls without "fellers"—the first class complacent, the second wistful, the third airily unconscious; a slight sprinkling of children, and a baby in long clothes, which last was a spectacle rare in North Gore. This was an unfortunate condition of things for the baby, since he was therefore obliged to be the vicarious bearer of all the hugs, kisses, and exclamations usually educed by specimens of his

kind, which he very properly resented by howling and kicking with all his infantile might, whenever a lull in the proceedings gave him an opportunity.

Mr. Greer came early, and I perceived a subdued nervousness beneath the air of ministerial sociability which he had assumed as appropriate to the occasion. I myself had felt some anxiety as to the success of our proposed drama. Deacon Blodgett, I knew, never countenanced social gatherings of any sort; but the perversity of circumstances is proverbial, and, in case he should be present, it was extremely probable that he would insist on becoming an actor, and would create for himself a part not set down in the programme. Matt, with his "dander up," was not one who would bear trifling; and there might be blood shed, for aught I knew.

It was plain that Tommy Scott had been wise in his judgment of the North Gore susceptibility to the allurements of "vittles." The limbering of jaws was attended by such a loosening of tongues that Mr. Greer and I, who had prepared ourselves to introduce and carry on conversations of an improving nature, were overwhelmed and sank into obscurity. Instead of feeling himself injured by this reversal of his plans, Mr. Greer actually rejoiced in it.

"Isn't it good to see them enjoying themselves so well?" he whispered to me.

"Yes," I answered. "I see now why you have failed hitherto in your efforts to promote sociability among the people. To get anything out of them, you must first put something into them."

The supper was finally disposed of, and the fragments thriftily gathered into baskets. The farmers were already beginning to nod; the young people were projecting "Copenhagen" and "Needle's Eye," and the baby, who had been enjoying a season of comparative immunity from persecution, again became the centre of attraction among the women.

"I declare for 't, I do wish some o' the rest on ye'd git married and have a baby," said the young mother, in some impatience, yet not unconscious of the distinction accruing to herself as the mother of the unique infant.

"There ain't none on us likely to, 'less it's Nan Blodgett," said Mrs. Beals. "My sakes!" she added, "if there she ain't

a-comin' now, a-ridin' with Matt Evans, and her mother with 'em!"

"Well, I never! I should like to know how Matt ever had the face to go there and git her, or how her father happened to let her go with him. And I should think Mis' Blodgett might have come to help, if she could git away at all," said Mrs. Upham.

"Do look at that dress Nan's got on," whispered Mrs. Beals. "I do believe she's got her mother's weddin' muslin made over. Looks nice as a new dress, don't it?"

"Too nice to wear here, I should say," sniffed Mrs. Upham. "Like's not, she'll git it soiled or tore in some o' their rough games. Why, that dress is good enough to wear to meetin'."

"Matt looks pretty spruce too," Mrs. Beals went on; Mrs. Upham sniffed again.

Nan and Matt passed through the crowd and entered the library, where Mr. Greer and I awaited them. Nan was pale, but her usual subdued downtrodden look had given place to an air of determination which had in it a hint of her paternity.

"You are sure of yourself, Nan?" asked Mr. Greer.

"Yes, sir," replied Nan, firmly.

"What if your father should come at the wrong moment?" I asked, voicing the fear which had haunted me all the afternoon.

"I shan't stop if he does," Nan answered, with a sudden flash in her eyes.

"Did he know that you were coming here?"

"No. I went 'cross lots through the woods to take home some sewin' ma'd been doin' for old Joe Squiers. I changed my dress in the sugar-house in the woods, and ma slipped out the back door, and Matt met us at the cross-roads. She's goin' to bring the rest o' my things to me to-morrow. I ain't goin' home any more."

The worm had turned at last.

"Yes, ye be—goin' home 'long o' me," said Matt, facetiously; and Nan blushed, as was proper.

Mr. Greer stood in the porch and called for silence.

"Will you please bring your chairs near the steps?" he said. "We don't intend to let you go home without giving you something more than a supper. You have that every night. We have arranged a ceremony in which you will all be interested."

There was a clattering of chairs and much subdued giggling and low talk among the young people.

Then Matt and Nan came out of the library and stood before the minister.

"Massy me! He's gon' ter marry em!" ejaculated Mrs. Beals, in a shrieking whisper.

The crowd hushed itself and sat staring with mouths agape. Mr. Greer glanced up the road, then fairly galloped through the marriage ceremony.

The last word was said. The audience loosened their hold on silence and swarmed around the young couple with buzzing clamor. Matt broke away from them, brought his horse to the door, and proudly helped in his bride. Up the road, I discerned a cloud of dust traveling toward us at cyclone speed. It was Deacon Blodgett coming to forbid the banns.

Matt sprang into the buggy.

"You're too late!" he cried, exultantly, and then he waved his hand and drove away.

One does not expect to take part in a daring deed without accepting the consequences. North Gore's inherited principles committed it to a disapproval of the drama and to a respect for paternal authority. Moreover, Deacon Blodgett was the 'most influential man in the place; and, while there were many who secretly sympathized with Matt and Nan, it was felt that the deacon should be allowed something in the line of recompense for his defeat. Manifestly the circumstances required that Mr. Greer and I should be offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice, and we therefore received an intimation that our resignations would be accepted.

"I am sorry that they make it necessary for me to go," said Mr. Greer, regretfully. "I had hoped to do a good work here and to live to see some fruits of my work."

"You would have died of old age first. I consider it a special dispensation of Providence that you are prevented from burying your talents in a napkin any longer," I answered.

"You do not regret our part in the affair, then?"

"Not in the least," I said, emphatically.

"You think Nan did right in marrying?"

"Certainly."

"Then let us go and do likewise."

"Amen."

A MAID OF ACADIE.

BY ELLA J. HUNTER.

THE corner store at Shubenacadie was decorated for the holiday trade. The villagers stared through the small window-panes at the unwonted display. Sausages hung in graceful festoons. Cakes of snowy lard leaned against a background of glossy spruce. Even the country-knit mittens, in their ugly plaids and woful grays, were arranged in a pyramid, with a tiny scarlet pair at the apex. The candy-jars were no longer dingy and were freshly filled with home-made molasses-drops, while, on the blue-edged pie-plates, was piled taffy of many kinds.

Inside the store, the change was still more wonderful. The shelves, burdened with home-made preserves, were bordered with evergreen. A tray of inviting patty-pans and ginger-snaps usurped the place of the time-honored assortment of reels, buttons, and yellowing pieces of tape, which had formerly graced the one show-case of the establishment. Another innovation was the chair behind the counter—the pork-barrel had done service there for many years. Lastly, who should be in the place of the late proprietor—the fat wheezy Widow Smith—but Bettine Blaisot! She it was who had hired the store on the widow's decease, and she it was who nervously awaited her first customer, for the shutters were but just taken down.

Such a loving earnest face she had, with its tender dark eyes—they could flash fire, if occasion were given, though; wavy black hair, carefully plaited, yet somehow the love-locks would steal out; and oh! such red pouting lips, that told both of sweetness and firmness. Small of stature, but, like most of her country-women, dressed to perfection—the plain black gown with its white-bibbed apron, the scarlet kerchief knotted at her neck, the trim slipped feet!

Well, what if those feet were rosetted with ribbon? It had cost but a trifle, and it is not to everyone that the Blessed Mary has given her gift of the small foot. Just then, the pretty slippers patted the floor impa-

tiently, and an anxious look crossed the bright face, for the venture was a serious one, with much depending on it.

It was for Jacques's sake she had given up so much. For was not Victor waiting for her to name the day? The dear handsome Victor! Had not his father at last consented to the match—though surely he had objected loudly until Bettine's god-mother died and left her a dowry. Not a large sum, to be sure; but it was ready money, and the stern parent relented. Still Bettine, with all her love for Victor, was puzzled. She had besought the Blessed Virgin to aid her when troubles had so oppressed her—when the worthless father was brought home dead, and Jacques was so helpless, and Victor's father so obdurate!

Her answer had come very soon to her! Victor had his father's consent, but Bettine looked further.

Was not her first duty to Jacques? She thought so. With her little fortune, she bought the business and set bravely to work.

Her skill in cookery was well known, and with it she determined to win health and education for Jacques. His case was not hopeless—so a city physician had said. He should be sent to the great hospital in Halifax, when the money should come in. He should never be a charity patient. And then Jacques was to have the best instruction in drawing; for was he not a born artist?

After that, if Victor should be single, then she would see him!

"Till then, not at all," she said, imperiously; "for I do truly love you, Victor, so that you might tempt me from the path of duty. Perhaps it will be the better if you seek another bride—one with a larger dowry."

Then her tender heart reproached her for the look that crossed his handsome face, and, in her excitable way, she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him many times, and, after he had gone, she flung herself on the floor and sobbed bitterly. When Jacques's feeble voice called her, she almost

gayly unfolded her plans to him. The room was dark, else her face would have been a tell-tale. So it had come to pass that she had put aside love for duty.

A garland of gay paper flowers swayed in the draught. The first customer entered! A good one, too, for the sturdy farmer had admired her pluck, purchased a liberal amount of her taffy, and left a weekly order for loaves of bread until "she" should be around again; for "she," like many of the wives in the district, was "clean tucked out," and help was not to be had.

The farmer shook his head as he went out, and thought:

"That shiftless Blaisot's daughter! She must be like her mother; he didn't know enough to go in when it snowed, but got frozen stiff in his own yard!"

In the kitchen behind the store, there was a jubilee. Bettine was kneeling by a couch on which lay the little Jacques, dearer to her than aught in the world, until she had met Victor. The room was quite bare—the invalid's couch, a white table, a shining black stove with a crackling fire: not much more, but all so spotlessly clean. The only disorder was from Jacques's work. Clippings of bright tissue-paper lay about, for he was making more garlands—roses, sweet-peas, snowballs. The thin fingers were very dexterous.

"The good God has helped us, Jacques. You shall have lessons in drawing—they shall be your share! M'ssieu Smith will take our bread, day by day—that will not be less than half a dollar, and the whole dollar will come! Little Jacques, little Jacques, what should I do without you?"

"Dear Bettine!" faltered the lad, wincing with pain, "I it is who am of no use—it is I who stand between Victor and you! If I could but stop living when the agony is great, then I could be at peace."

"Jacques! little Jacques!" pleaded the sister, "it is for you to live, for you to become famous. There shall yet be a Blaisot who will be celebrated! I love to think I shall have helped to make him so! As for Victor, we are young—"

Tingle! tingle! went the shop-bell. In a trice, a business-like young woman was dispensing her wares and soliciting orders in her pretty English.

Bettine soon carried on a brisk business,

for she was both energetic and obliging. Each possible cent was laid by for the end in view. Long before dawn, a thin curl of smoke arose from the kitchen chimney—the show-case was replenished with crullers or crisp seed-cakes before the sun was well up. Home-made pies were added to the stock. Bettine found time at night for them. And bread! The sainted Mary alone knows by what miracle those light loaves, both brown and white, were achieved. Nor was Jacques ever neglected—Jacques first always, then customers or cooking. Beyond doubt, she was doing well. A snug sum was laid by. Jacques did his share also, and found a market for his work in the city—drawings on birch-bark, delicate paintings on Easter eggs. His paint-box was one of the first purchases, and it proved a good investment, for it gave the lad congenial occupation and a sense of helping in the earning.

At last, the time came! There was enough for Jacques to go to the hospital. Bettine took him to Halifax at once, gave him in charge of the cheery-faced matron, and hurried back to her shop.

How desolate it all was, without Jacques! Each kindly inquiry for the lad brought tears of longing to her brown eyes. Jacques was all she had now, for Victor had been gone a full year, at work on the new rail-road, and no word came from him. She heard that he had quarreled with his father. However this might be, Le Blanc, Sr., never came near her shop and passed her coldly on the street.

A godsend came at last. One blustery winter night, she found a little old woman on her door-step. She took her in for the night, but in the morning she could not let her go. It was so terrible to be alone. The old woman was deaf and very peculiar. Her black eyes followed Bettine with an imploring look. Bettine sometimes fancied that the eyes were like Victor's, but she put that thought steadfastly from her. She had found, at least, what her strong self-sacrificing nature needed—something to care for.

It was nearly a year since Jacques had gone. He would be at home in cherry-time. He would go to the fête without a crutch. Bettine would go with him, but ah! with such a heavy heart. This had once been her feast of betrothal, as it would be to many of the maids this year.

Jacques came—the fête came! Bettine took her two charges to the merry-making. Jacques was so well and strong! Her heart thrilled with pride as she looked at him. She had arrayed the old lady most carefully for the fête, but behold! what a sight was she now! Her cap all awry, her white hair floating wildly about, as she broke right through the dance and fell into the arms of no less a personage than Victor's father!

Truly, French people love a scene, and the reunion of mother and son was much enjoyed. It was an odd story: The old lady had a strong desire to see her eldest son once more. Notwithstanding her infirmity, she had traveled safely alone from Upper

Canada until nearly at her destination, when her money had been stolen. She had attempted to walk the remaining distance, and was perishing of exposure when Bettine found her. The shock and exertion had unsettled her mind, but the sight of the dearly-loved son had restored it to her.

There could be but one ending to such a romance. Victor was summoned home. And, of all the gay assemblies, none was blither than that on Bettine's wedding-day, when the handsome young couple led the measure, a devoted son was the partner of his aged mother, and happy Jacques, with visions of countless drawing-lessons ahead, led out the wife of the first customer.

MARE SERENITATIS.

BY E. T. O'LOUGHLIN.

THERE all is waste and wild and dark and drear,
The deepest silence—still in death;
No flying wing, no winding call—the ear
Hears not the slightest breath.

All, all is wild; no sunshine falls. Alone,
The very mountains seem to sleep.
No pine-trees rock in wavy breeze. No moan
Comes from that silence of the deep.

From Tycho's broad chaotic waste, to where
Gassendi's crater spreads,
There lurid darksome mountains catch the glare
Eternal o'er their heads.

Where are the souls that once those vales did fill—
That poured their hearts above
Once gushing stream, now dried-up wasted rill,
Once music soft as love?

Oh, that deserted world above, who knows
What hand hath made it so?
What epic strain could sweep in song its woes,
Divine what cause hath laid it low?

Oh! nay, 'tis not for human art to soar
That vast chaotic deep.
When time and place and art shall be no more,
'Twill rouse from mystic sleep.

BEFORE DORINDA DIED.

BY LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

WHEN at the twilight hour the children, weary
With playing all the day, came in, her cheery
And loving voice made sleep and rest the
sweeter;
Her kiss closed fast the eyes, and never fleet
To human heart came joy in truth or seeming
Than thus to them came peace and sweetest
dreaming,
Before Dorinda died.

And I, too, came to "mamma" with my sorrow,
My care and pain, my worry for the morrow;
And with her tender hand my brow caressing
She made each heart-ache seem God's truest
blessing,
And disappointments, as they drew us nearer,
But served to make His goodness to me clearer,
Before Dorinda died.

The children never came to me for loving;
Their restlessness ne'er needed then reproving.
Their eyes were never raised in piteous longing
Up into mine, the while sad thoughts were
thriving
Too swiftly e'en for smiles that mix with sighing.
There was no life-long pain, no heart-wrung
crying,
Before Dorinda died.

Oh, God! that I had known before she left me
What life would be when thus Thou hadst bereft
me!
Perhaps some tender word had then been spoken
That now she ne'er may hear; some greater token
Of love had then been given, and I then, blinder
To little failings, mayhap had been kinder,
Before Dorinda died.

HELD UP AT SAN ANGELO.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 38.



IV.
HATEVER detractions fair Gladys's unquestioned loveliness may have suffered at the hands of envious mediocrity, in the eyes of two persons at least she was "a phantom of delight."

At first, while the loneliness of her new condition and the shadow of her recent bereavement were heavy on her, the girl was silent and distraught. She would sit listlessly at the window, her hands idly crossed in her lap, her grand dark eyes full of a vague trouble that it seemed heartless to disturb. Procter and the parson indeed strove to rouse her from this apathy, but only with partial success. Her frail sensitive temperament had suffered a cruel shock, and in such rude ways as were at their command they endeavored to divert her from the ghastly tragedy that occupied all her thoughts, the memory of which would often fill her eyes with sudden tears.

Desperate at the sight of a grief he could not mitigate and which he could only vaguely understand, poor Ridge flew to his widowed mother and confided his distresses. "You go over thar to the parson's, mother," he said, suddenly, one afternoon, "and jest see what you kin do natchally to help out thet pore young woman. She's the loveliest creetur you jest ever laid yer two eyes on, and, ef anyone on earth kin do it, I reckon you kin fetch her. Stay as long as you want to—live thar, ef you have a mind; but don't quit natchally until you git her to take an interest in things again. It 'most breaks my heart to see her every day so quiet and white. And, ef you meet with unly moderate success, mother," said the crafty Ridge, not omitting to add a tempting dounceur to the claims of relationship, "I don't reckon it'll be very

long before you'll be wearin' thet royal Irish poplin you was wantin' last Christmas."

Mrs. Procter, a motherly but aging woman, in whose hard face the woes and trials of her early marital experience were plainly recorded, dried her hands on her apron and stared blankly at Ridgewood at this abrupt request.

"Ye're not goin' to say thet that young ward of the parson's is captivat'in' you too, my son?" she exclaimed, sitting down in a neighboring chair and breathing short and quick at the sudden suggestion. "Land of love! Ridgewood, thet young creetur hez got San Angelo clean bewitched!"

Ridgewood stood in the open doorway of the cottage, abstractedly watching the soaring evolutions of a distant buzzard, and prudently refrained from replying.

Howbeit, Mrs. Procter, after one or two more exclamations of apoplectic astonishment, made a hasty toilet, kissed her only son, and went over to spend the day at the parson's cottage. Mr. Ridge Procter spent the morning and afternoon about the house, consumed by a nervous and overmastering anxiety. He cleaned his rifle and six-shooters with such careful and painstaking exactitude, bending over lock and barrel with so gloomy and woe-begone a countenance, that a chance visitor, Mr. Hides Nail, went down to the Blue Front with a positive conviction that he was contemplating suicide, and so announced the fact to appreciative listeners over the genial bar. Several hours still remaining before his mother's return, Ridge went out to the stable and spent the remainder of the afternoon in grooming and apostrophizing a long-legged and narrow-chested bay gelding of which he was very fond, and to which he had given the name of "Consumptive Bob" in derision of his grotesque exterior.

Ridge had a habit of confiding his troubles and triumphs to his horse, and, whenever anything particularly vexed him, he usually repaired to Bob's stall and argued the ques-

ion with him, rubbing him down energetically the while until his sleek coat shone like a bottle. Consumptive Bob, indeed, had the respect and esteem of the town of San Angelo. His was an exceptional record for speed and endurance. He had won several famous scrub-races; he was good-gaited, sure-footed, and thorough-going, and it was generally agreed that, mounted on Bob, any good rider could show his pursuer a very clean pair of heels. And, for the matter of Ridge's confidences, there was this to be said: no one could accuse Bob of ever having disclosed any of the numerous secrets his master had entrusted to him. He had witnessed—stoically enough, it must be confessed—his efforts to overcome his intemperate habits, and indeed had the honor of being the first party to whom Mr. Procter communicated his high resolve. "Bob," said Ridge, one sunny afternoon after the fair Gladys's mysterious advent, putting an extra measure of corn in his manger and looking in on him affectionately as he stood in his stall, "I reckon I'll quit goin' down to the Blue Front hereafter; what's your opinion?"

Bob, who had gone gratefully to work upon the corn, stamped his feet and snorted incredulously, as if to pooh-pooh the suggestion. "Fact!" said Ridge, "old hoss! I mean it. Ye see, Bob, I reckon she don't take kindly to liquor, although she don't express herself on the subject."

That was the first intimation that Bob had of any rival in his master's affections except Mrs. Procter, and it must be said that he bore it with cheerful equine philosophy. Ridge could not see, from his customary stolid demeanor, that the intelligence made any impression on him, as indeed it probably didn't.

This afternoon, however, it seemed that another competitor had come upon the scene, in reference to whose claims Bob was by no means apathetic. Mr. Procter went to a neighboring door of the stable and with great solicitude led out a beautiful and lightly stepping white filly that whinnied and pranced at the end of a long lariat of closely plaited horse-hair. After surveying her graceful proportions admiringly for some moments, Mr. Procter again repaired to her stable and produced a beautifully mounted side-saddle and bridle, which he proceeded

to array upon her with every evidence of approval. Bob stood all this without much complaint; but, when his master dodged into the stall again and presently appeared with his lower limbs hidden by a woman's skirt, he evidently thought the time had come for him to enter a very definite protest.

Accordingly he devoted the balance of the afternoon to kicking the door of his stall to pieces, while his master, mounted girl-fashion upon the white filly, with the long skirt trailing from the saddle-horn, put her through a series of gymnastics and equine evolutions until Bob was willing to believe the gentleman had certainly lost his mind. He could not clearly comprehend just what was going forward, but realized in some dumb way that he was being superseded, and was wildly jealous in consequence. Seeing the desperate straits to which his passion had driven him, Mr. Procter, after the day's rehearsal was over, entered Bob's stall with a horse-whip and endeavored, man-like, to convince him, with the usual forcible logic, of the futility of all equine remonstrance; after which, he was suddenly visited with a revulsion of feeling, patted the animal affectionately, and returned to the house.

His mother, somewhat flushed of face and short-breathed with her walk to the parson's, was standing in the doorway of the cottage.

"Oh, there you are, Ridge!" she said, as her son eagerly strode through the gate and up the narrow path to the cottage. "Well, I've seen thet young critter you set sech store by, and it don't seem to me noways strange thet she should be quiet and scared and take on occasionally. Lord love ye, my boy, do you realize thet thet brother o' hers, thet Ballinger Joe killed, was all there was in the world to her, and, now thet he's gone, she hez no one in the world to turn to? Think o' bein' left in thet fix," said the compassionate Mrs. Procter, "and only fifteen years old at thet! I'm a lorn widder," she whimpered, "but I reckon I hev somethin' to be thankful fur." She wiped her eyes suddenly on a corner of her apron. "My Lordy!" she said at last, "we did hev a terrible weepin' afternoon between us, and onct I did think, what with our goin's-on, the parson too would certinly jine in. I ketched him once complainin' about the smoke gittin' inter his eyes from the chimbley. It was pretty wet weather," Mrs. Procter continued,

gazing out the window in tearful reminiscence; "but I thought of you, Ridge, and I rasted with the situation and fit the parson at every pint. It was like argifyin' with a mule some of the time, fur Binks is as truly sot in his ways as any blacksmith's anvil I ever see, and I smelled a mouse afore I got through with him; but the upshot of it all was, thet I up and told him he warn't noway fit to take care of a young woman, and so she's a-comin' here Monday, to live with me."

Ridge Procter sprang up from the chair in which he sat, and embraced his mother in a transport of joy.

"I knowed it, mother! I knowed ye'd fix it!" he said, exultingly.

"It was pretty hard work, though, you rascal," replied Mrs. Procter, submitting very placidly to Ridgewood's endearments. "But I thought of thet Irish poplin down thar at Bustim's dry-goods store, and I natchally done my best. But, now thet it's settled," she concluded, stealing a glance at her son out of the corner of her eye, "I reckon it's best to warn ye thet you've got a pretty active rival and must mind yer p's and q's. It's a dead secret! Do ye reckon, Ridge, thet it's one thet you could keep?"

Ridge was confident.

"Well," said Mrs. Procter, slowly, "thet young thing allowed to me this afternoon, when she was took pretty bad with her circumstances, thet the parson hed said he was willin' to make a minister's wife of her whenever she felt like sayin' the word. And she a child of fifteen! Did you ever hear the equal of thet?"

So, to the infinite delight of Ridge, the reluctant regret of the parson, and the apparent relief of the girl herself, Miss Gladys Marlowe was duly installed as the guest of Mrs. Procter. It did not detract from the young lady's fascinations, in her admirer's eyes, to learn later, among other confidences, that her father had been an English actor of acknowledged abilities which he had dissipated in drink, that her brother's tastes had also been entirely in the direction of the stage, and that she herself, in view of her surroundings, had cherished histrionic aspirations. Mr. Procter only realized that she was undeniably beautiful, that she had an exquisitely modulated voice which showed evident signs of culti-

vation, and that, when she chose to lift this voice amid her lonely surroundings, it seemed that the very mocking-birds among the live-oaks stopped to envy and to listen. And indeed it cannot be said that the young girl had in any degree suffered from her theatrical proclivities. Gladys was a good girl, if not the peri or paragon Mr. Procter thought her, and, in spite of a tendency to thoughtful silences, a very cheerful and mirth-provoking young woman for the most part.

It was the earnest wish of Ridge to divert and amuse her, and in the parson he had a very sincere coadjutor. Now that Gladys had passed from under the shelter of his own roof, he was a frequent visitor at the Procter cottage. The fact that he was an evident rival in Miss Marlowe's affections had not apparently affected the intimacy of the two men. Every day or two, the parson rode over, mounted on General, and Ridge and Gladys never seemed to weary of watching the tricks and accomplishments of that intelligent animal; for Binks was a most intrepid horseman, and had trained his horse to follow him like a dog, to trot to his side in answer to his whistle, and in other ways to excite the admiration of the average spectator.

At the very beginning of their strange acquaintance, Miss Marlowe had evidenced a lively interest in equestrianism. So that, when one day Ridge disclosed the secret motive of the stable-rehearsals with which the reader is already familiar, and rode proudly down to the cottage, mounted upon Bob and leading in leash the white filly fully saddled and caparisoned, the surprised and delighted Gladys could scarcely restrain her enthusiasm.

"Why, mercy on me! Ridge, how good of you! I never dreamed of such a thing!" exclaimed the delighted girl, when Mr. Procter had rather awkwardly gotten through with his little speech of presentation.

Ridge looked at her. There were twin roses in her lovely cheeks. She was standing in the little door-yard of the cottage, dressed in a blue plush dress, very stylish and close-fitting. The declining sun threw long shafts of light over the hill-top behind the house, that lingered in her bright-brown hair. It was a singular feature of her tresses that, while the locks that clustered on her ivory

brow were uniformly dark, in sunlight they took on an auburn tint, and at the back, just where they twisted in a heavy coil, they were of that rich hue which poets and other dreamers have agreed to call Titian.

Ridge sighed as his caressing eyes ran over the picture she presented.

"I brought this white filly over to-night, dearest," he said, "because I want you to try her; she's better than Bob, both in speed and training. The boys won't believe it, but she beat him clean, the other night, in a moonlight canter of two miles, over at Paint Rock. Bob ain't been hisself since," he said, affectionately, stroking the gelding's neck, who lowered his ears maliciously as if appreciating his humiliation.

So it came about that most of the young girl's leisure hours were passed in the young man's society, in cantering over the Texan hills. Sometimes the parson accompanied them in these equestrian rambles, mounted on his own gallant bay. Gladys grew to be a very accomplished rider, and vied with them in many daring feats. If she could not, at full speed, lean from the saddle and pick up a sombrero or silver dollar from the ground, or put three out of five bullets in a tree the thickness of a man's wrist, she was certainly very much at home in the saddle, and would ride neck and neck with either escort, holding hands and cheering on her pony with courage and delight. "Lady Withers" was the name with which Ridge had christened the white filly, and she proved to be a very fleet and docile animal.

By degrees, Miss Marlowe laid aside her melancholy and seemed to grow accustomed to her surroundings, and only when there was any new outbreak on the part of Ballinger Joe did she make any allusion to her recent bereavement. At such times, however, the girl became violently aroused, calling down the vengeance of heaven on the destroyer of her brother, and indeed showing such violent hysterical excitement as nearly to frighten the two men. Parson Binks seemed to be greatly agitated by these outbreaks from Gladys, and always did his utmost to soothe her. He even went so far as to advise Ridge to avoid the stage-road in their afternoon rides, so as not to intrude the subject unnecessarily upon her mind.

Meanwhile, with greater or less frequency,

Ballinger Joe pursued his depredations. Sometimes, for months at a time, the stages were unmolested. The drivers, thrown off their guard by this unaccustomed immunity, would just be congratulating themselves that the notorious highwayman had quitted the road, when suddenly they were held up by a single dark-bearded and long-locked man, and the valuable contents of the boot appropriated. It seemed as if there were a fatality about these robberies; for, whenever the treasure carried was unusually heavy, it was morally certain the stage would be stopped. At such times, a spasmodic frontier vengeance would display itself. Mounted parties were made up and the surrounding country was scoured in search of the desperado, but without success. No trace or sign of the fugitive was ever found. He had, it seemed, vanished utterly. In these improvised skirmish-parties, Ridge and the parson always cheerfully joined, and, provided Gladys learned of it, as she was almost certain to do in spite of their precautions, she never failed to ply them eagerly with questions on their return.

So, almost unconsciously absorbed in their occupations and simple pastimes, two years sped by at San Angelo; and the young girl, who had come so strangely into the lives of both men, had developed, with the active healthful life in the free hills and woods, into a beautiful and athletic young woman.

It chanced, one day in the early spring, that Ridgewood had occasion to go to Ballinger on a slight business errand, and the trip was discussed with some nervousness and solicitude by Gladys and Mrs. Procter. The old lady had learned that considerable money in silver was going down on the same coach, and she had a presentiment amounting to absolute conviction that Ballinger Joe would be on hand to meet it.

"Glorifful sakes!" she exclaimed, pushing her spectacles up on her wrinkled forehead, the evening previous, and patting both sides of her lap with tremulous fingers. "Of all times on airth, Ridge, fur ye to choose the identical date fur travelin' when treasure is goin'! Ye'll be held up as sure as eggs, and I'll be left childless!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said the apathetic Mr. Procter, from his side of the fire-place, glancing at Gladys. "Supposin' we are; there won't no harm come of it. Joe generl'y

manages to git all the coach kerries, without bloodshed. The passengers are safe enough, ef they'll only set quiet!"

"And do you propose to do that?" inquired Miss Marlowe, eying the lazy figure of Ridge with some surprise. "It seems to me that no man with any spark of manliness will do that! My poor brother Chris—"

"That's the usual custom in these parts," Ridge broke in, a little sheepishly, but dreading the allusion to her deceased relative. "Ye see, Gladys, when a road-agint's got the drop on 'ye, it's nothin' less than voluntary suicide to move. And to pull a shooter or argue the matter is simple insanity. A stranger don't realize thet, but it's part of the creed of an old resident."

Gladys sighed and regarded the fire with sad and absent eyes, while the fearful and doting mother repeated her forebodings.

It was with widely different but equally disquieting longings that the two women awaited Mr. Procter's return; and, when they saw his familiar and welcome figure approaching the cottage, he was overwhelmed with caresses and questionings at the gate.

"I ain't got much to say," said the crest-fallen Ridge, throwing himself into a settle by the fire and plunging both hands into the depths of his ducking trousers. "What leetle I tuck along to blow in down in Ballinger on Gladys and you, I reckon Joe got; and, ez near ez I could see, it was the same way with the other seven in the coach. Jest this side of Shooter's Bend, I was playin' a game o' railroad euchre with Jedge Kent and a couple o' other passengers, when all to onct the coach pulled up. I heard Lampasas Jake cuss, and I knowed Joe was down on us. Wal, 'pon my word," said Ridge, crossing his legs under the glowing warmth of the fire and trying to escape the indignant eye of Gladys, "it war larfable to see Joe manage thet crowd, and no mistake. Ye won't believe that he act'y hed caps made out of a cut-up slicker, to slip over the head of each feller, which he made him put on himself; and, when he'd got us all in line like a bench o' school-room dunces, he jest made us empty our pockets into his hat, while he stood over us with a pair o' six-shooters. He made a show of us, and no mistake! I reckoned I heard him through my blinker, a-chucklin' to hisself over the figure we must hev cut. And when he'd

got our pile," continued Ridge, "dad burn me ef his conscience didn't seem to prick him, fur he went over the crowd and chucked us each two silver dollars apiece, made a mistake and give one feller too much, so he hed a recount until he got everythin' straight. Arter which, he says very polite: 'I reckon, boys, ye better pile in the coach. I've been delayed a leetle, and it's about time fur the up-coach; an' I'm reckonin' on goin' through thet, so I don't care to lose no time.' One of the passengers was peart enough to say: 'Joe, now ye've got wot we had, ye might let us hev the sight o' seein' ye rob the other coach.' 'Wal, I don't mind noways,' sez Joe, 'ez long ez you fellers behave yerselves and keep quiet and peaceable. Ef ye like, ye kin drive on till ye meet the other coach, and pull up about a dozen rods the other side of it, and see the circus; but, ef any of you pulls a six-shooter or warns the other driver, I want ye to onderstand he's jest natchally gone in.' With thet, he jumps on his horse and rides along beside us until we meet the other coach, and dad burn me fur a tenderfoot," concluded Ridge, "ef we didn't all set thar like bumps on a log, and see Joe clean out the hull of the second coach. Sittin' here and tellin' it, it does look plumb ridicklus; but somehow no one of us seemed to feel like shootin' jest then."

Parson Binks, who had also come over to the cottage to welcome Mr. Procter's return, and who was a listener to this graphic recital, laughed heartily at the predicament of the coach passengers, but became suddenly grave.

"It's a disgrace to the county thet such men as Ballinger Joe can live and defy the law in it," he said, bringing down his clenched fist emphatically upon his boot-leg. "Howsomever, I kin say one thing in Joe's favor, notwithstanding. He does keep his promises. Every year reg'lar, come spring, I find a leather purse full o' silver and greenbacks outside my window-sill, left thar in the night by somebody and marked: 'For board and expenses.' No one kin say but what, in regard to Gladys here, he certinly's kept his word."

He paused and glanced around the group, to note the effect of his words. Miss Marlowe sprang to her feet defiantly, and her cheeks flushed and her eyes flashed in the

firelight, as if she had been stung by an insult.

"And he may keep his money!" she cried, passionately. "What is it but the stolen plunder he has wrested from scores of others—the needy and the rich alike? I have long resolved not to touch a penny more of it." She paused and drew herself proudly erect, and, with the manner of an indignant queen, regarded the two men. "Now that I'm a grown woman," she demanded, "why need I soil my hands with it? I may not have much to bring my future husband, but this I say: that the man who rids the county of Ballinger Joe may feel he has the right to come to Gladys Marlowe and demand her hand in marriage. And I will yield it as a fit reward to the avenger of the foulest murder that ever dastard perpetrated."

Both men, sitting there in the glare of the firelight, listened eagerly to the young woman's dramatic avowal. Its effect upon each was different. The lazy Ridgewood started up from his lethargy with excited eyes and a sudden energetic pull at his bootstraps. A grim severity seemed to settle on the parson's face, and he shaded his gray eyes with his hat-brim and turned thoughtfully to the fire.

So, with little change in the domestic relations at the Procter cottage, another year came and went. They saw less and less of the parson. He was often away from home, "absent on parochial business," as the phrase went; but there seemed little cause for so general an excuse, in San Angelo. Gladys and Mrs. Procter had grown very fond of each other. The old lady was failing a little with the cares of her small household, and quite relied upon the competent assistance of one whom she had long grown to regard as a daughter.

The flying months had made no change in the devotion of Ridge. For him, no joy or success in life had any practical value, save as it was shared or appreciated by Gladys. The birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone—it seemed to him—in mere gratuitous testimonial on nature's part to her beauty and her charm. Under the spur of his infatuation, Ridge had laid aside his old dissipated habits, and now shunned the hospitalities of the Blue Front as something to be feared. Such rectitude of morals as this implied was regarded by his late associ-

ates with a certain awe. They were not without a clear understanding of its inspiring cause.

"Now thet this yer Miss Marlowe hez made a temperance-sharp out o' Ridge," remarked Mr. Hides Nail, to a solicitous group of the gentleman's former cronies, "I hope she won't nowadays dissap'int him or refuse to crown his Christian hopes. Religion is well enough to hold a man when things is goin' his way; but my opinion is, thet ef some feller should kem along and jist natchally marry thet gal off-hand, this here town would hev a horrible example on its hands thet it would take some years to live down."

Late one day in the early fall, Miss Marlowe was taking a solitary canter over the hills and valleys that surround San Angelo. It was lovely weather, and it chanced that, carried away by the beauty of her lonely ride and the exhilaration of the exercise, she had wandered farther than her usual custom permitted when unaccompanied. Consequently she was surprised and a trifle alarmed when she found herself in the vicinity of the stage-road, where it crossed a belt of timber three miles this side of the village. As she checked her panting pony to give her a few moments' rest before turning back, a thrill of terror seized her as she suddenly heard the clattering hoof-beats of a horse rapidly ridden, coming through the timbered swale at her back.

She knew she was in the neighborhood of the notorious locality known as Shooter's Bend, a lonely spot famous for the exploits of Ballinger Joe. Spurring her horse under a tree, she had barely time to conceal herself partially when the approaching horseman came into view. He burst suddenly out of the cover—a dark swarthy man with long black locks and heavy beard, riding with singular grace and daring a magnificent horse that soon took him out of her sight again in the thick brush. Gladys had never seen but once in her life that singular personage, but its marked individuality jarred a rude chord in her memory. The reins slipped from her grasp, and she shook in her saddle like an aspen, as the thought leaped to her brain that this was the notorious bandit whose crime had wrought such fatal consequences in her own life. She was aware that he had not seen her, for she could

still hear the receding footsteps of his horse, apparently going at the same furious pace. But the thought scarcely alleviated her terror. She hesitated an instant only. The next, seizing the reins, she laid the whip with all her strength over the flank of Lady Withers, and dashed away homeward at a mad gallop.

Night was falling. The brief twilight was hastening through the thin files of mesquite with which the outlying prairie was covered. Breathless and half blind with haste and terror, she encountered and almost ran down, in the uncertain gloom, a horseman mounted upon a familiar narrow-chested gelding, who was coming at an incautious pace from the direction of San Angelo.

"For heaven's sake, Gladys, what's up?" gasped this individual, reining up with a suddenness that struck a shower of sparks from the loose stones of the trail.

For a few moments, the startled girl could not reply.

"I got alarmed and came out after you," said the horseman, anxiously. "What kept you so late?"

At the sound of the familiar voice, the intense strain under which the girl had been laboring for the last hour found vent in words.

"Oh, Ridge!" she gasped. "I've had such a fright! Ballinger Joe is in the woods at Shooter's Bend. I've heard him. I've seen him. I'm sure he's goin' to stop the coach to-night."

"Ballinger Joe? Shooter's Bend?" echoed Ridge, in amazement.

"Yes," said the girl, breathlessly. "I saw him, Ridge, as plain as I see you. And oh, Ridge! won't you do what you can to take him? It's a good two hours before the stage leaves yet."

Ridge Procter gave Bob a blow with his spurs that brought him alongside Lady Withers in an instant.

"Well, I reckon I will, sis, if you're so set on it," he said, tenderly.

"Then don't lose an instant to get the rest to help you," said the girl, excitedly. "You know you haven't a moment to lose."

But Ridge still lingered.

"Gladys," he said, softly, leaning down in the saddle until he had possessed himself of both the little hands that held Lady Withers's bridle-rein, "you remember what

you said to me and the parson the other night, about this very thing?"

"Yes, Ridge."

"And you will keep your promise, even if the lucky man should happen to be me?"

"Yes, Ridge."

The two little hands were raised an instant to the bearded lips above them, and then suddenly released.

"All right! Tell mother not to wait supper for me to-night!" said a voice in the darkness.

With a rush and stampede of hoof-beats, he was gone from her side.

V.

WHERE the Colorado River sparkled over its shallow ford under the queenly moon that night, there was a slight hollow sheltered by the circumambient trees. A very advantageous place it seemed for an ambuscade, and certainly equally favorable for the road-agent. Still enough lay the neighboring chaparral and thicket, and the ghostly moonlight played over all. Anon a "quawk," flying high overhead, far through the depths of translucent ether sent down his peevish and complaining cry, answered by the occasional low inquiry of a moping owl, and yet again by the bubbling, trilling melody of some dissipated mocking-birds who preferred revisiting the glimpses of the moon to going to bed like sober respectable songsters. At intervals it was very still, and all the earth lay wrapped in calm as if spell-bound by an enchanting dream.

A faint echo over the distant hill: a merry chime, as of a ringing bit: and then the imperative "G'lang!" and the crack of a whip as distinct as the report of a pistol. A minute later, the grating crunch of wheels, and, with a sudden splashing of foam that swept away in iridescent mist, the San Angelo four-horse coach dashed into the pebbly shoals and halted fetlock-deep in the rushing ford, as the driver, Lampasas Jake, laid the reins loosely over his horses and let them lave their muzzles in the grateful water and drink till their swelling sides showed the extent of their thirst. The whole outfit was so distinct in the broad moonlight that the smoke from the driver's cigar was plainly visible from the nearer bank. Just here, the short lithe figure of a man wearing a broad hat, and, in the moonlight, plainly shaggy-

bearded and heavy-locked, was also smoking. He threw his cigar away quietly and drew two six-shooters from his belt. His sharp eyes glanced carefully at the deadly brass shells which gleamed behind the cylinders. Then he crouched low in the shadow.

A crack of the whip, and the heavy coach started with a groan from strap, spring, and axle, as the horses sprang forward, splashing the water far and wide and jerking the black vehicle through the yielding mud and gravel. In a few minutes, they had reached the nearer bank, and the horses, with a renewed application of the whip, bent with straining muscles and starting eyeballs to drag their burden up the steep incline. A white handkerchief waved for an instant behind the tree and fluttered to the ground. It was a signal to confederates who were waiting a hundred yards away.

And then, as coach and horses lumbered up the bank and were dashing away through the little hollow, a stern voice called out:

"Hold up!"

The brief command rose clear and sharp above the clatter of the swaying coach. Lampasas Jake threw down the reins with an oath. Five or six men emerged from the surrounding chaparral as quietly and mysteriously as shadows slip into being. With a quick spring, the short alert figure behind the tree sprang into the road.

"Now, then, Jake, throw down them mailbags—lively!"

Jake fumbled among the bundles at his feet a second, and then the heavy leathern and copper-riveted cases came tumbling down, raising a cloud of dust that quite enveloped the road-agent.

At the instant, the surrounding thicket lit up with a circle of red light, and sharp streaks of fire flashed with accompanying thunders across the moonlit way. A keen ear might have heard, amid it all, the clipping of the bullets as they struck the surrounding shrubbery and hurtled through the twigs. And then confusion: the shouts and shrieks of the frightened passengers in the coach, the mad stampede of the frantic

horses, and a sight of writhing bodies in the white road.

The road-agent lost not an instant. With a low oath, he sprang backward and slipped around the tree with the stealth of a panther. A shrill whistle, and from the neighboring gloom some huge symmetrical body broke: and the robber's horse, his mahogany-bay coat sleek and quivering with excitement under the bright light, and his eyes like pits of liquid fire, stood panting close at hand. With a low word to the animal, the man was in the saddle, and like a thunderbolt the beautiful racer was away after the flying coach. Guiding him chiefly by the touch of his knees, the rider still grasped firmly a single six-shooter: he had thrown the other away. A single figure, muffled but erect, confronted him on the road, along which he could hear the mad progress of the flying coach far above the hoof-beats of his own horse. As he came close upon the motionless man, the robber raised his pistol. His finger was upon the trigger and his eye glancing along the sights when, with a sudden surprise in his face that almost unnerved his arm, he swerved his horse sideways into the brush. The confronting figure had not moved; but, as the robber strove thus cleverly to escape, the mysterious presence raised its hand with a sudden quick motion that, in the weird light, seemed the act of pointing a menacing and accusing finger. A line of fire streamed apparently from the index finger of this hand a second after, and, with an oath on his lips, the robber threw both hands above his head, and, falling headlong from the noble bay's back, lay prone and visible in the moonlight. As he fell, a false beard and wig slipped from his head, and his laced sombrero circled, as it rolled away, like a silver chariot-wheel.

And there, dead to sight or sound as the rocks above him, lay Ballinger Joe, but in this unshaven revelation were the calm and clerical features of Parson Binks! And Ridge Procter paused breathlessly above him on his narrow-chested gelding, with a smoking six-shooter in his hand.

FATE'S LAW.

NOT time, nor love, to even things can choose;
Not power but Destiny can mar or make,

And always one must win and one must lose,
And one must give the kiss—the other take.



THAT BOBOLINK.

BY NELLA H. CHAPMAN.

THROUGH the clover-blooms we wandered,
 Down the meadows waving green,
 Where the silken rushes shadowed
 In the brooklet's silv'ry sheen;
 Words I longed yet feared to utter
 Strove for speech. With airy flutter,
 Just above the grassy brink
 Of the stream, a bobolink
 Perched and sang so mockingly:
 "See, see, see, the stupid fellow,
 Fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow, fellow,
 Wears his heart upon his sleeve, I perceive;
 And he's thinking, thinking, thinking,
 Think, think, think," chirped that merry
 bobolink.

Silence reigned but for the ripple
 Of the waters and the breeze
 Whispering among the daisies,
 Sighing softly through the trees
 While I spoke, nor does it matter
 What I said, with noisy chatter
 On a reed above the brink

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Of the stream, the bobolink
 Swung and called derisively:
 "See, see, see, list to me, you've no
 Lands or coffers yellow, yellow, yellow;
 Though she's gracious too and fair, do beware,
 For she's thinking, thinking, thinking,
 Think, think, think," sang that saucy bobolink.

Through the fragrant fields we lingered,
 Softly twilight shadows fell;
 Far away the birds were calling
 Low good-nights from hill and dell.
 Down the meadow, warbling, trilling,
 My fond heart with rapture filling,
 In the willow o'er the brink
 Of the stream, the bobolink
 Swayed and caroled dreamily:
 "See, see, see, list to me, while I
 Sing a song so mellow, mellow, mellow;
 You will ever happy be, glad and free,
 I am thinking, thinking, thinking,
 Think, think, think," murmured that sweet
 bobolink.

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HISTORY OF A HORNBOOK.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.



WONDER if any of the young folk who may read this history have ever seen a hornbook? Indeed, I wonder if many of them even know what a hornbook is, or rather was? For, granting that some hornbooks are still to be found in curiosity-shops and the like places, they yet belong too much to the past to be lightly written of in the present tense. But, however out of use now, we may be sure that our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, or at least all of them who knew how to read, were no strangers to the hornbook.

A hornbook was, as its name implies, a book of one page and one leaf, a sheet of light-colored horn, with or without a wooden frame, with the letters of the alphabet, big and little—from A to Izzard, as the old people say—engraved upon it: very substantial, and alas! uninviting to the infant mind set to learn from its dingy surface. But, in the day of hornbooks, children's taste for pretty pictures, bright colors, and general variety was not much consulted; and the hornbook, compared with our own primers and spelling-books, was perhaps as dreary as "The Elements of Morality" or "Improving Selections for Youthful Minds" in contrast to "Little Women" or "Alice in Wonderland."

The particular hornbook of which I am thinking was a very old one; for, as hornbooks could not be broken or easily worn out, they often came down in families for generations: and this one, according to tradition, had been in the Colbrook family for two hundred years at least. The thick horn of which it was made was a dark grayish-yellow from age, and much polished with long use; but the letters, cut into its surface and filled in with some hard black cement, were as distinct as ever. There was a narrow frame all around it, like that of a

common slate, of hard black wood—worn away at the corners, but still firmly jointed; and on this frame were scratched and cut many initial letters, marks, and quaint devices, done by succeeding generations of little Colbrooks, now long dead and gone. That these marks might someday be found of importance never occurred to little Peggy Colbrook and her brothers, the young people of my history, who early in this nineteenth century learned their letters from the hornbook, nor did the fact that it was an heirloom in the ancient Colbrook family impress them with any respect or liking. They hated the hornbook heartily, did these degenerate young Americans from old English stock; and indeed Peggy, the oldest child and only girl, took such a "mislike" to the sight of it that she bade fair to turn out a very dunce, and, though quick enough in other things, all her elders prophesied she would never learn to read.

The Colbrook house was quaint and old-fashioned, with many steps up and down, with corner cupboards and chimney-closets and odd hiding-places here and there; and, in one or another of these places, Peggy often found it quite convenient to lose the hornbook. She never told any fibs about it, for that was not Peggy's way; but then, she was not very eager in searching for her enemy: nor was mamma, her teacher, much more zealous, I am afraid, since the book sometimes remained unfound and the lessons unsaid for several days together. But there was great order at Colbrook—much regular sweeping and dusting, as was usual in those days: and somehow the hornbook was always turning up again soon.

"Miss Peggy, I done foun' somefin' o' yo's, missy," said Chloe, the black housemaid, to Peggy, on one of these occasions. "Hit's somefin' you done los', an' 'll be mighty glad to see, I reck'n."

And Chloe, with one hand behind her, smiled all over her fat face, as if—said Peggy afterward—it were "something, sure enough."

What could it be? thought Peggy, never guessing what it really was, and on tiptoes of expectancy. Was it her little silver thimble, that had so mysteriously rolled out of sight one day? Was it the pretty peach-stone ring that old Uncle Sambo had made for her? or her shoe-buckle? or the English crown-piece with King George's head upon it, given her by Grandma Griffin? Which one of these lost things could it be? she wondered. And then, lo and behold! what should that provoking Chloe bring to view but the hateful hornbook! It was too bad, and Peggy straightway burst into tears.

"Indeed, I do not think our Peggy will ever learn her letters from the hornbook," said Mrs. Colbrook to her husband, that same day. "There are these pretty new-fashioned primers with colored prints, such as children like; we must get her one of them, my dear."

So a primer was bought, upon Mr. Colbrook's next visit to Annapolis: a somewhat crude and gaudy affair, with letters and pictures daubed with red, yellow, green, and blue; but to Peg it was a charming work of art, and, as her mother had wisely forethought, she learned to read from it fast enough. Indeed, her progress was quite wonderful from that time, so that she soon got beyond the primer into the many odd, old-fashioned, leather-bound books in the library, and read them to improper neglect of lessons, sampler, and knitting-work. The two little brothers, Harry and Ned, also soon left the hornbook far behind; and so that faithful and long-suffering family retainer lay for a while unused and almost forgotten in one of the corner cupboards or some such hiding-place.

Colbrook Manor, as it was called, being one of Maryland's early manorial tracts of land, was a most pleasant home, out-of-doors as well as in. The old red brick house stood on a gently swelling hill, with garden, lawn, and orchards at its feet, and further off, all around, broad acres of tobacco-ground and pasture, corn-field and woodland. There was a creek which Harry and Ned believed ran through the place for their especial delight, with all sorts of happy hunting-grounds by stream and in woods, opening new joys to them with every year they lived and grew. A dear and pleasant home, and all the dearer because it might not always be

theirs; for a mortgage had, during many years, eaten like a canker into the very heart of the old estate, and Peggy learned before she was ten years old why there was so often a shadow on her father's brow, a sadness in her mother's eyes. It was the shadow and the sadness of probably coming loss, parting, poverty, and trouble. This it was that helped to make Peggy grave and thoughtful beyond her years, and sometimes subdued even the noisy careless boys. Leaving Colbrook, dear happy Colbrook, where papa had been a boy, and grandpapa before him—which was as good as any little kingdom, with one's own royal family on the throne—why, leaving Colbrook would be like going into an unknown wilderness. Was it not the very middle of the world? as Ned stoutly asserted, scouting the idea of the earth's rotundity; for couldn't they all see plainly enough, he used to say, that the ground didn't go down, but up, all around, like a big plate? And wasn't the house in the very middle? In the middle of our young people's world it certainly was, and going away would seem like being pushed off the edge into space.

The boys, however, were as merry, careless, and fun-loving as healthy boys usually are, spite of this shadowy trouble; but Peggy pondered it in her tender loving little heart, perhaps as much and with as keen a sorrow as her father and mother themselves. She was a staid quiet little maiden, whom the quaint child's dress of those days suited very well. Imagine a long-skirted, short-waisted stuff frock, with a kerchief or plaited tucker primly fastened inside the low neck; long gloves or mitts on the sleeveless arms; a little black silk apron, with big pockets; nut-brown hair smoothly curled, every hair in its place, over a curling-stick. Add to this a big Leghorn hat, when she walked abroad; sometimes a reticule decorously carried; and last, but not least, a pair of shy sweet eyes: and there is a picture of Peggy.

One April day, when Peggy was about twelve years old, something happened at Colbrook: somebody came whom the children had never seen before, awakening a new and startling interest.

It was a bright lovely day, sweet with the smell of cherry-blossoms, of budding leaves, and brown, warm, steaming earth; one of

those days when one feels hopeful and pleasantly expectant, even without any particular reason. Peggy and the boys were fishing in the creek which ran not far in front of Colbrook House, or rather the boys were fishing and Peg sitting demurely on the bank hard by—Leghorn hat, silk apron, curls, and all—sniffing the wild-mint odors and watching the lazy brown water. And there they were, and Ned was just pulling in his third splendid "tobacco-box," when the stranger came riding across the ford.

He was an odd-looking little man, with gray hair and gray clothes, on a little gray horse that showed a funny likeness to his master; and both horse and rider stopped with one accord, by the bank just off the road, to look at the children. The little man's eyes were black and bright with a queer, near-sighted, peering kind of brightness, as if used to searching into dark holes and corners and all sorts of mysterious places. He bent forward now and looked hard at Peggy, who stood up gravely—head up, shoulders down—and made her best courtesy.

"My little lady," said the stranger, "can you tell me if Mr. Colbrook is at home?"

Peggy answered readily "Yes," for she had seen her father, busy over his plantation account-books, just before she left the house.

"I want very much to see him," said the little man, "and I think he will like to see me; so I will go right on to the house."

"I am going too, sir. I will go with you," said Peggy, with sudden resolve, despite Ned's and Harry's disgusted looks and energetic signals of remonstrance. So she started, walking staidly along, whereat the stranger dismounted and walked with her—an honor much to Miss Peggy's shy embarrassment.

The stranger looked around him and up toward the house as they went, muttering to himself: "Just the same, just the same—hardly a change anywhere." Then presently again: "Forty years ago, it has been—ay, forty years ago. My dear," suddenly to Peggy, "you are a Colbrook, I am sure. Did you ever hear of a certain old crazy Cousin Edward?"

Peg opened her eyes wide and said in startled tones: "Yes, sir; I have heard of Cousin Edward, but never that he was crazy."

The little gentleman laughed and softly patted his horse's neck.

"Not crazy?" said he. "Well, well—maybe not, maybe not. But cracked heads sometimes let in more light than whole ones—on some subjects. We'll see! we'll see!"

So this was Cousin Edward, of whom papa so often spoke, thought Peggy. And was he really crazy, after all? she wondered, feeling the novelty and possible danger of her own situation with delightfully increased importance. When they reached the house, her companion paused and looked curiously up over the great front door—looked long and earnestly, as if seeking something he did not find. Built into the brick wall with greenish-white stone was the name "Colbrook" and the date "1682."

Cousin Edward gazed awhile and shook his head. "It ought to be there," muttered he; "it certainly ought to be there. Dear me, what fools! what fools!"

Peggy felt rather indignant at this; but, before she had time to ask what fools he meant, there was an exclamation—her father had seen them, had rushed out, had seized Cousin Edward by both hands, and, amid joyful words of welcome, had almost lifted him into the house.

The little girl, thus left unnoticed, sat on the door-step for a while, pondering on the new arrival. Cousin Edward was, she thought, an interesting person—doubly so because of his possible insanity—with delightful hints of mystery about his behavior and intentions, fascinating to Peggy's romance-reading and loving soul. What queer bright eyes he had! And what was it that ought to have been, and was not, over the front doorway? Perhaps it was some strange inscription—perhaps a hatchment; though Peggy did not in the least know what a hatchment was.

At last, she was so overcome with curiosity that she went to the door of the parlor, where her father and cousin were talking, and peeped in.

Mr. Colbrook was pacing the floor quickly, as if excited, with two red spots on his thin cheeks; Cousin Edward was sitting with his head on one side and a forefinger lifted, as if explaining something.

"It seems too good to be true," said Mr. Colbrook, shaking his head; "at least, too

good to come true for an unlucky fellow like me."

"My dear boy," spoke up Cousin Edward, "there's nothing too good to be true, even if it never comes to us; and I am convinced that what I have told you is so. It only wants proving, as concerns us particularly. The estate—the fortune—is there in England, beyond a doubt: waiting, in default of English heirs, for due reversion to the Crown, in case no next of kin come forward in time to prove their lawful claim. Now, I have no doubt that we Maryland Colbrooks are these missing next of kin—a younger branch of one and the same family tree. We have the same family Christian names—though, to be sure, Henry and Edward are too common to prove much—and our traditions lead us back to the same part of England. I am morally certain; but there is that one link missing from my chain of proofs, and I want to look for it here."

Peggy opened her eyes and pricked up her ears; here was romance, sure enough. Her father, passing near her in his walk, paused and patted her curls in an odd excited way.

"Here is a little body—an old head on young shoulders—that can help you better than I," said he to Cousin Edward. "Our archives and antiquities, such as they are, will be at your disposal; but it's little I know about them. I am a plain farmer and planter, and know more of tobacco-crops than pedigrees, more of horses than family history. Even a few thousand dollars would be a God-send to me now, and heaven knows I'd be glad of my share. I've never wanted to be rich," added Mr. Colbrook, with a sigh; "but to be once more freed from debt, and this old home saved for my children—that would be new life to me, I think. As to this coat-of-arms which you describe as being so important, the device seems familiar to me. I must have seen it sometime, or heard of it at least; but when or where, I can't tell. You know how, just after the Revolution, when I was a child and you away in France, our grandfather had all his silver plate, even to the last teaspoon, melted down and remade, to get rid of this very offense to his new republican zeal. So a coat-of-arms there was; but, even in that connection, I could not swear to any exact description of it."

"Yes, yes," said Cousin Edward, half

angrily, "I know: a pack of hot-headed rebels! Traitors to the mother country and to ancestral honor, they kept the pride of blood, yet made away with all proof of their right to it."

Peggy's father drew himself up proudly and said: "I don't agree with you. I would not give my share of American glory and independence for the whole of this grand English fortune; though I shall be none the less glad if even a small part come to me, as it is. And I hope we can find something here to strengthen the claim."

Before that day was out, everybody at Colbrook had heard Cousin Edward's story and the chief object of his coming: had heard of the great Colbrook-Westyn fortune in England, which, the direct heirs and owners there being extinct, was open to the claims of the next of kin wherever residing, till, any such failing to appear, it would at last go to the Crown, as usual in such cases. Cousin Edward, who was somewhat of a wandering antiquary, fond of reading old books and peering into odd dusty corners, had chanced upon this information, and had spent months of research and inquiry, trying to make straight the line of his own family descent, which somehow, in crossing the Atlantic, seemed to have got into a sad tangle.

He showed them all the coat-of-arms which would, he said, if proved common to both English and American families, be a convincing proof of hereditary sameness. And even Harry and Ned, though much puzzled as to the difference between a coat-of-arms and a suit of armor, with which they firmly believed it must have close connection, even the boys were taken at once with this quaint old-time picture and the tradition of its origin, as told by Cousin Edward. The device was a hand grasping a sharp jagged stone, as if just ready for the act of throwing with full force, and underneath was the motto in old English letters: "I strike the king's foe."

"Not very agreeable to revolutionists who were themselves foes to the king," said Cousin Edward; "no wonder they wanted it out of sight."

And then he told the legend: how, long centuries ago, a certain Edward Colbrook, "a squire of low degree," lying wounded and disarmed on the battle-field of Agincourt,

had raised himself on one bleeding arm, and, flinging a stone with the other, had struck down a dangerous rear assailant of King Henry, thus saving the king's blood and ennobling his own forever.

"My! wasn't he a brave one? I wish I had the chance of doing just the same," was Ned's comment on the story; "I tell you what, Peg, I hope he was our great-grandfather anyway, fortune or no fortune."

But the fortune, or at least their father's share of it, meant, as he told them, staying at Colbrook and being happy—which was more to these young folk than all the possible splendors in this whole wide world; so it was not alone the romance and the novelty that made them so eager to help Cousin Edward in his search.

Peggy was certain that she had seen—somewhere, sometime, as if in a dream—the hand grasping a stone: had read that same motto, "I strike the king's foe." And so said both her father and mother. Yes, they had seen it; but where and when? was now the question. Where, in all that big rambling old house, was it now to be found?

Of the old letters and papers which Cousin Edward said certainly ought to be stored away by the chestful in a house like this, there were surprisingly few at Colbrook, much to that gentleman's disgust. Whether they had been swept away like cobwebs in a spirit of New World impatience, nobody now living could tell, as Mr. Colbrook knew nothing about it, nor Cousin Edward—who had spent very little of his life at Colbrook, or even in America. Mrs. Colbrook dimly remembered seeing just such dingy old papers as were now in demand used for fire-kindling, when she first came to live in the house; and, not knowing their possible importance, she had permitted it till the store was exhausted: on hearing of which vandalism, Cousin Edward groaned aloud, all the more dolefully because the most careful examination of such as were left about in odd nooks and corners failed to discover any family seal or crest whatever.

The books in the library were also inspected—those dusty, musty, leather-bound volumes, into which Peggy was so fond of peeping—yet no coat-of-arms did they disclose. Even here would revolutionary zeal seem to have been at work, for the fly-leaves of some were torn out, and there were marks

of erasure on others—perhaps to destroy the very thing they sought. Cousin Edward's groans became louder as he went on, his muttered "Fools! vandals! barbarians!" and such like ejaculations more and more frequent and less resented by his hearers.

Yet, though the fine fortune seemed fading daily more and more into dreamland, Cousin Edward had awakened a new interest none the less pleasant. For now, as never before in their lives, our young people saw their surroundings through the eyes of a born antiquary, with pretty much the same vivifying effect that a stereoscope gives to a common picture seen never so many times before without its magic aid. Everything about the old home took on a new charm to Peggy, making it dearer than ever before under this light reflected from the past. It shone on the mellow-tinted red brick walls, the great sloping hipped roof, the date over the doorway, while the books in the library, the dark curious engravings hanging in the hall, the very rubbish in the garrets—old clumsy guns, swords, leathern coats, hunting-horns, relics of Indian life and warfare a hundred years before—seemed as never clearly seen before, when Cousin Edward explained their connection with by-gone use and quaint old-time customs.

Cousin Edward seemed to know a little about everything, and so much about so many things, that it was really wonderful, as a certain poet has said, "how one small head could carry all he knew." One day, when he was holding forth on the use of a curious steel cap or helmet that the very first Colbrook in America might have worn, and on the subject of helmets in general, Peggy's father laughingly made use of this quotation.

"Ah, well," said Cousin Edward, with his odd little chuckle, "it's time I had laid by my little store of knowledge; and I was born to this kind, you know. I took to it naturally before I was past my hornbook."

Nobody noticed the start that Peggy gave at that word "hornbook," or guessed the sudden quick thrill of recollection that ran through her all at once, as she flew straight out of the room. She had seen her own despised hornbook, *the* hornbook, not long before, face down and covered with dust, on a cupboard shelf; so she knew right where to go, and in two minutes was back again—

a wonderfully excited Peggy, her silk apron awry, her hands dusty, her curls tempestuously flying behind her—crying aloud: "Here it is, cousin—papa! Now I know where we all saw the coat-of-arms! Here it is, on the hornbook! Look—look—please to look, both of you!"

And there it was, sure enough, cut into the black wooden frame, perhaps by some ambitious boy carver long years since: rudely done, but still perfectly plain. There was the hand—with only three fingers, to be sure, but what difference did that make?—there the stone within its grasp; and underneath, in cramped crooked letters: "I strike the king's foe." Rather queer evidence it would be to bring forward in a Chancery Court for proving such an important claim, but nevertheless it was what Cousin Edward and all of them had for days past been looking for.

The hornbook did furnish a very important link in Cousin Edward's chain of hereditary proofs. Indeed, it was doubtful if without it the Colbrook money in England would ever have come to the Maryland

branch of that family: as it did, in due course of time, much reduced by lawyers' fees and bringing no very great wealth to any one of the many heirs, but still quite enough to give help and comfort to more than one home and one life where it was needed.

As for the hornbook itself, that time-worn, thumb-worn relic was advanced to great historic honor and dignity after its return across the ocean from the grand English court of law, where its claim to genuineness and antiquity was anxiously discussed and wrangled over as surely never was one of its kind before.

Brought safely back to Colbrook when all was said and done, the hornbook was hung up in the parlor by Mistress Peggy Colbrook's own fair hands: not without a sense, on that maiden's part, of having had coals of fire heaped on her head. There she tenderly hung it over the mantel-shelf, tied with her best blue hair-ribbon, for the admiring reverence of all coming generations; and there the writer of this same history saw it, not long ago.

CHECKMATE.

BY GEORGE HOUGHTON.

"ÉCHEC LE ROI!" Too tardy! 'Twere well done
If Jerichos by trumpets still were won;
But now two youthful heads against you play,
And one a woman's. Plant that pawn astray,
And, all unhorsed, my friend—done is your day!

"Check king!"—I hear you, Colonel, and ask
grace
For a heart's beat—for hearts still hold a place
While women game, who e'er must court disguise,
And make their simplest methods mysteries;
But think you to storm my king-row in surprise?

Nay, no! The throne is bulwarked; and, not less,
The maid-queen you would corner in distress.
They tell me you are famous in the field,—
Tiger to pounce, a bulldog when you yield;
But Hymen is not quartered on your shield:

Else why make Mercury of your handsome aide?
'Twas folly, that! And, finding all betrayed,
To banish Gustave was to feed the flame,
Till fancy, longing, patience—love became;
Well, you are well bereft: your bride is fame!

And now, though knights be thrown, twain
prelates fast
In coignes, both towers besieged, mute pawns
aghost,

Still, Colonel, is your pride's ambition vain;
And this same morning, ere the mid-sun wane,
The past you'll smile upon, nor once complain.

Where's Time, the laggard? Ah, that bell booms
ten;
Already at the lodge methinks my men
Alight and listen; and I can feel the eyes
Of Gustave twinkle as he first espies
Where the foe camps, and how the outlook lies.

At last you smell the war-smoke, with knit brow,
Mustache ferocious! 'Tis the skirmish now
Before the on-rush!—Coaches, do you say?
Ah, yes; no doubt some bridegroom's cortège
gay
Bound for the Sainte-Chapelle across the way.

And music? Half I think I know the maid
Who'll wear the orange-wreath in that parade.
It's yours to play.—Or have you lost your zest?
Of course you wonder how the bride is drest!
What say you that we stroll in with the rest?

Us they seek out?—Why, merry mates, good-day!
Gustave, your colonel, who gives me away.
Your arm, please, Colonel. We must go in state.
The game's done.—Like a soldier face your fate!
I play the bishop's crosier—and checkmate!

A THOROUGH MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.



GERTRUDE ALLINGHAM threw open her window and leaned out to inhale the fresh morning air.

"What a lovely day for a ride, if it were not for that tiresome Fred Orchison—he would want to go with me, of course! How uninteresting men are—except—Mr. Burke, and he makes up by being tyrannical and domineering until I almost hate him. Really, I begin to think I must be getting old, I am so misanthropical and bored," and the twentytwo-year-old beauty gazed critically at her image in the glass, to see whether she could discover any wrinkles.

Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and she slowly descended the stairs, inwardly strengthening her determination not to ride with Fred Orchison.

Mr. Burke, her guardian, and his widowed sister Mrs. Armour, with whom she had made her home since the death of her parents when she was sixteen, were in the room when Gertrude entered, but Mr. Orchison had not yet put in an appearance. That young gentleman was a relative of Mrs. Armour's late husband, and of recent years had presumed on this connection to spend a good deal of time at her brother's house. The object of his visits was plain enough, but Gertrude never chose to see it.

After the morning greetings had been exchanged by the occupants of the breakfast-room, there was some desultory conversation, and then the missing member of the household came in.

"Good-morning, everybody," cried Fred.
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"What a beautiful morning for a ride!"

Gertrude frowned into her coffee-cup as she answered the first part of the speech, but her guardian responded cordially:

"Yes indeed, it is delightful; I suppose you and Miss Gertrude will take advantage of it."

"I would like to know what right you have to suppose anything of the sort!" Gertrude inwardly raged.

Mr. Orchison glanced in her direction; but, as she did not speak, he said:

"I hope so. I am obliged to ride over to Clarkville on business, and I thought possibly Miss Gertrude might go with me; it is a pleasant road."

"I am very sorry, but I have torn the skirt of my riding-habit, and it will take half the morning to mend it."

"Oh, you will have time to mend your habit and take the ride too, before luncheon," remarked Mrs. Armour; "or rather, Louise can mend it for you." Louise was Mrs. Armour's maid: a luxury which Gertrude did not possess, for she had been left but very moderately off.

"Why, yes; luncheon isn't till half-past one, and it won't take more than an hour and a half to ride to Clarkville and back: if you start at eleven, you can get home in time."

All this from Mr. Burke.

"Thanks," responded Gertrude; "but I

have a foreign letter to write, and it must be mailed to-day, else it will not reach New York in time for to-morrow's steamer. I have too long neglected writing it."

By this time, Gertrude was as nearly sulky as it is possible for a grown-up being decently to be, while Fred Orchison, who was not restrained by any prejudices as to the infantile nature of that indulgence, did actually sulk; which proceeding on the part of the young people naturally disposed their

which, I regret to say, did not take very long; then she began her letter, but she did not get further than the first few lines. The sunlight got into her eyes, and the breeze blew her writing-materials about until she could stand it no longer, but closed her desk and went to the window.

"It is intolerable that I am obliged to stay indoors this perfect morning, simply because I don't choose to be bored by people," was her indignant reflection as she gazed out on



elders to look upon this behavior as the result of a lover's quarrel. The young lady was shrewd enough to suspect this, and it made her inwardly more furious. The rest of the meal would have passed in silence, had it not been for Mr. Burke's perfunctory efforts to make himself agreeable: in which, for once, so his ward decided, he completely failed.

After breakfast, Gertrude went straight to her room and repaired her riding-habit—

tree and grass and sky, robed in all the beauty of a summer morning. This reflection was succeeded by a very distinct resolve, in pursuance of which she watched from the window until she saw both Mr. Burke and Fred Orchison ride away; then she donned her riding-habit and descended to the stables.

Patrick, the head groom, looked somewhat astonished to see her.

"Shure, miss," he exclaimed, "Mr. Orchi-

son said ye wasn't goin' to ride this morning, so he took yer mare by priference to hez own, which is slightly lame."

"Well, I didn't expect to go," admitted Gertrude; "but why didn't he take Prince?"

"Och! Prince's kind o' restive, miss, an' wull be tell the master's broke 'im in; thin he'll be gentle as a lamb, an' ye kin ride him aisy enough."

"I think I'll try him this morning, since I can't have Bluebells."

"Och! indade, Mr. Burke's taken 'im, miss. He rides 'im now whinever he kin, so's to break 'im fer ye."

There was a portentous frown on Gertrude's brow. Contempt for Mr. Orchison mingled with anger at her guardian's unwillingness to trust her on the new horse he had bought her. She was too self-willed to give up her ride easily; but, besides the lame animal, there was only one riding-horse in the stables—Mr. Burke's own horse, Wildfire, whom he would not allow anyone else to mount, he was such a high-spirited creature. In the meantime, however, a mad resolve had entered Gertrude's brain, and with her to resolve was generally to execute. Her brow cleared and she replied affably to Patrick's regrets and apologies, then she turned slowly away. She had not gone very far, however, before Patrick started in the direction of the kitchen, whereupon she returned to the stables. None of the other grooms happened to be there, and Patrick had entered the kitchen; so she went up to Wildfire, led him out, and saddled and bridled him in a twinkling, for long experience with horses had taught Gertrude almost as much about them as the grooms knew. It was the work of but an instant more to mount, for surprise perhaps at this unexpected proceeding kept Wildfire submissive, and with all the confidence in the world she rode down the avenue and out into the road. As she galloped through the gates, she looked back and saw poor Patrick standing by the stable door, his hands held up in horror. With a triumphant wave of the hand, Gertrude dashed along the road, secure and confident that the horse was perfectly under her command.

All went well for some time, until they came to a gate opening into a wood, which Wildfire refused at first to jump. Gertrude urged him to the leap, and finally he took it;

but, instead of coming quietly down on the other side, he rushed madly forward. For a single instant, Gertrude lost control of him; the next, he had bounded several rods ahead and had thrown her on the ground. The shock made her lose consciousness; and, when she came to, she found herself lying under a tree, with the horse nowhere in sight. Her first thought, after the momentary sense of bewilderment, was of Wildfire. What would become of her, if anything happened to him? Raising herself up to look into the distance, a twinge of excruciating pain in the ankle told her that she had hurt it. She leaned quietly back against the tree for a few moments, and then made another effort to move; but the agony caused by the exertion gave her such a feeling of deathly faintness, that she was glad to sink once more into her former position and remain perfectly still.

It was not very long, though it seemed an infinity to Gertrude, before she heard the sounds of horses' hoofs approaching; and, opening her eyes, she saw a man on horseback appear, leading another horse by the bridle. She raised herself eagerly on her elbow. Oh, surely she could not be mistaken: the horse was Wildfire! But who was the man? She sank back with a low groan. Her Nemesis had quickly overtaken her: it was Mr. Burke! She closed her eyes and indulged in a wild hope that she might never open them again. By the time, however, that her guardian had dismounted and come close, she concluded that she might as well open them, which she did very slowly—perhaps it would work on his feelings to think she was just recovering consciousness.

"Ah! I was afraid you had fainted!"

There was no reproach, only sympathy, in his tone.

"I did," responded Gertrude, ungrammatically. "Is Wildfire hurt?"

"Not in the least. I met him a little way beyond here, dashing along at headlong speed; but he stopped meekly enough at sight of me. Are you hurt, however? That is more important."

"A little," she answered, more cheerfully than she had yet spoken: "my ankle."

Without a word, he lifted her up gently, straightened out her feet, and, taking from his pocket a penknife, ripped off both shoe and stocking, gently but rapidly. Then he

bound the swollen ankle with two of his own handkerchiefs. Gertrude drew a long breath of relief when the operation was over, while Mr. Burke held a bottle of smelling-salts to her nose.

"You will feel more comfortable now. I will hurry back to the house and bring the carriage for you. Do you mind being alone a few minutes?"

She did mind it, for her nerves were terribly shaken; but of course she answered as bravely as she could:

"No, not at all."

Mr. Burke rode off, leading Wildfire. He was back in an incredibly short space of time, bringing a flask of brandy and the largest and most comfortable carriage, filled with cushions and rugs.

"Rose was not home," he explained, "but she will probably be there when we arrive."

Gertrude longed to burst into apologies for her conduct and call herself a score of bad names, but she knew if she spoke she should burst into tears, and that would have been too much for her yet unsubdued pride; so she allowed her guardian to lift her into the landau in silence, inwardly anathematizing herself as a brute. He did not seem to expect her to speak, however, evidently attributing her silence to weakness and faintness.

When they reached the house, it was Mr. Burke who carried her upstairs and deposited her on the bed in her own room, after which she fainted dead away.

When she recovered consciousness, Mrs. Armour was bending over her with a face full of concern, and the doctor was standing at the foot of the bed.

For several weeks, Gertrude's sprain kept her a prisoner to her room, during which time everybody was kindness itself. She had sobbed out the whole miserable story to Mrs. Armour, with some feminine reservations—wholly unconscious ones—as to feelings, not to facts; but she could not find courage to open the subject with Mr. Burke, and he never touched upon the circumstances which had led to the accident. She wished sometimes he would. When Mr. Orchison first saw her, he ventured to speak of the matter; but she had silenced him very peremptorily.

"As if it were any of his business!" was her indignant thought; and she decided that

he was more unendurable than ever, especially when he undertook to be sympathetic. "Then he is simply an idiot," was her verdict; but she said nothing of this aloud. How could she, when both her guardian and his sister seemed to think everything she said uncomplimentary to Mr. Orchison as an indication of mere caprice? "I can't gratuitously abuse their connection more than I do; they must want to think that I like him!" And this thought always put Gertrude into the very worst of tempers toward the whole household.

By this time, you are ready to pronounce Miss Allingham an undisciplined, self-willed young woman, which is just what she was; only, she had her good points, though they have not appeared so conspicuously as her faults.

One evening, just before Gertrude was well enough to go downstairs, Mrs. Armour was invited out to dinner. The gentlemen had signified their eagerness to spend the evening with the invalid, if she desired it, as soon as they finished their after-dinner smoke. It took them an unusually long time, however, and Gertrude became impatient; though, if she had known that they were talking about her, she might have been somewhat mollified. Suddenly, there entered into her head the idea of trying her strength: perhaps she might get over to the library and surprise them! Inspired with this hope, she rose from her couch and stood on both feet. As she had already walked across the floor, this was not difficult. She limped slowly to the door, taking the mirror on her way and peeping into it to see whether she looked all right. She passed out into the hall and made her way along toward the library, which was at the other end of it. Her progress was anything but rapid, but it was with comparatively little inconvenience; so that, by the time she stood just outside the library, her feelings had reached a high pitch of elation. She was about to call out to the two occupants of the room, when she was arrested by hearing her name spoken. Through the portières which flapped and swung back in the breeze, she could see Mr. Burke and Fred Orchison seated at the farther end of the room. The light from the lamp that stood on the table by them revealed the two distinctly, though they could not see her. The elder man was

shaking the ashes from his cigar, and the younger, who affected a pipe because he thought it more manly, was filling his meerschäum. Gertrude noted all this while her guardian was speaking.

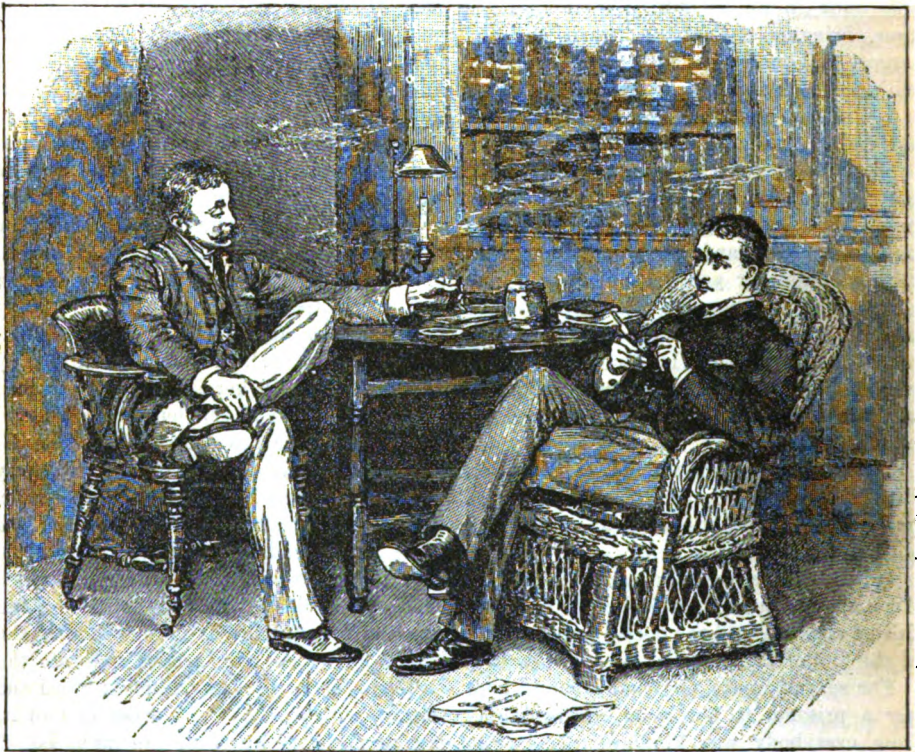
"My dear boy," he was saying, "I know of nothing against you, and you are young," here he sighed a little, but this failed to reach the listener's ear, "so I have great hopes of you; and, if Gertrude loves you—"

"If Gertrude loves you!"

The words, so calmly spoken, threw Gertrude into such a fury of indignation that

minutes later, the servant knocked to inquire whether the gentlemen might come over, she sent word that she had a headache and would go to bed early.

For two or three days, her ankle was worse—unaccountably so, Mrs. Armour thought—and delayed her going downstairs; but finally she was able to attempt it, and before long she could get about the same as ever. One of the first things she did, when she was strong enough to walk any distance, was to visit the stables to see how her beloved animals were getting on. Patrick



she forgot she was listening to something not intended for her to hear; she even forgot the exquisite pain that had begun to make itself felt in her ankle from her overexertion, and Fred Orchison's reply fell unheeded on her ears. If she could but have turned and flown to her own room! But that was impossible, even in her anger. All that she was able to do was to half crawl, half drag herself back and curl herself up into a miserable little heap on the couch, wretched both mentally and physically. When, a few

was rejoiced to see her, though he carefully abstained from any allusion to the last time she had been there. Gertrude was alone, for Mr. Orchison had been called away on business, and there was no one else "to dog her footsteps," as she ungratefully thought.

She felt a little nervous when she saw Wildfire, but she conquered the feeling and patted him the same as she had the others. Then Patrick spoke.

"Shure, miss," he said, "I'm a-thinkin' it's the last time ye'll see Wildfire here."

"What do you mean, Patrick?"

"Why, didn't ye know he wuz sold, miss?"

"Sold?" echoed Gertrude, in amazement.

"When?"

"The bargain was clenched this mornin', I belave."

"Patrick! You don't mean it—you don't mean that Mr. Burke has sold Wildfire? Why, he loved him devotedly!"

"Yis, miss; but there's others thet he thinks more on then he does uv the baste, if I may make so bold as to say so."

ried, an' the young gentleman not hevin' much control over yez; so he wanted to git Wildfire out uv the way."

Gertrude almost groaned aloud.

"They are determined to have me married to someone I don't want. I must make Fred Orchison ask me, and end all this; it's the only way, but he doesn't dare." These were her mental cogitations. Aloud, she said: "I am not going to be married, Patrick; but, if I were, I should not expect to remain here."

"Och! beggin' yer pardon, miss, Mr.



A little color crept into the girl's cheeks. If she could believe that!

"Why is he selling him, Patrick?" she asked, speaking very quietly.

"Shure, miss, he doesn't want to run the risk uv his breakin' yer neck again, if ye plaze. He hinted somethin', if ye'll excuse me—"

"Certainly, Patrick, go on," said Gertrude, impatiently, seeing that the old man hesitated.

"Somethin' about your goin' to be mar-

Burke couldn't live widout ye, though it 'ud be hard fur him to see you here in thet position."

At this moment, it occurred to Gertrude that Patrick was taking liberties which even his long years of service scarcely warranted, and she remembered her dignity.

"We must try to persuade Mr. Burke to keep Wildfire, Patrick," she said, taking no notice of the old man's last remark, though there was more color in her cheeks than had been there for weeks. And, one of the other

grooms just then entering, she nodded to Patrick and hurried away as rapidly as her ankle permitted. Her mind was in such a tumult of emotions, that she wanted to be alone and think; but one thing was clear: she must prevent Mr. Burke from selling Wildfire, at any price.

Busy with her thoughts, Gertrude walked away from the house toward a lonely little wood where she often went when she wished for solitude, forgetting in her preoccupation how far it was—too far for her still weak ankle. What was her disappointment, when she reached the spot, to see someone else there—one of the villagers, gathering flowers. So seldom visited was the place that Gertrude had begun to regard it as her special refuge, and she turned back in disgust, suddenly conscious that she was getting tired. The picture of the scene in all its peacefulness and silence, with the one solitary figure standing under the trees; quite unconscious of being observed, engraved itself with such distinctness on Gertrude's memory that it was bound up with other recollections of the day which remained with her ever afterward.

Gertrude walked on toward home until she grew so tired that she was glad to sit down on a stone and rest. Glancing idly about, she was astonished to see her guardian approaching. Ever since she had been able to come downstairs, there had been an undefinable change in his manner toward her.

"He expects me to apologize," had been her immediate conclusion, "and I wouldn't now for worlds!" This was after the unfortunate evening when she had inadvertently played eavesdropper; and from that time on, until her conversation with Patrick, Gertrude's heart had been like stone toward her guardian.

He came toward her now with the rare smile that, in spite of her waywardness, had meant more to Gertrude, since her father's death, than anybody's praise.

"I was afraid you had gone too far, so I thought perhaps you would be glad of my

assistance home, since Mr. Orchison is not here."

Mr. Burke could not resist adding this, but it was more than Gertrude could bear.

"Thanks," she burst out; "but I would rather have your assistance than Fred Orchison's, any time!"

"Do you really mean it, Gertrude?" cried her guardian, in an altered voice.

"Certainly I do," Gertrude answered, bravely, though she kept her eyes down. This little explanation facilitated matters very much, albeit Mr. Burke seemed to find it difficult to realize it. Before he could speak, however, she hurried on: "Oh, Mr. Burke," she said, "they tell me you are going to sell Wildfire. Please don't do it; I shall never forgive myself, if you do!"

"My dear child, I could not afford to risk your life again," he made answer; but his ward astonished him by bursting into a passion of tears, sobbing out:

"Oh, I have been so foolish, so headstrong, and I was too proud to beg your pardon. Please forgive me, and don't sell Wildfire—you love him so!"

"I love you better, my darling; but, if you will promise me never to ride him without my permission, I will keep him. And as to forgiving you, you were much more severely punished for your folly than I."

"I will promise you anything, if you will only forgive me and keep Wildfire," sobbed Gertrude, hardly conscious of what she was committing herself to; but Mr. Burke took courage from the admission, and asked for another promise which she gave readily enough.

So Miss Allingham is to be married after all, but not to Fred Orchison, who was much astonished at the news; and old Patrick privately holds to the opinion that he brought about the match. Mrs. Armour, who had long wanted to marry again, but had refrained on her brother's account, was as much delighted as anyone; so Gertrude may not get all the discipline she needs, after all. Perhaps love will be her teacher.

TEARS.

BY CHARLES BABSON SOULE.

TEARS are the sympathetic rills
Of Life's concealed emotion;

They cleanse the heart of countless ills,
And bear them to the ocean.

THE HERMIT OF THE HACIENDA.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

SEVERAL years ago, while in company with a party of surveyors employed by the Mexican Government to make a geological survey through certain parts of the country that lie in the vicinity of the city of Mexico, I stumbled upon an old ruin of what appeared to have once been a building of great magnificence.

In a wing of the moldering pile, I found a solitary inhabitant—a man old and gray-haired, his general appearance in keeping with the desolate-looking place. Lines of great suffering were visible on his thin haggard face, and, from the first moment I set eyes on him, I wondered if he did not have a story connected with his strange isolated life. There was a look of refinement on his face that told more plainly than words that he had once been a different man.

I questioned him regarding his past, but for some time he would say nothing. I visited him several times during my stay in that vicinity, and at last, becoming better acquainted, he seemed to lose his reserve; and, one evening, he told me the following strange story of his life:

My name is Reginald Vardhurst. I was born in Calcutta, India, A.D. 1815. At the age of twenty-eight, having lost my parents by the plague that visited that city, and finding myself the sole possessor of a large fortune, with no living relative, I became a wanderer, and for two years I traveled aimlessly through Europe, and then to South America, and then by a mere chance I drifted around to Mexico. Here I first met and made the acquaintance of Don Miguel, a Spaniard by birth, and a gentleman of culture. He spoke English quite as fluently as he did his mother tongue.

Our acquaintance soon ripened into the warmest friendship, and I consulted frequently regarding investments I contem-

plated making. He was reputed to be a man of fabulous wealth, and was the owner of a splendid mansion ten miles from the city.

As time passed on, our friendship grew warmer, and finally resulted in his giving me a pressing invitation to make his hacienda my home during my stay in Mexico. I readily consented, and then for the first time I met his beautiful daughter Mercedes.

I shall never forget the time that my eyes first beheld her. I did not know that Don Miguel had a daughter until my arrival. He had never mentioned the fact to me.

I could not describe her if I tried. Of complexion, hair, or eyes, I knew nothing; for I was dazzled by the glow. I only knew that I was in the presence of one whose magnetism thrilled my very soul with a nameless delight that I had never before experienced. I tried to speak, but the best words I could utter seemed commonplace and out of keeping with my thoughts.

In every movement, she was as graceful as a leopard and as queenly as Cleopatra; yet there was a simplicity and tenderness about her nature that could not fail to win the most unsusceptible spirit and make it her willing slave.

"Don Miguel never told me he had a daughter," I said, trying to say something to break the spell.

I thought I could detect a pained look come over her face at the mention of her father's name. Then, with a faint smile that made her eyes look as darkly bright as a tropical twilight, she said:

"I'm afraid you will miss much of your Eastern chivalry here among the men of our country. They do not always think it of enough importance to mention the women. At best, we and our interests are but minor considerations."

"Minor considerations?" I uttered the words aloud, half unconscious of what I was saying; but, suddenly becoming aware that I had not replied intelligently, I hastily

added: "I can hardly realize how such a state of things can exist where"—"you are," I had a vague idea of saying, but, checking myself, I continued—"where there are so many beautiful women."

"Have you met many beautiful women in Mexico?" she asked, simply.

Again I became confused. I had intended the meaning for her, but she had adroitly shifted to a generality. Her soft questioning eyes were on me. I could not tell her I had meant it for her alone, yet I did not want her to think I had ever met a woman before whom I had thought beautiful. How absurdly sentimental I was becoming with this strange young girl!

I felt as if I must say something; so, trying to appear at ease, I replied:

"The beauty of the Southern women is proverbial in our Northern countries."

"Indeed!"

That was all the word she uttered, yet I felt that she had meant more than that word could ever imply.

Had she guessed my real meaning? and was she disappointed at my reply?

I was about to speak, when the Don, who had left us at our introduction, returned, and supper was announced.

We were ushered into a spacious dining-room, where a splendid repast was spread. The service was of the finest wrought silver and gold, and must have once been the property of some Spanish nobleman. Fruit-baskets of silver and richest design were piled with rarest tropical fruit, and from a chandelier overhead hundreds of waxen tapers shed a subdued radiance and transformed the place into a scene of fairy-like splendor.

My eyes fell upon a stranger as I entered.

"Don Mariano Garcia, Señor Vardhurst," said the Don.

We shook hands. The stranger was a man of about my own age—dark, handsome, and haughty. But was it imagination, or did I see traces of hardness and treachery written on his face?

Who was this Don Mariano? Was he anything to Mercedes? Could it be that he was her lover? A hot pang of jealousy shot through me, as these thoughts came into my mind.

In conversation, he was witty and pleasant; but somehow I felt ill at ease in his

presence. After supper was over, we had some music—Mercedes singing some quaint old Spanish ballads, with guitar accompaniment. What a splendid voice she had—so rich and strong, yet so full of tenderness and pathos! I had never heard such music before. Her voice would have made her fortune in Paris.

That night, it was many hours before I fell asleep; and, when I did, it was to dream of Mercedes and hear again the sweet tender notes of her voice in my dreams.

Don Mariano left for the city the next evening, and I did not see him again for several days. I felt greatly relieved when he was gone. I could now be with Mercedes without the presence of one who might be a rival.

Every hour I remained in her presence, I became more hopelessly in love. What would I not have given to know she was free from all other claims! Yet I dared not ask her.

I did not see much of Don Miguel during these days. I was left almost entirely alone with Mercedes. Yet, blind in my new-found happiness, I could see nothing strange in the actions of the Don. Mercedes sung to me, over and over again, those sweet old ballads I loved so well.

The days went by. Don Mariano had come to the hacienda; but, after holding a long conversation with Don Miguel, he returned to the city. He did not see Mercedes. What a sweet consolation that thought gave me!

"Did you know Don Mariano has been here to-day?" I asked of Mercedes, when he was gone.

"Yes," she answered, abstractedly.

"He did not come in to see you," I answered.

"Why should he?" she asked. "He had business with my father, I suppose."

"I don't know," I answered. "I should not have gone without seeing you."

"You remember what I told you about Southern chivalry," she answered.

"Yes," I replied, "I remember."

Did she care because he had not seen her? I wondered what she was thinking about as she sat there silently. Should I speak to her and tell her of my love? I felt that the impulse was more than I could bear.

"Mercedes," I said, taking her hand, "there is something I have been waiting to tell you—something I must tell you: I love you with my whole soul and life—I have loved you from the very first moment I saw you; you could not have helped seeing it. Tell me that I may hope—tell me that you will be my wife!"

I looked into her eyes. She was as pale as death. She held up her hands appealingly, as if trying to stop me.

"Don't! don't!" she said. "You must not say that now."

"Why must I not?" I asked, my voice husky with emotion.

"I must not—I dare not tell you now," she replied, her voice sinking to a whisper.

"Tell me that I may hope—tell me that you are not already promised to another," I pleaded, "and I can wait—wait and feel happy, till the time when you can give me my answer."

"Not now," she answered. "Wait—you must wait, and never mention this subject again until—I give you leave."

"When will that be?" I asked.

She was silent for a moment, and then said:

"Come to me one week from to-night—in the garden, at eight o'clock—and I will give you an answer." And, before I could reply, she hurried from the room.

A wild tumult of hopes and fears surged in my bosom. I was more mystified than ever. What answer would she give me? And why did she wish to wait a week before giving it? Vainly I asked myself these questions, but I would wait—wait and hope.

The next day, Don Miguel came to me and asked me to go with him to look at a very valuable silver mine—the San Marillo—a distance of some ten miles away. He was about to purchase an interest in it, he told me, and said it was considered one of the most valuable mines in Mexico.

We went down into the mine, and brought back some specimens of ore which the Don assured me were worth four thousand dollars per ton.

The days went by. One morning, Don Miguel came to me and said he was about to purchase a half-interest in the San Marillo mine, and, if I wished to make an investment that would pay me largely, I could go in as a partner with him, and we could purchase the half-interest.

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I readily consented to his proposition, and became one of the owners of the San Marillo mine. This took a large share of my fortune; but, as Don Miguel was to be a partner, I felt secure in the investment. And would not this afford me a better opportunity of being near Mercedes?

It was quite a disagreeable surprise to me, however, to learn, on completing the purchase of the mine, that it had belonged solely to Don Mariano Garcia.

The day preceding the one when Mercedes was to give me an answer arrived at last. I almost counted the minutes that separated me from the hour when I should know my fate.

When night came, it was many hours before I fell asleep. It must have been nearly midnight when suddenly I awoke. I could not at first tell what had awakened me. I listened. Presently I heard voices in the garden. The first I recognized as belonging to Mercedes! The other was that of a man.

The hot impetuous blood of anger and jealousy surged through my veins as I recognized the voice of Don Mariano Garcia!

What did it mean? Why did he visit the place by night? And what was his business with Mercedes? Had she been meeting him in this way all along, while I fancied him away in the city?

"Why will you insist on this?" I heard her say.

"It's a matter of business that need not concern you," answered the voice of Don Mariano.

"But it might," she persisted.

"What!" he said, fiercely, "what do you mean? By heaven! one would think that you were in love with—"

A breath of wind stirred the leaves on the branches near my window into a tremulous murmur, and the words were lost in the sound; then I heard her say:

"Have you not already harmed him enough? Will you not have some pity?"

"Why should I have?" he rejoined.

"But you will!" she said.

"But I will not!" And his voice grew louder.

"You forget yourself," she answered. "One word from me, and—"

A bitter oath from Don Mariano interrupted her.

"Would you have me commit murder?"

he hissed, fiercely, and, before she could reply, I heard steps on the porch, and the voice of Don Miguel saying softly:

"Come, come—this will not do! A house that divideth against itself can't stand."

The sound of the voices then grew indistinct, and they all entered the house. Presently I heard the tramp of a horse's feet, and saw the form of Don Mariano ride off in the gloom.

What did it all mean? Was Don Mariano her lover, after all? And whom was he to "have pity on"? Or did he have a rival, of whom I knew nothing?

Perhaps he had referred to myself. The thought startled me. But she had said: "Have you not harmed him enough already?" And Don Mariano had certainly never harmed me, that I knew of.

Why had he visited the place by night?

All these thoughts rose in my mind and set my brain in a mad whirl of perplexity.

The next morning found the Don in excellent spirits; and Mercedes appeared as usual, only she seemed somewhat paler than I was accustomed to see her.

How I longed to speak to her of my love! But I waited. Slowly the sun sunk behind the towering peaks; the golden glow above their barren summits grew dim and gray. The clock struck eight!

I stepped into the garden. There was no one visible. Would she keep her promise?

Yes; even at that moment, I saw her emerge from the porch and come slowly down the walk. How beautiful she looked, in the rich tropical twilight!

Neither of us spoke till we were seated on a rustic bamboo seat shaded by some clustering vines. There was a solemn hush in the atmosphere. A few yards from where we sat, along the eastern boundary of the garden, ran a deep gorge, and from its black depths below came faintly the sound of falling water.

Suddenly she turned to me and spoke hurriedly, impulsively:

"You must never speak to me again as you did before; you must go away from here—at once; you must never see me again; remember, this is for the best."

"Then you are promised to another?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

She inclined her head, but did not speak.

"Is it Don Mariano?"

"Yes," she answered, almost bitterly.

I was terribly calm now.

"I will do as you advised," I answered, coldly. "I shall leave here immediately."

I arose from my seat.

"I wish you happiness. Good-bye," I said, and held out my hand.

She did not look up, but took my hand and held it without answering. Then she turned her eyes to mine—eyes full of anguish and mute supplication.

"You will not—not—blame for this?" she asked.

"I shall try to forget it," I answered, with an effort. "Why did you not tell me this at first," I asked.

"I could not—I dared not," she answered.

"Mercedes," I said, calmly, "you have acted strangely with me."

"I know it—I know it; but, believe me, I—I—could not do otherwise. Oh, if I could recall what I have done!" she exclaimed; and her voice, trembling with emotion, sunk almost to a whisper. "Will you forgive me?" she asked.

I felt her hand tremble in mine, and I was touched by her emotion.

"Mercedes," I said, gently, "what is past is past. Let it go. I freely forgive you. I have been more to blame than you, perhaps, after all. But I must leave here—I cannot bear to see you another's. I shall always pray to heaven for your happiness, and may you never know the anguish I now feel."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, hastily. "Don't say that—you only make me more miserable. Oh, heaven! how can I bear this? I am to blame—I am to blame! I have been cruel—heartless! Tell me that you despise me—that you loathe me—that you would crush me beneath your feet! Anything—anything would be better than your blessing! I cannot—I cannot bear that." And she sobbed aloud.

I was mystified by her words.

"You are mistaken," I said, soothingly. "How have you been to blame?"

"I cannot let you go till I have told you," she answered, between her sobs. "I must tell you the whole story, and, when you know how cruel and false I have been, you will not call a blessing on me, but curse the day you first met me. Listen," she continued: "When you made my father's acquaintance, he was on the eve of bankruptcy, having lost

nearly all he had in visionary schemes for making more money. He found out that you were possessed of a large fortune. He then laid a scheme to entice you into speculations with him. Don Mariano, who had also squandered a fortune in extravagance and unlucky speculations, was the prime mover in the plot to get your money. Fearing they could not be successful with the scheme, they at last hit on the idea of making me a partner in the plot. You were to be brought to my father's house, and I was to endeavor to fascinate you, to win your love, gain your confidence, and aid them in winning your fortune. That was the plan. You were then to be set adrift and I was to marry Don Mariano, to whom I was betrothed in childhood. How the plot has worked, I need not tell you. The mine you bought and paid a fortune for is worse than worthless! When I consented to the plot, I had never seen you. I only knew that you were a foreigner, whom we had a right to prey upon. I had entered into the plot against my will, and, when I had met you, I tried to persuade them to give up their designs on you; but it was no use, and now they are laying another plot to rob you of the remainder of your fortune. My engagement with Don Mariano was to be kept a secret from you until their work was accomplished. He only visited the place by night or when you were away. I could not stand by and see this go on and not tell you. Now that you know all, I know that you will hate and despise me."

I was startled beyond measure by this revelation. What a dupe I had been! A wild tumult of revengeful and angry emotions rose in my bosom. I could not speak for several moments. I turned my eyes on her. Her head was bent forward, and she was weeping bitterly. In spite of everything, I was moved by her tears. I forgot all, in that moment—forgot how I had been injured—forgot the part she had played in the plot against me. I thought only of one thing—that I was in the presence of this woman, and she was in distress. Nothing could have tempted me to say one harsh word to her. I stooped down and lifted up her head and looked into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"I forgive you freely," I said.

She did not reply, but I felt her hand close gently on mine.

"Mercedes," I said, "we must not talk of what is past. Let it go. What I have lost or suffered need give you no pain. I have still as much of this world's goods as I shall ever need or care to have. If what I have lost will contribute to your comfort in any way, I am content. If I could only call you mine—if you could ever know how I love you—"

"I do know—I do know," she sobbed. "I could never be worthy of such love."

"Mercedes," I said, "I know it is best for me to go away; but, before I go, I want to ask you one question: If you were free to-night, would there be hope for me?"

I felt her hand tremble in mine.

"Yes—yes," she answered, "there would—be hope; I love you now better than my life!"

I clasped her in my arms and pressed kiss after kiss on her pale lips.

"Then why will you stay here?" I asked, eagerly. "Why not leave this place for ever? Why not go with me? My darling, my darling, tell me that you will—tell me that you will be mine—mine to love and protect—mine forever!"

"Oh, my love! I cannot—I dare not! They would kill me!" she answered, in an agonized and despairing voice.

"My love," I said, "listen: We can leave here to-morrow night; we can soon reach the city, where we can be united, and be on our way to the United States before our flight is discovered; and, once across the line, we are safe."

I waited breathlessly for her reply. She was silent. Then she looked up into my eyes and put both of her hands in mine and said:

"I will do as you ask. I will give my life in trying to repair the wrong I have done you."

"My darling! my own!" I exclaimed. "This one moment of happiness has repaid me for all I have ever suffered in the past."

A great wave of unutterable joy swept through my soul. Was there ever such perfect happiness on earth before? I thought, as she lay there in my arms. Even now, as I think of that time, I wonder how I have ever lived to bear the sorrow that has come upon me.

How can I tell what followed? Even now, as I sit here and think—or try to think—of

the past, it all seems like some strange dream from which I could never have the power to awake.

The night had deepened around us. The pale stars had come out in the sky one by one, and still we lingered there, her dark lustrous eyes turned on mine in speechless love. How the time flew by! It must have been ten o'clock. She rose hastily and said:

"I must go in now, love; good-night."

"Good-night, darling," I said, pressing my lips to hers. "Remember to-morrow night."

She was turning to go when I heard a step on the walk at our very side. I turned my eyes in the direction of the sound. There before us, his dark flashing eyes gleaming in the starlight, stood Don Mariano Garcia!

For just one moment of time, neither of us spoke or moved; and then, with an oath so deep and bitter that it makes me shudder to think of, he rushed upon us. I caught the gleam of a knife in the dim starlight, and threw up my arm to ward off the blow. He struck at me, and I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder and knew that I was hit. I tried to draw my pistol; but, before I could do so, he raised the knife for another stroke—and then, with a cry that I shall never forget till my dying day, Mercedes threw herself between us, and the next instant she sunk down at my feet, pierced to the heart by the murderer's knife!

For one moment, he stood as if turned to stone; and then, like an enraged tiger, he dashed upon me, and a deadly struggle commenced. Down among the fragrant tropical plants we went together, rolling over and over, startling the birds from the branches overhead and sending them, with screams of fright, away into the darkness. Suddenly I found we were on the very edge of the cliff, and one false move would precipitate us on the rocks below. He also discovered this, and made an attempt to force me over. A bunch of loose earth and stones gave way beneath our feet, and fell with a faint echo on the rocks below. He made another desperate attempt to throw me over, but lost his footing and fell over the cliff, dragging me after him. Down, down into the abyss, then darkness—nothing!

Slowly I became conscious of existence. I felt a sharp pain in my head. I opened my eyes and gazed about me in a dazed sort of way. I was in a strange place. Strange

faces bent over me, and strange voices spoke in whispers. Where was I? What had happened? I could remember nothing of the past just then. I made an effort to speak, but a hand was laid gently on me, and a voice said:

"You must be quiet. You have been ill a long while; you will be better presently."

Someone gave me something to drink, and I fell asleep. When I awoke, I saw two strange men in the room.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You must not talk till you are better," a voice said, and I remained quiet.

I began to remember something of the past; but, strange to say, I could remember nothing of what had taken place in the garden. I had a vague remembrance of going into the garden, but everything that had happened after that was a blank to me.

It was several days before I was permitted to talk, and then, as the past began to grow more vivid to my mind, I became impatient and would listen to nothing till they told me of the past.

Then the grave man who had remained with me continually, and who appeared to be a physician, said:

"We have thought it best to keep you quiet for a few days, for you have had a painful operation performed on you, which has resulted gloriously. To begin with, you were found at the base of the cliff, near the old Don Miguel hacienda, in a mangled condition. Underneath your senseless form was found the body of Don Mariano Garcia, a knife sticking through his heart."

At the mention of Don Mariano, the memory of the past rushed back upon me and overwhelmed me.

"Oh, where is she—Mercedes?" I asked, in despair.

"She is dead," he said, sadly. "She was found in the garden above, a knife-wound in her heart."

I moaned aloud in my agony.

"You were brought to the city by the frightened peons," he continued, "who told the story of the tragedy at the hacienda. You were placed in the St. Marie Hospital, and the money you had in the bank in this city has been used for your benefit. You soon recovered your strength, but all memory of the past had left you. You did not even know your own name. Your mind seemed

totally gone. I was traveling through this country, and, being a physician, I became interested in your case, and obtained permission from the officers of the hospital to perform an operation on you which I believed would restore your reason. How I have succeeded, you already know."

I held out my hand to the physician.

"I thank you sincerely," I said, "for all you have done for me."

"It was a great success," he answered, "of which I shall ever be proud."

"How long have I been in this place?" I asked.

"Have you no idea how long it has been?" he replied.

"I cannot tell," I answered. "It might be a day or a week, for aught I know."

"You must not be surprised if it is longer than you imagine," he said. "It has been a very long time."

"How long?" I asked, eagerly and impatiently.

"Twenty years," he answered. "This is the year 1865."

"Twenty years? My God! My God!" I exclaimed, and, overcome with emotion, I wept like a child.

I could never describe my feelings. Great heaven! Twenty years! I was fifty years old! There was no mirror in the room, but a glass of water sat near me, and I hastily grabbed it and looked at my reflection. My hair was as white as if I had been seventy, and my face pallid and wrinkled.

"Oh, God!" I cried, and buried my face in my hands.

I was an old man, but my love for Mercedes was as strong as it was the night I met her in the garden. All through those long years that were a blank to me, that love had lived fresh and green, ready to burst into new life at the first touch of memory.

Why could I not have died? It would have been more merciful to me to have remained forever forgetful of the past. When at last I was able to leave the hospital, I found that Mercedes had been buried near the row of stately palms yonder, where she still lies. Don Miguel had disappeared and had never been heard of since the burial of Mercedes. The old hacienda went into the hands of strangers, and was subsequently plundered and burned by a band of insurgents that infested the country soon after.

Finding myself old and gray-haired, without a friend on earth, I became an exile from the world, and came here to spend the remainder of my life. Enough of this old building was left by the flames to afford me a shelter, and here I am content to remain, far from the troubles that vex the outer world.

Here the old hermit's story ended, and, finding it late in the night, I took my leave. As I passed down the space that had once been occupied by the beautiful gardens of Don Miguel, and which had been the scene of the awful tragedy, I caught sight of a marble shaft gleaming in the moonlight, and, stooping down, I read the name "Mercedes," then below the word "Resurgam."

THE SWINGING OF THE PENDULUM.

BY M. A. B. EVANS.

ONE day, we live as in a cloud, apart;
With people of another world we talk—
The world of books and pictures, music, art
In all its forms—with these we hourly walk.

They fill our lives and take up all our thought;
They raise us far above the petty cares,
The little vexing worries, daily brought
To try our strength and catch us unawares.

Next day, intensely practical are we:
We do with all our might whate'er our hands
May find to work upon; an ecstasy
Of toil compels response to its demands.

This too hath compensations; for, engrossed,
We think not of the passing hours' soft chime,
While deeds for self, by those for others crossed,
Make shining patterns in the woof of time.

So, like a swinging pendulum, between
The two extremes, our life is passed away:
Forever striving for the golden mean,
Yet never living quite a perfect day.

And, as the equipoise is ne'er attained
Save when the pendulum has ceased to move,
Our equal balance may by death be gained,
So we may hope for perfect days above.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CABINET-MAKER.

COMPILED BY MEREDITH JACKSON.



NOTICEABLE feature of the past two decades is the rapidly grown and widespread taste for decoration in private dwellings in this country and England.

Influential writers have greatly assisted in fostering this taste and have made themselves teachers until in our day the books on such subjects are legion and most persons of average cultivation have learned a good deal in regard to such matters.

The furniture of certain eras of the past furnishes models which the present generation has decided to be correctly artistic and æsthetic, and among these models the cabinet-work produced in England during the latter half of the eighteenth century merits special attention.

The best known and by far the cleverest and most original of these English cabinet-makers was Thomas Chippendale, whose name is familiar to every person even slightly acquainted with any of the American or English works on house-decoration.

Chippendale established himself in London somewhere about 1750, and it is not too much to say that till the end of the century he and his sons, who were his partners and successors, held autocratic sway where furniture-making was concerned.

Little is recorded of the beginning of his successful career, although it is known that he descended from a family of wood-carvers of unusual excellence.

"The oldest of his catalogues," says a recent writer, "is preserved in the South Kensington Museum and indirectly sheds some interesting light on his character. In him was united the brave and independent spirit of a Hogarth with the practical views of an English merchant. This is indicated by the general tone of his preface, as well as by the notes and remarks which accompany his

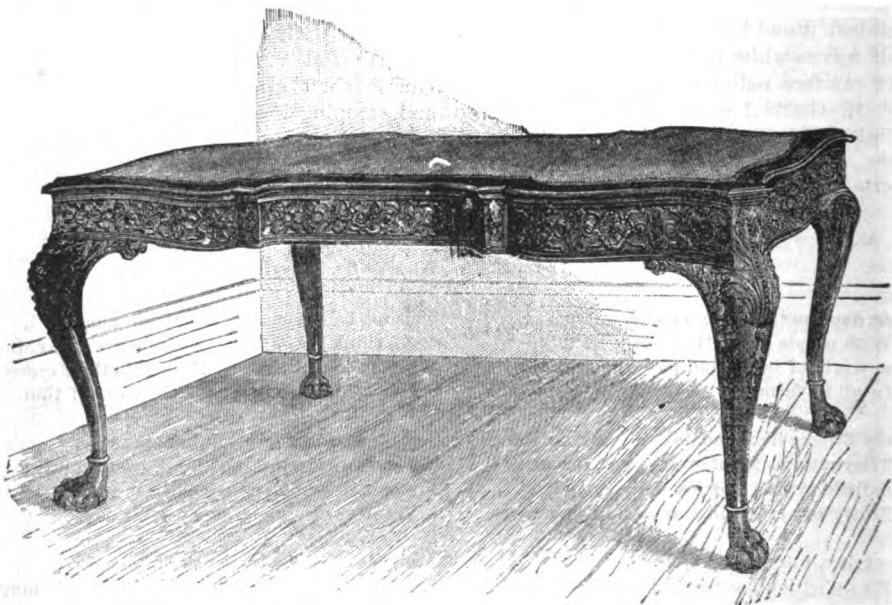


TABLE BY THOMAS CHIPPENDALE.

designs. It is also to be inferred that he paid little attention to critics, whom he despised, challenging them to produce such work as they arrogated to themselves the right to criticise. On the other hand, he gave to those who desired to honor him with their patronage the assurance that each one of his designs would be finished with beauty and elegance."

In order to understand the important position which Chippendale occupied in the history of decorative art, it is necessary to have an idea of the sort of furniture which up to his time was to be found in the homes of wealthy English people and of the surroundings in which he exercised his talent.

"Without going further back than the reign of Charles II," continues the writer from whom I have just quoted, "it can be announced as a general rule that the furniture of palaces and the houses of the nobility consisted chiefly of pieces transmitted from generation to generation along with the landed estates, and belonging in great part to the Elizabethan epoch and that of James I, with some acquisitions from abroad, brought home by ancestors who had traveled. On the other hand, commerce with France, chiefly under Louis XIV, had introduced a small number of Parisian bits of furniture from the workshops of leading French artisans.

"In the houses of the middle classes, on the contrary, only the simple and common oak furniture of the time of James II was to be seen: chairs, chests, bureaus, and wardrobes, often of clumsy pattern, the like of which are still manufactured in certain remote localities of conservative England."

When William of Orange ascended the English throne, a spasm of Dutch taste swept over the country, both in architecture and house-furnishing. Red brick dwellings became the rage, and, in furniture, incrustation and inlaid work were in great demand. Nothing was to be seen in the dwellings of those who cared to be in the fashion but sideboards and bureaus with bulging fronts, and tables and chairs with as many legs as a centipede, all twisted into impossible shapes in a wild confusion that fairly made the eyes ache.

But this mode did not last very long, and was followed by a fashion adopted

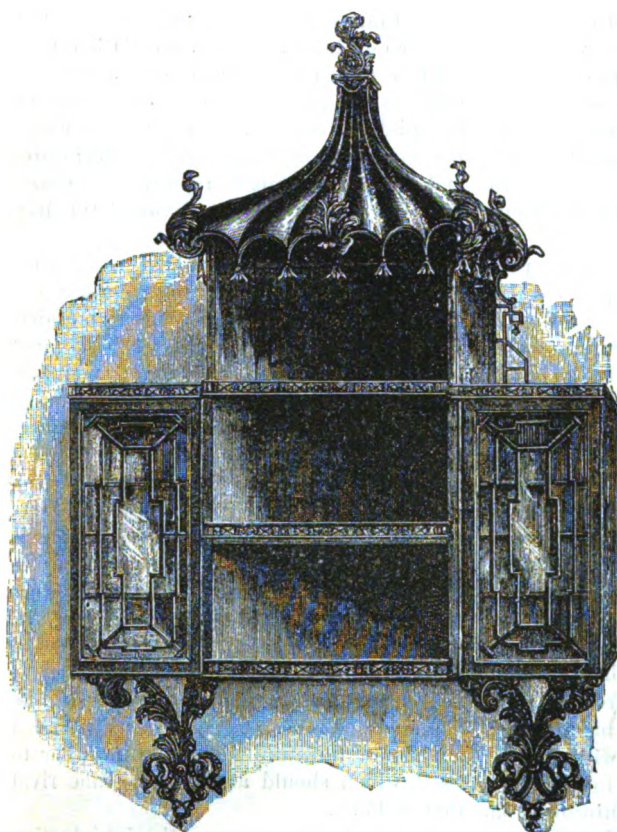
from France, called the "rococo," a style utterly devoid of æsthetic taste. Rich Englishmen were, however, ready to adopt eccentricities, and appeared to be captivated by the gilding, tinsel, and shell-work which liberally decorated this sort of furniture; and the craze spread rapidly, till nearly everybody of any means followed the lead of the nobility and gentry.

Then Chippendale appeared, at a time exceptionally favorable to cabinet-work. The middle classes were beginning to understand the road to fortune as well as, if not better than, the aristocracy, and to maintain their commercial and political importance; civil wars were at an end; the new dynasty had triumphed over the last attempt to effect the restoration of the Stuarts; the horizon was clear; everything foreshadowed a peaceful and prosperous future. The commerce of England with Holland aided in diffusing the taste for pottery and the lacquered ware of the Orient; newly acquired riches created new wants; the common people, in imitation of the nobility, demanded sumptuous houses; sighed for the extreme of luxury to be obtained in France and London; demanded a style of furniture altogether peculiar to itself, which should at the same time rival that of Paris.

Still another occurrence, the introduction into England of Spanish mahogany, favored the creation of the new style so impatiently awaited and demanded. The different kinds of wood chiefly employed before that time were the oak, chestnut, ash, and beech.



SIEGE.



CABINET.

The styles of furniture prior to the reign of William III consisted of a framework with a rectangular base, ornamented with carved pieces and moldings, to which oak, whose open grain does not lend itself to extreme fineness of detail, was specially adapted. The peculiar style of Chippendale's work and that of his successors demanded, on the contrary, an altogether different wood. The delicate carving and free curves could be produced only by using a fine, hard, close-grained wood of extreme resisting power. Mahogany united to all these advantages color and polish. It is almost superfluous to say that, without this wood, so beautiful in every respect, the work of the English cabinet-makers of the eighteenth century would have been impossible.

With the advent of Chippendale, furniture became more luxurious and more convenient. The accomplishments of reading and writing having grown much more general, there sprang up a large demand for *escritoirs*,

writing-desks, and all the accessories necessary for such objects, down to book-supports and paper-weights. The habit, too, of tea-drinking had increased until it might be considered a national custom; and this led to the production of every possible variety of boxes, trays, and little tables. For many of these things, there were no models in existence; so Chippendale and the artists who followed his lead were forced to call on their own fancies and powers of invention.

The following description, gathered from the papers of a competent judge, gives a clear idea of this famous man's different styles of work.

The furniture which bears Chippendale's name comprises three classes, of distinct artistic value. The first

is pure rococo: that in which the cabinet-maker does simply the carving of furniture in Spanish mahogany, mirror-frames in soft wood meant to be ornamented with gilding, decorated door-panels, and the like.

There is a studied carelessness about the sweeping lines of these carvings; the spirals and scrolls interlace capriciously, and the fantastic contours terminate in the head of a griffin, sphinx, or other apocryphal monster, or perhaps display a bouquet of flowers, a mermaid, or a warlike trophy.

Here, we find a Gothic arrow serving as a support; there, the semblance of a classic pediment. Sometimes the fragment of a ruin is boldly inserted into the body of the work, or perhaps a huntsman or pair of lovers or a conventional Chinaman with mustache and indescribable hat fills the first vacant place.

The two sides are rarely alike, symmetry being studiously avoided; all is turned, twisted, confused, and entangled like the

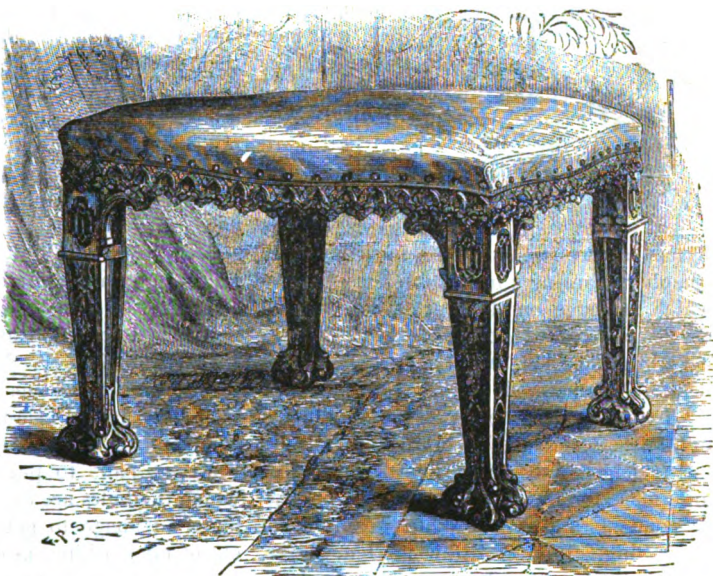
discordant and disordered images in a troubled dream.

Fortunately, this first class forms the least part of Chippendale's productions. In the second style are pieces in relief, shelves, small chests for rare china, and artistic objects for the decoration of drawing-rooms, libraries, and bed-chambers. All the furniture of this epoch is marked by the excellence of its finish, the delicacy of which remains unimpaired after a hundred years of use.

In the third class, the artist reaches the height of his skill and invention, and in grace and beauty far surpasses all his previous efforts. As a rule, the furniture of this type is square or rectilinear, enriched by deep carvings, frequently in geometrical forms. Although chair-backs are rounded, straight lines predominate; and the curves are managed with such subtle art that, graceful as they are, the general impres-

sion of strength and solidity is never lost or even partially sacrificed.

A noticeable feature of Chippendale's productions is the extreme care with which even the slightest details are wrought out. The cabinet-maker was a man of great creative power, a remarkably gifted carver and sculptor, and beneath his chisel "the wood speaks and vibrates in its inmost fibre to the echo of his genius."



TABOURET.

THE STEP AT THE GATE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE twilight shadows are creeping
 Along the garden wall,
 The summer wind comes rustling by,
 And showers of rose-leaves fall,
 Where I sit at my cottage window,
 And dream and listen and wait
 For the sound of a cheerful whistle
 And a well-known step at the gate.

Out in the kitchen, the kettle
 Is humming its loudest song:
 "I'm boiling!" it says; "'tis time to make tea!
 Pray, why don't you come along?"
 The cozy table is ready,
 But the singing kettle must wait,
 Because, you see, I never make tea
 'Till I hear the step at the gate.

Baby sleeps in her cradle,
 Dreaming with all her might,
 And over both of her blossom-blue eyes
 Are drawn their curtains white.
 See! she smiles in her slumber!
 She seldom sleeps so late;
 She'll wake in a glow of gladness
 When she hears the step at the gate.

This is our little kingdom—
 This cottage with vines o'ergrown.
 Papa's the king, and mamma's the queen,
 And baby's the heir to the throne.
 Why lingers the king, I wonder?
 Supper will be so late!
 Ah, he is coming! Baby, wake up!
 For I hear his step at the gate.

DOROTHY'S DEVICES.

BY MINNA IRVING.



EVERYTHING of yours always looks so dainty! How do you manage to keep your clothes so fresh and neat to the end of the season, while mine are hopelessly draggled and shabby in a few weeks?" I said to dainty Dorothy

Rivers, as we sat together in her sunny chamber, learning a new embroidery-pattern which lay open on the work-table between us. She threaded her needle with yellow floss bright as her own bonny gold tresses before she answered:

"I think it must be because I am obliged to take better care of my things than other girls. I have only a very small semi-annual allowance for dress, and I have to be very economical and get double wear out of everything. I never throw my hat, gloves, or jacket down in a heap on a handy chair, when I come home; no matter how tired I am, I always put them away at once. I shake my dresses well and brush the dust from the bottom before they go in the closet. The plain bell-skirt keeps its freshness longer by folding. Veils I always fold and lay between sachet-bags of violet-powder. This trifling care keeps them fresh a long time. When they become limp from wear, I dampen them lightly with gum-arabic water and iron them between linen. Gloves I always stretch and fold as soon as taken off, turning the thumbs palmward, as they are when new. When the fingers rip, I unravel a piece of ordinary thread until I have a strand fine enough to sew up the seam in the original stitches. I buy only one pair of long-wristed gloves a year. When they are worn out in the fingers, the wrists are as good as ever, you know, so I buy a short-wristed pair of the same color, cut off the long wrists of the old gloves, and sew them

on the new ones. The wrinkles and bracelets hide the seams, and I have made one pair of wrists do duty on three or four pairs of gloves. I buy gray or tan undressed kids, as they are easily matched. I find the gray the most economical, though, for I can clean them beautifully with the cheap face-powder that comes in cakes and sells for fifteen cents a box. I also found it excellent for cleaning my light-gray Henrietta-cloth. It was much soiled around the bottom and on the waist. I brushed it thoroughly with a brush dampened with ammonia. Then I rubbed the soiled places with the cake of powder and hung it up until next day, when I beat out all the powder with a linen cloth, and it looked almost as delicate and fresh as when I first wore it. My dear old grandmother taught me how to mend and foot stockings, so I buy black lisle-thread stockings for common wear, and, by using the legs of worn-out pairs to put new feet in those in which the holes are too big to be darned any more, I manage to get twice as much wear out of my stockings as other women do; but I often have to sit up late at night to do my mending. Even the best of French flowers will fade, and the blush-roses on my hat faded out almost white this summer. I could not afford to buy new trimming, and those sallow roses made the hat look frightfully shabby; so I paid ten cents for a box of common rouge, and, with a camel's-hair brush, I renewed the delicate bloom of the roses all summer. The long black silk mitts that I wore at Mrs. Burnham's garden-party have had three pairs of new thumbs. When the thumbs wear out, I rip them off and cut new ones after them from the wrists of an old pair. Of course, they have to be stitched in very neatly. I think the person who first said 'necessity is the mother of invention' must have been a girl with a small allowance, like myself. The day before that garden-party, I found that my white silk parasol was split up two gores in a way that I could not possibly hide with any amount of ribbon bows. It was too near the end of

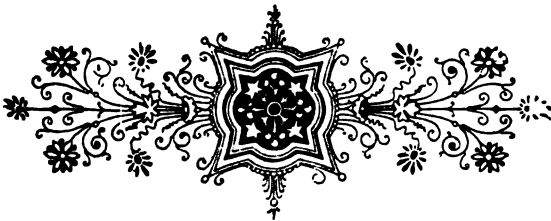
the summer to buy another, and I thought I would either have to stay at home or go without one. But I remembered an old-fashioned pink-and-silver changeable silk dress that had belonged to Aunt Betsy in her youth. I ripped it up and pressed it, and it was as bright as new on the other side. I ripped up the parasol and used it for a pattern. I finished the new cover with a deep frill of cream-colored lace, and tied a cream-colored bow on top and another on the handle. The inside ribs I gilded—and you all thought I had a new parasol. Since that time, I have made two pretty parasols from the best breadths of worn-out India silks. All my pretty sofa-pillows are made from worn-out silks, too. I have one good silk umbrella; but, no matter how handsome the handle may be, an umbrella is always slovenly-looking without its trim cover. Mine had a black cover when I bought it, but look now!”

She pulled open a bureau-drawer and displayed a charming assortment of umbrella-covers—navy-blue, red, brown, green, gray, dark-heliotrope, and changeable.

“I have one to match each dress,” she said, “and I made them all myself out of odds-and-ends of silk, using the first one as a pattern. The changeable cover was made from the surah lining of a discarded circular. My fur-trimmed cloth gown, last winter, owed its beauty to a worn-out boa. It is not easy to economize on hats, though; even the best of French flowers can be worn but one season. White lilacs alone can be made to do duty a second summer. I had white lilacs on a Leghorn flat last year, and I wanted a pink costume this summer; so I made a simple dress of pink mull, with plenty of frills and ribbons. I bought a wire frame in a poke-shape, and shirred it with pink chiffon and crowned it with the white lilacs. There! now you know all about the costume I wore at the garden-party. Sometimes it

makes my head ache, though, to think out all these little devices. Those bronze slippers I danced in on Christmas Eve had a story, too, as well as the parasol I made from Aunt Betsy’s best silk dress. At first, I thought I would have to decline the invitation to the party. I had a pale-blue China silk, nearly new; but, when I bought the long gloves, I found I had no money left for slippers, and the only pair I had were of black kid, very shabby and much worn. I passed a druggist’s window on the way home, and something I saw there gave me an inspiration; so I went in and bought a paper of the bronze-powder that comes for decorative work. In the hardware-shop next door, I purchased ten cents’ worth of white varnish; then I went home and painted those slippers. When they were dry, I tacked a couple of blue rosettes on them, and they were pretty enough for a princess. Of course, they would not last longer than one night. I afterward tried silver paint, but the effect was not nearly so good. It is almost impossible to economize much on shoes; but I find that it pays to wear cloth gaiterettes over them when they begin to be worn off at the back, from the rubbing of my skirts. I make a good many of my dresses myself, with the help of ‘Peterson’s’ patterns, though I never attempt to make an expensive silk or tailor-cloth. India silks and soft mulls, with their ruffles and puffs and ribbon bows, are quite safe, though, if one has deft fingers and good taste.”

“You will be a matrimonial prize for some lucky young fellow,” I said, as I kissed her good-bye at the little white wicket-gate among the roses. I went home and told my big handsome brother all about her clever little economies, and he went to call on her next evening, because he is as wise as he is handsome. So I am to be bridesmaid at their wedding next week.



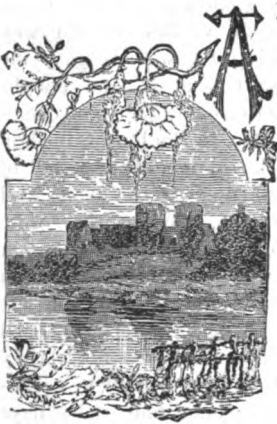
IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

CHAPTER IX.



BEAUTIFUL day in August. Under a bower of clematis, in one of the prettiest and most secluded nooks of the great park which surrounded the chateau of Boissière, two ladies were seated.

The younger of the pair, in her white gown and muslin hat, would have forcibly recalled to the eyes of a certain wanderer the girlish figure that had so unexpectedly dawned on his sight in the forest of Rosenthal, on a never-to-be-forgotten day of a summer now long past.

The years which had elapsed since Gaston Bernard's visit to the home of her ancestors had wrought little change in Mina, beyond developing her loveliness from that of the bud to the splendor of the opening rose.

Four years and a half had gone since that summer; for more than eighteen months, Mina de Rosenthal had been the Marquise de la Boissière, and Gaston Bernard was still a wanderer in far-off lands.

As Mina sat under the shade of the clematis-vines, she was idly turning the pages of a Paris newspaper which the morning post had brought, while Mademoiselle Dumont was seated opposite, working tranquilly, her thoughts perhaps busy with the faded romance of her own girlhood.

A sudden exclamation from Mina roused the spinster out of her reverie. She glanced up inquiringly; but her companion's eyes were fixed on a paragraph of the journal, which evidently excited her keen interest.

"Well?" Mademoiselle Dumont questioned, in her gentle voice, which kept always the little pathetic undertone one so often hears in the voices of women whose only pleasures and pains are those of their friends, whose personal hopes and aspirations are all buried with the dead dream of the past. "What is it, please? Something interesting, I know—don't read to yourself."

"Listen to this!" cried Mina, in pleasurable excitement. "It is an advance notice of Monsieur Bernard's new book—which will rank, the article declares, among the masterpieces of contemporary literature where archeology is concerned. A verdict like that means something, from such a source," and she mentioned the name of one of the most profound students and prominent critics of the day, as the author of the article in question.

She read the column and a half aloud, interrupting herself now and then with little exclamations of delight, while Mademoiselle Dumont was roused to a pitch of such unheard-of enthusiasm that she actually struck her long thin hands together in applause.

Another paragraph gave some personal information in regard to the celebrated author and painter. He was at present in India, but expected to leave shortly for Japan, from whence he contemplated a visit to the United States of America, which would delay his return to France for nearly another year.

"I am sorry for that," Mademoiselle Dumont said, meditatively. "Ah, I am glad to have known Monsieur Bernard! He is not only a man of genius, but he has a thoroughly noble character; and he is making his life of the highest value, not only to his own generation, but to those who will come after."

"Yes," Mina replied. "Everything that I learn of him, every work of his that I read,

strengthens the opinion we all formed during that pleasant summer at Rosenthal. His nature is as exceptional in its mingling of gentleness and strength as his intellect is in its vigor and breadth."

A faint sigh escaped the beautiful lips, as Mina leaned back in her rustic chair: a sigh which seemed to her the echo of some regret away down in the depths of her soul; a regret so vague and indistinct that her direct personality possessed no clue to its real significance. A similar sensation often overtook her when she thought of Gaston Bernard; and sometimes she wondered—half smiling, half sad—if there were truth in the assertions of certain scientists that each one of us, so far from being a unit, possesses at least three distinct personalities, and that either of these may hold theories or even pass through experiences of which our ordinary self is utterly unconscious.

"What a foolish dreamer I am, after all!" thought Mina, rousing herself from her unprofitable musing. "Why don't I leave off the habit of occasionally tormenting myself in this fashion? There is nothing lacking to me. I cannot understand why sometimes I have this odd sensation; I cannot describe it even to myself! Oh, as if I had missed something—as if some beautiful ideal had come close, to which I remained blind and deaf! Something which, if I had recognized and held fast, would have made my life still fuller, brighter, higher—"

She broke off to smile at her own folly, and went on with her meditation.

"How could I be any happier, since I am really happy? My husband loves me—he is simply perfect where I am concerned! We have a circle of delightful relations and friends—I have everything in the world; yet— Oh, what a spoiled wretch I must be, ever to let myself fancy that there is anything lacking—that I have missed anything! All the same, the absurd feeling will come back! Well, one thing is sure: happiness in its reality—and I am happy—is not like one's dream of it, any more than love is! Even Renaud isn't in the least like the Renaud I imagined him; but I love him better, perhaps. Heigho! he assures me that I wandered too long in dreamland, that summer, with my poet! How much alike we were in many ways: only he is a poet, an artist, and, since he has never married,

he can go on living in dreamland! I love Renaud—I love him with all my heart; but, when one is married, one must live prose, not poetry! And he loves me: he never loved any other woman—never really; only—men are so different from us women: they make so many mistakes before they find the real love! Oh, come, come, madame, you are ungrateful; I am ashamed of you—down-right ashamed!"

"What are you thinking about, Mina?" interrupted Mademoiselle Dumont's soft voice, as she looked rather wonderingly at her companion, struck by the expression on the beautiful face.

"Oh, nothing really—the answer one always makes to that question," rejoined Mina, laughing, partly at her own remark, partly at the folly of her vague reverie. "One thing is distinct, however: I was thinking how generous life is to me—what unalloyed happiness I have."

"You certainly are given a great deal: relatives and friends who appreciate, a husband who loves you as few women are loved, and now—"

"Now," interrupted Mina, her face actually glorified by the light which shone in her eyes, "this new hope—this fresh happiness which will be mine before many months are gone."

She leaned her elbow on the arm of her chair, covered her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a little. Presently she roused herself, folded up the newspaper which lay on her lap, and drew toward her a large work-basket.

"How is the dress getting on? That makes the twelfth, doesn't it?" asked Mademoiselle Dumont.

"Yes, and it is the prettiest of all," rejoined Mina, spreading the delicate batiste robe over her knees.

She was working at the layette of the little child to whose advent she looked forward as the crowning happiness in her life. She would hear of nothing boughten: was not even willing that any hands other than her own should fashion or touch a single article. An exception alone was made in favor of Mademoiselle Dumont; but this concession, which Mina and its recipient alike felt a very great one, went no further than the privilege of making a few little caps—but such caps! Dear good mademoiselle medi-

tated long and deeply over the design for each separate cap, and set every stitch in each with such scrupulous precision that Madame de la Frulaye declared she said an Ave at the beginning of every one and could not be more anxious and painstaking if she were mending a rent in her immortal soul.

But Mina's pleasurable task was doubled, owing to a purpose in which only Mademoiselle Dumont felt any real sympathy. By the side of the satin-lined box, which was gradually being filled with all sorts of marvels in embroidery and lace, stood a similar box which contained exactly similar articles, all the work of Mina's hands.

This second layette was destined for some foundling: a child who should see the light on the same day as her own—a helpless forsaken creature, to whom should be given the same Christian name as that of her own babe—a waif of whom she would become the godmother and protectress.

"How can you think of going to an extreme like that?" had been the unanimous verdict of her relatives and intimate friends. "To help some foundling, educate it according to its station—well enough; but a plan like yours! And to begin with such embroideries, such cambrics, for a miserable nameless little wretch!"

"God will have a name for it," Mina replied, simply. "Is it not the poor, the outcast, the nameless, that belong especially to the Saviour? Then how can there be anything too beautiful for any one of them? How can we, who have an abundance, do too much? It is not giving—it is a duty!"

Her husband's aunts smiled indulgently and repeated the phrase to her husband, who smiled in his turn and said:

"Always in the clouds—always a romance."

"I wish to heaven," said the Archbishop of Paris, when some mutual friend related the whole story, "that all the great ladies would take into their heads romances as good and praiseworthy as this of the young Marquise de la Boissière."

As for the marquis himself, no man could have been more wildly in love or more delighted with his own suddenly developed capacity for romance than he, at the period of his marriage. But time passes swiftly, and the light of two days is never exactly the same to a man of Boissière's character, who has lived a life such as his.

He adored Mina still, but by degrees he had come to have of her the opinion which his uncle expressed when he first met her: "She is an aristocratic sylph, made out of moonbeams."

The truth was, that, while honestly believing during his brief courtship that marriage was to prove to him a means of real regeneration, Renaud considered that he had found what French people are fond of calling "the grand passion" of his life. In her turn, Mina had dreamed of a great love, and, Renaud's ideal being on a lower level, the union between the two could not be perfect. Material enjoyment was the basis of the husband's every thought; to Mina, love was a divine flower. To do Renaud justice, since his marriage he had tried hard to make himself the ideal that Mina sought; as for her, she felt the lack without as yet being really conscious that it existed.

CHAPTER X.

THREE days later, Mina and Mademoiselle Dumont were again seated in the clematis arbor, and with them were the Countess d'Orlandes and Madame de la Frulaye, who had arrived a couple of evenings before for a visit of several weeks.

The husbands of the two visitors were gone with Renaud de la Boissière and a numerous party on a bear-hunt into the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, proposing to proceed later to join their wives at some one of the charming bathing-places with which the region abounds.

The four friends were very happy in their reunion, and, as they sat with their books or embroidery in their hands, they talked gayly of everything and nothing: one of those rapid conversations to which the French language and French nature lend themselves so well, pausing on each subject as a butterfly does on a flower, just long enough to inhale its sweetness, then flitting on to another.

There had been a brief silence; Madame d'Orlandes and Mademoiselle Dumont were industriously working, Mina was trying to find a passage they had been discussing in an English poem, and Madame de la Frulaye, always indolent, was gazing dreamily about. From where she sat, she could look out through the trees into a broad alley that branched off from the main avenue and made a short cut to the chateau.

"Look there!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "Is that one of your protégés, Mina? It's a little fellow carrying a bundle—oh, and there is an old woman too! They have stopped and are looking this way—they can see us, I suppose."

Mina leaned forward, but the trailing vines obstructed her view.

"Beckon to them, Isabel," she said to Madame de la Frulaye. "They want something, I suppose."

"Come on, little fellow!" cried madame, fluttering her handkerchief.

In a few instants, the child came out into the open space in front of the arbor, and paused in embarrassed uncertainty, his cheeks glowing under his long blonde curls. He was a pretty little fellow of six or seven, rather delicate-looking, with a very intelligent expression and with no trace of rusticity in his manner. He was plainly dressed in a black woolen blouse and short trousers, but the linen collar that fell over his shoulders was fine and white, and his stockings and shoes were dainty and neat.

"Oh, the charming little fellow!" Mina said; then she rose and moved a step forward, saying: "Come here, my small man, and tell me what you want."

The child stood before her with an odd air of mingled embarrassment and resolution, and said in a clear unhesitating voice:

"Mamma is dead; before she died, she told Mère Antoinette to bring me here to find my papa."

As he spoke, he drew from the breast of his blouse a packet of letters and held it out. Mina regarded him in mute astonishment, then her eyes turned questioningly toward the others. The two visitors exchanged quick glances; their experience of life made them at once comprehend the full significance of the child's words, which only roused a disquieting wonder in Mina's mind.

It was useless to try to avert or put off the blow; both ladies felt that they were powerless to shield their friend. They looked back at Mademoiselle Dumont, who sat white and trembling, unable even to speak. Mina turned from one to the other; a deadly pallor overspread her face as she read in the eyes of each a certainty that some strange and incomprehensible trouble was about to burst on her.

"What does he mean?" she asked, in a choked voice.

"It will be better for you to question the old woman," Madame d'Orlandes said, faintly; "here she is. Come, my little fellow, I want to show you a bird's nest I found this morning."

She took the child by the hand and led him away; Madame de la Frulaye followed without a word.

"I can't understand—what do you all mean?" demanded Mina, turning toward her former governess. "The old woman can explain—I—" She broke off suddenly, hesitated, then sank into a chair. "Call her," she said, in a whisper.

In another moment, the peasant, a tall white-haired woman, with an expression of goodness and gentleness softening her wrinkled face, appeared in the entrance of the arbor. She stood there troubled and shrinking, rolling and unrolling her apron between her trembling fingers.

"You brought that little boy here?" Mina asked.

"Yes, madame."

"Did you tell him what to say—"

"His mother told him just before the last," the old woman answered, as Mina paused, leaving her sentence unfinished. "Madame must forgive me! I promised the poor soul when she was dying; one can't break a promise like that, madame!"

"No, no! You promised her—"

"To bring the little lad here; to find—madame has the letters: they are all from Monsieur de Matigny, written to her—the Count de Matigny, madame—and a letter from her for madame to read; her last words were for madame to read."

Mina's face grew set and fixed as that of a corpse. She closed her eyes for an instant; her head sank back against her chair. She knew that, up to three years before their marriage, this title had been her husband's; then the sudden death of his elder brother had left him the heir to the family estate and had made him the Marquis de la Boissière.

"I am sorry—oh, I am sorry!" the old peasant said, brokenly, to Mademoiselle Dumont. "The ladies must not blame me. I promised her when she was dying—I swore an oath on the crucifix to bring the little lad!"

Then another voice spoke: a voice so changed, so strange, that Mademoiselle Dumont started at the sound and looked back in fright, crying:

"Mina! Mina!"

The figure in the chair did not stir; the great eyes opened and gazed straight forward with a blind stare; the stony voice spoke again:

"She is not to blame. Take her away for a little; make her sit down and rest! Come back when I call; she can tell you her story, then I need not."

"Mina! dearest—"

"Not yet! I want to be alone; I must read it alone! Go, dear friend—only go."

Mademoiselle Dumont passed out of the arbor, and the peasant followed. Mina sat there in the stillness, staring at the packet. Presently she laid it on the rustic table with a shudder, unwound the cord, broke the seals, and unfolded the wrapper. The letters lay before her: they were worn and creased as from much handling; in many places, the ink was blurred by the traces of tears. It needed only a glance to show her that the writing was her husband's. She pushed the letters away, took up a folded sheet of paper that had lain on the top, and began to read the hurriedly written pages.

During many moments, those outside waited for the summons which Mademoiselle Dumont had said Mina would give when she was ready for them to return.

"The ladies must pardon me," the old peasant repeated over and over, "and pardon that poor innocent too; but I promised—how could I help it?"

"You could not," Mademoiselle Dumont answered. "No one blames you; madame told you so."

"Yes, yes! Oh, they assured me at the inn that she was an angel of goodness! I left the trunk of the little Jean at the inn; all his clothes are in it—nice clothes, too. Oh, Madame Louise made every stitch of them herself always: and the pains she took, poor soul!"

"That was his mother?" Madame de la Frulaye asked.

The peasant nodded.

"What was her other name?"

"My niece never told me. It was my niece who brought her to us."

"How long had you known her?"

"Two years; she came to our village just two years ago. I live in Loiret, madame—a long journey from here; the railway is costly, but I had promised!"

"Had she no relations?" questioned Mademoiselle Dumont.

"I never knew any; she had some—distant ones, though—my niece told me so much," returned the old woman. "Oh, she belonged to some good family, that is certain! Why, she could read different languages, and she played the great church organ better than our organist—the curé said so. Then she had pictures of her relations; they are in the trunk—oh, elegant ladies like all of you."

"Tell us how she happened to come to you," urged Mademoiselle Dumont; "you heard madame bid me ask you."

"You see, my niece lived in Orleans for several years; she was a waiting-maid—"

"And she was in the employment of some relative of this Madame Louise, I suppose?"

"That is it; madame understands! Yes; the poor Louise lived with this second-cousin. The husband, it appears, had cheated her out of her money, and then the wife treated her in a dreadful way. My niece said it was more than any girl could stand, and Madame Louise was young and so handsome."

"Why didn't she go away?"

"You see, she tried to bring a suit against her cousin's husband; somehow, she could not prove her claim. Then the pair invented stories to hurt her character, and she could find nobody who would take her as governess or give her anything to do."

"But the Count de Matigny?" demanded Madame de la Frulaye: "how did she come to know him?"

"It appears he went to Orleans just then," replied the old woman. "I don't know the story; I don't suppose my niece did really. Anyway, the poor girl had been driven almost crazy by her relatives' cruelty. Oh, ladies, it is not hard to understand."

"Ah! the poor creature!" sighed the spinster.

"Well, it ended in her going to Paris with the count," the peasant continued. "It seems that he had promised to marry Madame Louise as soon as an old uncle, very old and very rich, should die; for the count said

he had nothing but an income the uncle gave him."

"What a miserable falsehood!" exclaimed Madame de la Frulaye.

"Oh, it was all one tissue of lies; we know that now," said the old woman. "Well, he kept her hidden in a little house near Paris; the boy was born—I suppose the count grew tired at last—men do! It appears he told Madame Louise that he had to go off on a journey with his uncle: that while they were gone he would tell the uncle about her and the child, and that he hoped at last to persuade the old man to let him marry her; he could not do so without, because he would be disinherited. So he started, I think about four years ago."

"Just when his brother died and he inherited the title and the fortune," Madame de la Frulaye said.

"He made her all sorts of promises," the old woman went on. "She was not even to write to him directly; her letters went to a friend of his, who was in the secret. You see, that was to keep her from discovering where he was!"

"And at last?"

"Oh, it was only six months afterward that the friend went to Madame Louise and told her the count had died of a fever somewhere in a foreign country. He had died so suddenly that he could not arrange anything for her, and there was nothing to hope from the uncle. The count had had a few thousand francs by him; he had sent her those—that was all."

"Absolutely left her and his child to starve!" groaned Mademoiselle Dumont.

"Just that, madame! Well, it seems that Madame Louise had an illness and came near dying; my niece was living in Paris then, and somehow found her out. She brought her to her village, and she lived in my house. Oh, she could pay her way by embroidery and teaching! She might be

alive yet, if the news had not reached her; but it came so suddenly."

"About the count?"

"Yes; that was only a fortnight ago! My niece had gone to Trouville with her mistress; there was a horse-race one day, and there she saw the count."

Mademoiselle Dumont and Madame de la Frulaye exchanged glances; both remembered those races—Renaud had won largely thereat.

"Did she hear his name?"

"Oh, yes! She said to her mistress that he was so like the Count de Matigny that, if the count were not dead— But it was the count, in flesh and blood, her mistress said; only now he was the Marquis de la Boissière, and, eighteen months before, had married the handsomest girl in Paris."

"And the poor Louise?"

"Ah, you see, my niece wrote it all to her! The letter came—oh, I shall never forget that day! Madame Louise read it and dropped on the floor! When she came to, she sent for the priest; she wrote her letter, and made me promise to bring the child here! She was dead before midnight; the doctor said something broke in her inside—it was her heart, be sure!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Madame de la Frulaye. "Mina called!"

The three friends ran hastily into the arbor. Mina sat there—livid, haggard, the open letters beside her.

"I know the whole now," she said, slowly. "Where is she—and the boy? Bring them in."

When the pair entered, she motioned the child to approach, bent forward, and pressed her lips to his forehead.

"Have no fear," she said to the old peasant, while a faint smile crossed her white lips; "you leave him in safe hands. I am his mother now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOSS.

BY SECUNDA WOOD.

SILENCE and death and years;
Dimness of unshed tears;
Patience to work and wait
And yield to fate.
VOL. CII—11.

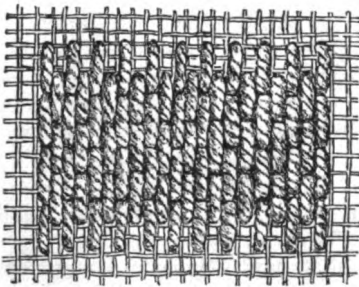
Honor and praise from men;
What shall it profit, then?
While she asleep doth lie,
All years go by.

IVORY-WORK.

THE latest development of the popular embroidery on canvas is known as "ivory-work." It owes its name to the fact that, however varied the colors used for the outlines, the fillings are always executed with white or cream silk or cotton. Perhaps the reason for this is that a certain

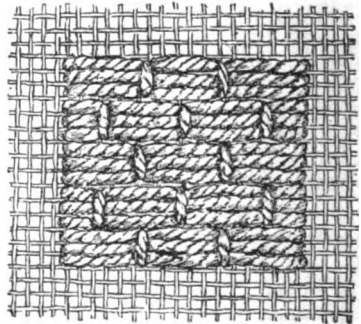
only enough to get the stitches of the right length instead of planning and arranging for the whole of the pattern. The variety mostly lies with the fillings, for there are literally dozens of pretty stitches and combinations of stitches which are suitable for this purpose. A few of the most effective are given here, but besides these are cross-stitch and tent-stitch, darning and herring-bone, both plain and fancy; in fact, any stitch that can possibly be worked upon canvas is turned to account for ivory-work.

No. 1 is a very easily executed filling, consisting of upright stitches, each taken over four threads of canvas. Two threads are missed between each stitch. In the following rows, the stitches are arranged so



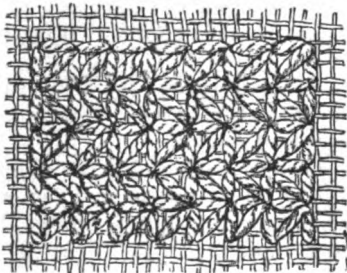
1. FILLING OF UPRIGHT STITCHES.

resemblance is obtained to inlaid ivory; but, however this may be, the work is certainly very attractive and by no means difficult to execute. The designs form scrolls, stars, leaves, and sprays: all of which, from the very nature of the canvas, must unavoidably be somewhat stiff, though much less formal



3. BRICK-STITCH.

as to alternate with those in the preceding row. They also are taken over four threads, two of these threads being on a line with the lower half of the previous set of stitches. In every second row, the upper end of the stitches is passed through the same hole through which the lower ends of the stitches in the corresponding row were drawn. This arrangement, as will be seen from the illustration, covers the surface of the canvas entirely.



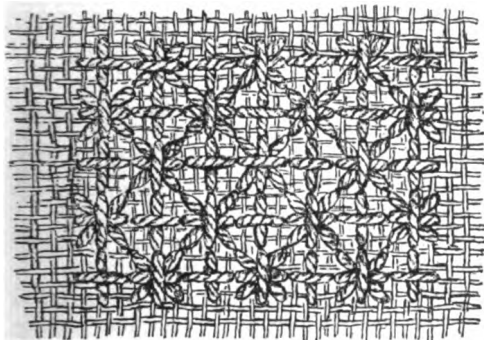
2. FILLING OF STAR STITCHES.

than those usually worked on this material. The counting, which is by many persons considered a great drawback to these geometric embroideries, is almost entirely obviated by the designs being marked on the canvas. They require filling in and outlining, and this necessitates very little counting,

The filling shown in No. 2 is rather more complicated. Every stitch is taken over three threads of canvas. In the second row are worked alternately one upright stitch and one slanting upward from left to right. The slanting stitch springs from the bottom

of the straight stitch, and the straight stitches pass through the same hole as the

Between each brick is worked a short upright stitch covering two threads of the canvas.

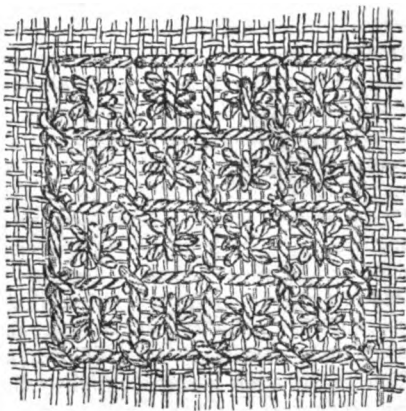


4. LEVIATHAN AND CROSS STITCH.

top of the slanting stitches. The first and third rows consist of horizontal stitches; each passing through the same hole as the upright and slanting stitches of the previous row. The fourth line consists alternately of one upright and one slanting stitch, the latter slanting downward from left to right instead of upward from right to left, as in the second row. After this is worked another line of horizontal stitches, and the work is repeated from the second row.

The third filling is similar to that sometimes known as brick-stitch, which is often found in canvas embroideries. Groups of three horizontal stitches, each covering six threads of canvas, are worked side by side. In the second row, these groups are arranged so as to cover three threads below each of two bricks in the first row, thus alternating the pattern. If the pattern is to be straight at the sides, a half-brick is made at the end of each row, covering three threads only.

The next fillings (Nos. 4 and 5) show various uses of leviathan cross-stitch. That in No. 4 is ordinary leviathan-stitch, worked so as to leave a space between each star equal to that occupied by one of these stitches. This open space is filled with a cross-stitch made of two straight stitches, each carried over four threads of canvas. In the second filling (No. 5), the leviathan-stitches are worked in rows, with two threads left between them in each direction. The crosses are then inclosed in a square by working round them four long stitches over six threads. The point where four of these stitches meet is covered



5. LEVIATHAN AND LATTICE STITCH.

with a small cross-stitch slanting over two threads.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

USES FOR ODDS AND ENDS.

BY CORNELIA REDMOND.

FANCY-WORKERS who are thinking of making baby-blankets may find something to please them among the following suggestions:

In the centre of the blanket, embroider a large bow-knot, in either white or pale-blue. Bind the edges with satin ribbon of the same color.

Work little bunches of violets at the top, bottom, and sides, half-way between the corners. The flowers should be done in

their natural shades and joined by graceful ribbons, done in white, which form little bow-knots in the four corners.

Large loose sprays of clover, a wreath of blue forget-me-nots or of delicate maiden-hair ferns, are all pretty designs.

A rainbow sofa-pillow is a new idea and a very pretty one. It has a cover made of seven strips of ribbon of the colors of the rainbow, arranged in proper order—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

Fine linen lace makes a dainty finish around the edge of a linen tea-cloth or centre-piece.

An effective bed-spread can be made of the cheap scrim which comes with rows of hemstitching running through it. Put pink or blue silesia underneath. Pillow-shams may be made to match, and may be finished with a wide hem or a row of linen lace, slightly full.

If the corners of your rugs will turn up, make little pockets on the wrong side and insert in them heavy flat dress-weights. Instead of sewing the pockets up, use small safety-pins to keep the weights in. They can then be easily removed when the rugs are shaken.

Old-fashioned Nottingham lace curtains, if dyed dark-red or old-blue, make very effective window-draperies.

Housekeepers will find that corduroy makes a strong as well as ornamental covering for furniture. The shades of gray and tan are the prettiest and also have the advantage of keeping their freshness longer than the darker colors.

Pretty sashes which do not seem to go particularly well with any of your wearing apparel can be utilized as mantel-scarfs.

Odd bits of skirt-braid, if saved until you have a sufficient quantity, can be made into a nice little rag-carpet rug. If you are willing to buy a few pieces of bright-yellow to add to your dark scraps, the effect will be quite Oriental.

Old-fashioned shawls with any pretensions to beauty may be used for table-covers or portières.

A Pretty Hanging Pincushion is made of ribbon two inches wide, and a quarter of a yard in length on each side of the cushion. The two sides should be of different shades of ribbon and should be neatly overhanded together. The cushion should be stuffed with sawdust, and, about an inch from the top, tied with narrow ribbon, and a loop left by which to hang it up. The pins should be stuck in up and down the sides. It is a pretty idea to outline some little appropriate motto on the ribbon. "See a pin and let it lie" might be on one side, and on the other "You'll want that pin before you die."

A more fanciful hanging cushion is made of one of these little Japanese dolls that can

be bought for a small sum at any Japanese store. A silk bag, eight inches long and three inches wide, is made for a dress and stuffed with wool and perfumed with sachet-powder, so that it may serve a double purpose, and the doll is slipped into this bag, leaving its head exposed. The top of the bag is overseamed up to the doll's neck on each side, and a narrow slit is left in the sides of the bag close to the top, through which the doll's arms may be slipped. A sash of narrow ribbon tied around the waist shapes it, and the end serves as a loop by which to hang the cushion up. Dolls dressed in this way are also used as sachets, having the skirts well sprinkled with orris-root or other sweet-scented powder.

FINGER-NAILS.

Do you take good care of your finger-nails?

A soft nail-brush should be used in washing the hands. If any instrument be needed for the nails, it should be of ivory, not of steel; if you use a sharp steel instrument, you roughen the under surface, and they soon get unsightly and are more easily soiled.

About once a week is often enough to trim the nails. Do not cut them too much down at the sides, else you may have an in-growing nail. Trim them oval or filbert, whichever suits the shape of the fingers best. Do not, however, leave them too long, or they may easily be likened to claws by people who don't love you.

Wash in hot water, and the skin that grows up over the nail may easily be kept in its proper place by the ivory trimmer.

The white spots called "gifts," that sometimes appear in the nails, are due to a deposit, and point, not to gifts, but to more or less of the lithic acid diathesis.

The nails should be polished every day. This may be done with a trimmer covered with chamois-leather, and a little levigated chalk mixed with lime-juice.

The liquor of boiled oatmeal will tend to whiten the skin; but it must be made fresh every day—it won't keep.

A cocoanut-oil liniment is sometimes used to rub into the hands at night, to whiten them. It is composed of half an ounce each of cocoanut oil, white wax, and almond oil, nicely scented.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is one of the newest styles for house-dresses, and is so simple that it is within the power of any woman with deft fingers and a little taste to produce a similar well. The corselet, sleeves, and neck-band are of plain black silk—edged, like the bottom of the skirt, with rows of gold braid and black feather trimmings.



No. 1.



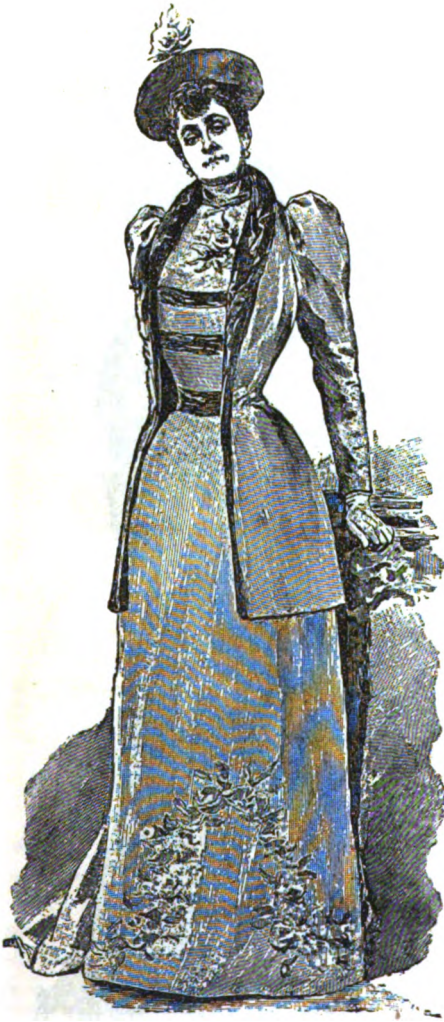
No. 2.

one. Our model is of black grenadine studded with gold-colored spots, but a much less expensive material will look wonderfully No. 2—Is a pretty dress for light mourning. The skirt is of black China silk, with a flounce of a dark shade of violet figured

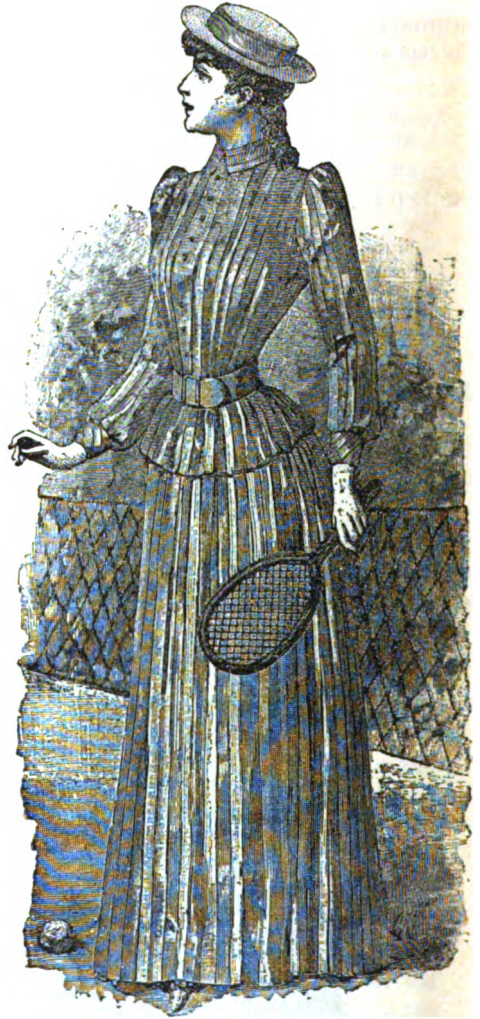
with black swallows. The bodice is of black silk, with yoke and ruffles of the figured violet silk. Hat of black lace.

No. 3—Gives one of the very latest styles of visiting-dress. It is of gray vicuna-cloth, with an embroidered garland of flowers on the front of the skirt. The round bodice is

court, but for a house-dress, walking-dress, or boating: the kind of material only needs to be carefully selected for the occasion on which it is worn. The model from which our engraving was taken was of striped flannelette, of pale-pink and gray. The skirt is straight and only sufficiently full



No. 3.



No. 4.

crossed with dark-blue moiré ribbon in keeping with the facings of the jacket, which are of dark-blue satin. The jacket is close-fitting at the back and loose in front. Hat of mixed straw, with one large pink rose in front.

No. 4—Shows a pretty English tennis-costume, not only suitable for the tennis-

to make it hang well. The blouse was plaited. The sleeves moderately full, with crosswise cuffs. The belt was of gray leather, with a steel buckle. Gray sailor-hat.

No. 5—Gives a simple pretty design suitable for almost any time—also depending, like our last one, upon the occasion on which it is to be worn. The gown before us

is of dark-green vicuna-cloth, with rows of hemstitching about the bottom of the skirt. The great plainness of the upper part is done away with by being ornamented with a couple of rows of covered buttons, but silk or crochet ones may be used. The broad waistband and deep cuffs are of green silk, and the braces are of heavy green ribbon with dull oxydized buckles. White straw hat, trimmed with flowers.

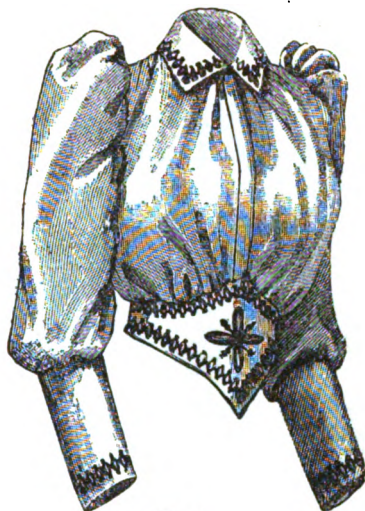


No. 5.

No. 6—Shows a shirt-waist of white surah silk. The collar, cuffs, and pointed waistband are trimmed with a jeweled gimp, and an ornament to correspond is put on the front of the waistband.

No. 7—Is a boy's suit, of light-gray or white flannel. The collar and sash are of blue silk, or red silk is equally pretty. The hat is of Japanese straw and shape.

No. 8—Gives a pretty design of a frock for a girl. The material is of plain light-blue gingham, with sash, ruffle about the



No. 6.

neck, and cuffs of a darker shade of blue. The bodice and sleeves are moderately full.

No. 9—Is a girl's dress, of striped gingham or thin flannel. The blouse-waist is quite full, the sleeves loose and comfortable for playing; the only trimming consists of neck-



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.

No. 10.

band, side-band, and cuffs of dark-blue linen, put on with herring-bone or feather stitch. Pearl buttons ornament the side-band; the latter is a distinctive feature of the Russian blouse. Straw hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon.

No. 10—Shows a pink gingham, spotted with white. The skirt has three tucks. The bodice is rather full and is worn under a belt of white embroidery. The yoke and cuffs are of the same. Full sleeves. Hat of black coarse straw.

PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE CASE.

BY MRS. ROANE.

Our colored pattern in this number is a novel design for a case for handkerchiefs and gloves, which, if made of handsome materials, would make a pleasing and useful present for either a lady or gentleman.

Two pieces of heavy card-board, ten and three-quarters inches long and seven and one-half wide, covered with dark bronze-green plush, form the foundation, which is lined with satin over a layer of cotton thickly sprinkled with sachet-powder. This lining should be quilted, and, with the pockets, may

be of the same shade as the back, or of some contrasting color. A row of stitching marks the centre and keeps the card-board in place.

The seams and edges are covered with a fancy cord, a glove-stretcher is held in place by elastic bands, and the pockets have embroidered sprays on them. The back is ornamented with small daisies; and a flower spray worked in old-gold silk, and a bow and bands of old-gold ribbon, finish this pretty case.

BLOUSE-BODICE. BONNET. CHEMISETTE.



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BODICES. HAT. PLASTRON.

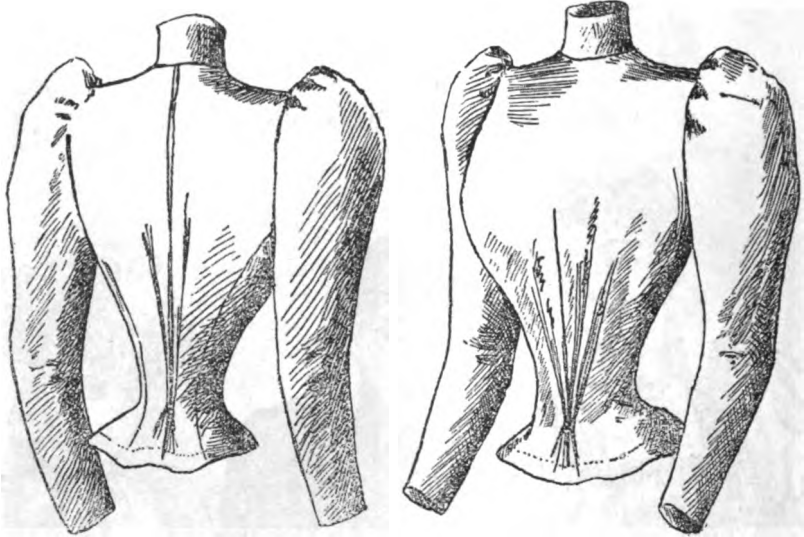


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



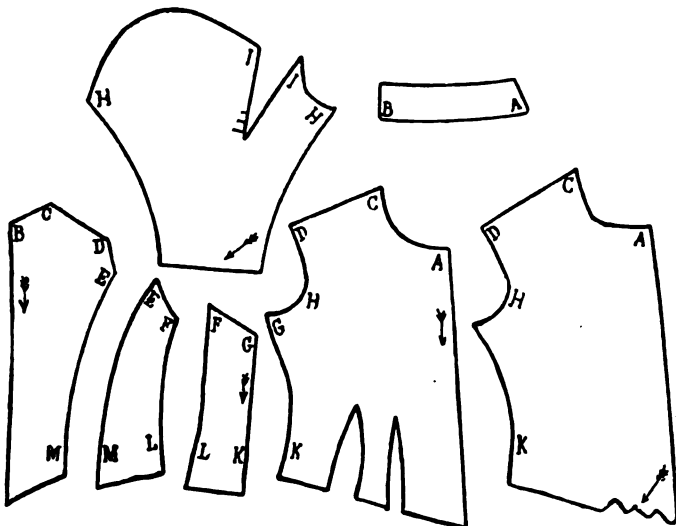
We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a stylish bodice to be worn under the skirt; and, as round waists are to be the rage for this season, any lady can make this bodice for herself, either to match the skirt or of flannel, China silk, cheviot, etc., in a contrasting color.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The pattern consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF UPPER FRONT.

3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. SIDE-FRONT.
6. COLLAR.
7. SLEEVE.

The upper front has a slight fullness, indicated by the notches at the waist. The under-front is fitted with two darts to the figure. The illustration shows the back and front view of the bodice, therefore other explanations are unnecessary.





FLOWER-POT COVER.

First of all, provide a basket cover, either painted or gilded. These can be had at any florist's or large fancy stores. If the basket cannot be procured, then make a cover by either plaiting some straw or fancy colored paper, and place this upon a paste-board foundation, the proper size and shape for the pot to be covered. Finish the top and bottom edges with some plaited grass or paper. The drapery is made of a small piece of China silk, either flowered or plain, or a piece of cashmere, with the edges pinked out. Any amount of ingenuity can be brought to bear upon these pretty decorative covers for the flower-pots, for either the table or drawing-room.

EMBROIDERY FOR CURTAINS.

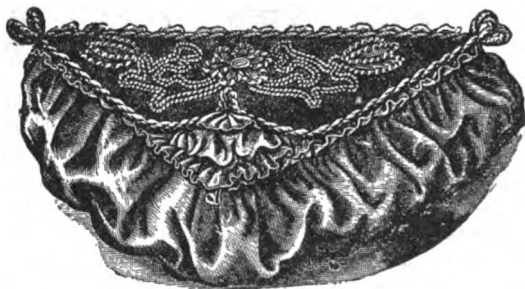
We give, on the Supplement, a bold and graceful design for an embroidered curtain. It is done in stem-stitch, on any material and of any color suitable for the furniture of the room in which it is to hang. The work is so rapidly accomplished that a whole portière may soon be covered with the work, and thrown on it here and there.

DESIGN FOR A FRUIT-NAPKIN AND TEA-CLOTH.

These designs on the Supplement can be worked in outline or Kensington-stitch, and in black silk, red working-cotton, or in colors more nearly approaching nature.

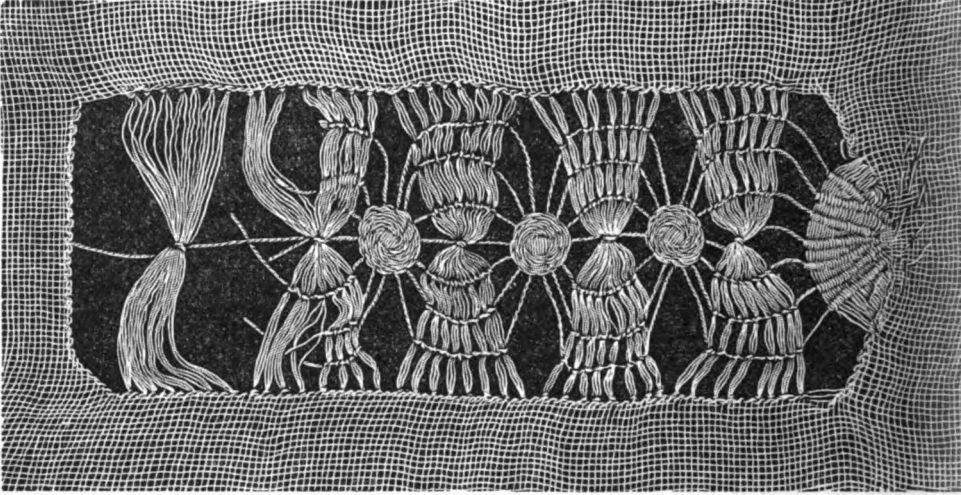
TOILET-BOX.

The triangular foundation is made of card-board and lined on the inside with strawberry-colored satin over a slight padding of cotton wool. The cover is lined in the same way, and a satin ruche fixed to the front point. The embroidery on the top side of the cover is carried out on grayish-blue plush, with filoselle of the two leading colors and gold thread, and edged with a silk cord, the hinge being formed by a satin band properly fixed. The outside



of the box is covered with grayish-blue satin arranged in puffs.

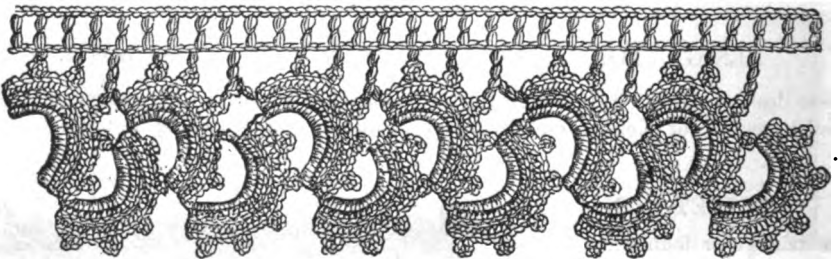
DRAWN-WORK.



First draw the threads of the linen or scrim, the required width. Then, with a linen thread, hemstitch (taking four threads to each stitch) both sides of the work. After the hemstitching, begin by drawing into the middle the separate stitches into groups, tying each group with a buttonhole knot. Then, from the centre at one end, begin dividing the groups, gathering each thread up to the centre thread. Repeat this on both sides of the centre thread, as seen in

the illustration. After all are fastened to the centre thread, begin and darn in the rose pattern between, taking up every other thread, around and around, until it is of the proper size. By carefully following the pattern in the illustration, you will soon become an expert and do the work very rapidly. Coarse butcher's-linen or canvas is the best material to begin on, then the finest linen and linen lawn may be worked in this manner for tea-table cloths, doylies, etc.

BORDER IN CROCHET.



This border is suitable for trimming cotton dresses, petticoats, and under-garments.

To work the first curve, make 80 chains and unite in a circle. Under this circle, work 20 dc stitches as closely together as possible, 1 ch. Turn on reverse side, work another row of dc on the last row, 1 ch. Last row: turn on reverse side, work 3 dc, a picot of 4 ch, then 3 dc, and continue till 5 picots are made, ending with 3 dc.

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For the second curve, make a chain of 20 stitches dc on the top of second picot of last curve; now work this curve as the last, and continue till the required length.

For the edge, make a row of chain-stitches, and in doing this refer to the engraving, and use treble or dc stitches to catch up the picots where seen in the engraving.

Then a last row of 1 long (treble), 2 ch, miss 2 ch, and repeat.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN.—August is an important season for the propagation of all sorts of bedding plants. It is also an excellent season for taking cuttings of hardy plants, such as phloxes, pentstemons, snapdragons, etc., when it is desired to increase the stock of any good named variety. Cuttings should be stood in a sunny place and lightly sprinkled with water early in the morning. Seedling plants of wall-flowers, campanulas, Brompton stocks, sweet-williams, Aubritia, etc., will require planting out, where they are intended to flower next spring. Violet beds should be carefully attended to in the matter of removing runners. August and September are good months for the sowing of seed of hardy annuals, which will flower much earlier if sown now than if left until next spring. Early summer is often rather a blank time in the garden on account of these autumn sowings being neglected. German scabious, *nigella* (love-in-the-mist), *Silene pendula*, *nemophila*, *Godetia*, *Clarkia*, and all the hardiest annuals will do well if sown now. Pansies can also be raised from seed at the same time, but it is best to sow these in pans kept in a cold frame. Pansy cuttings will strike well in a bed of sandy soil with a glass put over them, and can be left there till the following spring, by which time they will form neat bushy little plants. Cuttings are generally made from the straggling unrooted outside shoots of the pansy, but fine plants are more readily obtained by breaking up the central tuft of each pansy plant, which consists, if well grown, of a number of short shoots already rooted. Each of these, if planted separately, will form a new plant.

Bulbs of all kinds, such as tulips, narcissus, etc., which have been taken up after their foliage has died down, ought to be replanted as soon as possible. The beds which are prepared for them should have manure trenched into them at a good depth. The custom of waiting till October or even later, before planting bulbs, is by no means a good one, as it only serves to curtail their season of rooting. Most bulbs in a natural state root into the soil long before they show any signs of throwing up leaves; and the longer this period of rooting is, the stronger will be the leaves and flowers. Although it is a good plan to take up bulbs every year, this is chiefly of use in allowing offsets to be removed and planted separately, and the decaying outer tissues of bulbs to be cleared off.

AN INVALUABLE COMFORT.—A writing-board is an invaluable comfort to invalids, as it enables them to write without fatigue. Procure from a carpenter a nice board about eighteen by twentyone inches. Get some sawdust and make a narrow roll about the size of a pencil, filling it with sawdust; this must be in two pieces—one to go along the top, and the second to lie about four inches down the board. Colored serge, pretty flat brass nails, and black braid are now needed. Cut the serge larger than the board, and stretch it on flat. One band of braid must go along straight under the roll about four inches from the top, and that upper division will hold pens, ink, etc., and prevent them from sliding down; it can also be subdivided, as fancy dictates. The centre of the board should be for a blotter, flat pockets on either side for paper and envelopes. All the accessories of a writing-table can be arranged for, each subdivision being marked out with black braid. The back of the board is, of course, covered; and finally, braid is put all round the edges, and at equal intervals the brass nails, so the effect of the whole when completed is quite gay. It should be remembered that, as these writing-boards are intended for the use of invalids, anything heavy about them is a mistake.

HOW TO MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.—No home that is disorderly can ever be attractive. It may be costly and luxurious, but it can never charm the eye or gladden the heart. A presiding sense of order which provides for the needs of eye and ear, which secures harmony of arrangement and consistency of detail, which ministers to that restfulness of spirit which toil and care so greatly need, is a necessary element in the good housekeeper.

DON'T GRUMBLE.—She is a fool that grumbles at every little mischance. Put the best foot foremost is an old and good maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate. People do not like to have the unfortunate for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit; if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can.

POLITENESS is the natural expression of a refined nature. The counterfeit is always easily distinguishable from the genuine article.

EXPOSITION NOTES.—The Lady Managers are in communication with Mrs. Humphrey Ward, requesting her to loan the original manuscript of her novel, "Robert Elsmere," for exhibition in the Woman's Building. An effort is also being made to secure the manuscript of "Ramona" from the heirs of the author, Helen Hunt Jackson, for exhibition in connection with the exhibit of the Ramona Indian School of New Mexico, now in process of arrangement.

The women of Missouri intend to furnish the State building with carpets, rugs, etc., made of Missouri-grown wool. Missouri schools of design will furnish the designs and the women will bear the expense of manufacture.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Manitou Island. By M. G. McClelland. New York: Henry Holt and Co.—This is decidedly the best novel which any American author has produced this season or for several seasons previous. It is a book which depends on characterization rather than plot; a book with an object, if you will, but that object is not obtruded like an ill-arranged patch: it is simply and naturally revealed in the actions of the characters and the consequences of such actions on themselves and others. The characters stand out clear and distinct; the incidents are carefully chosen, novel, and interesting, and several of the situations are intensely dramatic. The style is easy and graceful, and in diction Miss McClelland is always a master. She never fails to choose the exact word needed; and, no doubt unconsciously, her vocabulary is almost entirely drawn from Saxon words, a gift which never fails to impart a peculiar sweetness and strength to dialogue or narrative. She possesses a wonderful talent for description, and in this work there are certain passages which stand out in the reader's mind as vividly as pictures wrought by a painter's brush. She wrote because she had a book to write, and the result must add greatly to her enviable reputation.

Well Out of It. By John Habberton. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—Mr. Habberton has a large circle of admirers by whom this fresh effort will be cordially welcomed. It possesses the author's customary merits with certain of his defects somewhat exaggerated, but is, on the whole, a very readable little book.

The Catherwood Mystery. By Albert P. Southwick. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—A very interesting novel of the type of the detective stories, which, let people say what they will, are always popular when well done. The mystery is admirably kept up, the incidents are numerous and novel, and the characters are capably drawn. The publishers have issued the book in their Broadway Series, which is one of the best collections of cheap novels on the market.

The Erl Queen. By Nataly von Eschstruth. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a story of German life, with a stirring plot carefully worked out. The publishers deserve great praise for the manner in which they issue their novels. The present volume is printed on excellent paper, illustrated with photogravures, and so prettily bound that it would make an acceptable birthday gift.

The Land We Live In. By Charles F. King. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—"The Land We Live In" is a continuation of Mr. King's delightful series, being the third book of "The Picturesque Geographical Readers," and, as the title indicates, covers portions of the United States. Visits are made by our old friends, the Cartnell family, to the industrial centres of the Eastern and Middle States, as well as to the principal cities. These visits are described in so interesting a manner, and are so completely illustrated, that it will be a pleasure instead of a task, for a pupil to obtain the geographical information therein given.

Talks on Graphology. By H. L. R. and M. L. R. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Graphology, principally through the labors of certain well-known French writers, has been brought to a scientific basis, of which this book affords capital illustrations and proofs. If anybody wishes to determine the character of a correspondent, he should read "Talks on Graphology." With the aid of this book and a little practice, one can analyze a letter and become acquainted with the writer's habits of thought and action, disposition, and individual characteristics; even the nationality may be ascertained.

Old Dacre's Darling. By Annie Thomas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Some twenty-five years ago, Annie Thomas wrote a number of really good novels; later, she wrote several which fell below her original standard, and then for a considerable length of time produced nothing, so far as we know. She has lately broken her silence and offered the reading world "Old Dacre's Darling," but the book is unworthy of her talent.

Lady Patty. By The Duchess. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A pleasing little novelet to help while away a summer's afternoon, but not in any way to be compared to the author's earlier novels, several of which were really brilliant books.

Margery's Roses. By R. C. Meyers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—A charming little love-story by this gifted author, who is rapidly and deservedly gaining a wide popularity. The plot is simple and natural, the characters are life-like, and the book is as carefully finished as a pre-Raphaelite picture. It has been included in the publishers' twenty-five-cent edition, and ought to have an extensive sale.

Leah; or, The Forsaken. By Dr. S. Mosenthal. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—The publishers have issued a new edition of this romance in their twentyfive-cent series. It deals in masterly style with a subject that is engaging the attention of the civilized world, and shows that the persecution to which the Jewish people are being subjected in certain countries is by no means new.

In Stony Places. By N. J. Clodfelter. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Another addition to the popular twentyfive-cent series. The plot is highly exciting, the characters are forcibly drawn, and the incidents exceedingly well managed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

FLORIDA, that garden of the tropics, is still only visited by the few; but the choicest fragrance of that land of flowers is brought within the reach of all in the Murray & Lanman Florida Water. To the sick-room, its balmy breath imparts a delicious freshness, while it is invaluable whether used in the bath or at the toilet. To distinguish the genuine article from its numerous imitations, look out for the "Trade-Mark."

GLYCERINE.

Do you happen to know for how many different uses glycerine is really invaluable? It moistens and softens the skin, and, when properly diluted, both prevents and cures the painful and unsightly cracks known as "chaps" on the hands. It will allay the excessive thirst of a fever-patient which nothing else could effect. Two or three drops given to a baby will often stop its stomach-ache, if wind be the cause.

It will frequently soothe an irritable cough by moistening the dryness of the throat which gives rise to it. It is the most efficient means at our command for the prevention of bed-sores.

It has been found excellent as an enema in treating constipation, and half a teaspoonful every half-hour will relieve summer complaint, water-brash, or dyspepsia. In household medication, it must be pure and wholly unadulterated.

Another use may be added, which is not generally known. When you are about to seal fruit-jars, drop in half a dozen drops of glycerine, and it will help to keep the contents and prevent mold from gathering on the top.

If you want to show your husband a little attention, place a bottle at his hand of equal parts of glycerine and bay-rum, for use after his

morning shave, and he will rise up and bless you. I have tried and can recommend it.

Glycerine is also excellent for rubbing into shoes as the preventive of wet feet, as well as to soften the leather and keep it in good condition.

DECORATED BED-SPREADS.

LADIES fond of fancy-work are turning their attention to bed-spreads by way of adding to the adornment of the bed-rooms. The "snowy white bed" exists no longer, white quilts are doomed, and white hangings have long been banished. A very beautiful quilt can be made of coarse brown holland, on which has been applied a rich pattern in Turkey twill. The design consists of a flowing border of large vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, the centre having a similar design arranged as a cluster instead of a border. Such a pattern must be first traced on the twill, which is then tightly fastened down to the holland foundation. All the lines are worked evenly and closely in buttonhole, satin, or chain stitch, according to their position. Buttonhole-stitches are the firmest to use where the material has to be cut away along one side. Satin-stitch is useful for dots, fruits, etc., and chain-stitch for veins of leaves and tendrils. When all this is done, the twill is carefully cut away, leaving the pattern in bold relief of red against the brownish ground. Sometimes the leaves of a design only are laid on, the berries being worked in ordinary crewel-stitch. A little shading may be added to the leaves or not, according to taste. Ingrain red embroidery-cotton is best to use, as it stands continual washing. Great care must be taken not to draw or pucker the work. Sideboard-cloths look handsome worked in the same way; so do borders to curtains, tea-cloths, and towels.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

RECEIPTS.

Salad Pot-Pourri.—Take remains of vegetables such as snap and butter beans, beets, Irish potatoes, and okra, left over from dinner; put them into the salad-dish in alternating layers, with thin rings of sliced onions between each layer, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour over it a dressing made as follows: One teaspoonful of made mustard to two tablespoonfuls of oil, four of vinegar, one of white sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Fish Gems.—Take any remnant of broiled fish, chop it fine, and add the same amount of bread-crumbs soaked soft in milk, also two eggs beaten with salt, pepper, and chopped parsley. Bake in a buttered tin.

Cranberry Sauce.—Add, to one quart of cranberries which have been well washed, one-half

pint of cold water and one pound of granulated sugar. Boil for twenty minutes.

TO USE COLD MEATS.

Mutton Croquettes.—Chop the meat up very fine, and, to every pint of it, add half a pint of milk or cream, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of chopped onions, a quarter of a nutmeg; salt and pepper it to taste. Rub the flour and butter together and stir them into boiling milk for five minutes over the fire. Season the meat and add it to the milk. Stir this over the fire until it is hot, then set the mixture to cool. When cold, form into pear-shape croquettes, roll first in beaten eggs, then in breadcrumbs. Fry in boiling lard.

Bits of Fried Liver left over can be chopped up with other meat for hash. It vastly improves the hash. Salt fish left over can be made into fish-balls with potatoes or scalloped. For the latter, put a layer of breadcrumbs in the bottom of a pudding-dish, a layer of the fish, then a layer of breadcrumbs buttered; continue this till the dish is full, and pour over it a cupful of milk. Fresh fish can be utilized in the same way, only add more seasoning. Fish croquettes, made with either fresh or salt fish, are always liked. Take out the bones, mince it, then add a beaten egg, a teacupful of flour, and a teacupful of milk; roll into balls, and brush the balls with beaten egg; dredge with breadcrumbs, and fry to a nice color in pork gravy.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XXVIII.—ON THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, LOCALIZATION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

7. CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE "RINDER-PEST," ETC.

Without due consideration, it might seem to some that to speak of the great cattle disease or plague in a lady's-magazine might be out of place, especially under the head of this department; but, as we said in a previous number of this series, there are doubtless thousands of mothers and hundreds of daughters, readers of these papers, who are deeply interested in their milch cows and who will rejoice to know how they can prevent or save their favorites from the terrible scourge—pleuro-pneumonia—when it threatens them.

The cattle disease is infectious—that is, capable of reproducing and propagating itself—and that it originates externally upon the body of the animal by the development and propagation of organic parasites. These localize on the mucous membrane of the lips and nostrils especially, and thence extend themselves over the skin of

the head, neck, and forepart of the body through the mucous coat underneath the skin, and by their growth keep up a constant irritating effect upon the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal nerves there distributed, and by nervous reflex action cause all the grave symptoms that we witness in the animals attacked.

Now, the organic nature and precise localization of the cause of the cattle disease being established, there is no reason to doubt but that corrosive sublimate will be found to be an efficient destroyer of that cause; and, if applied judiciously, immense numbers or herds of our most valuable animals may be saved and the plague only known as a disease of the past.

To prevent an attack when the disease breaks out, or to cure it in its earliest stages, take 30 grs. ($\frac{1}{2}$ dr.) of the corrosive sublimate salt and dissolve it in one quart of hot water, and apply it as a wash to the lips or mouth, throat, and nostrils, as well as to the front part of the chest and body of the infected animal. This washing should be repeated daily to those that are sick, but twice or thrice a week will suffice to prevent the parasites from localizing on animals in usual health.

This salt is not only the most efficient germicide, but a valuable remedy to prevent sore throat, disease of the pleura, lungs, etc. This is brief, but must suffice. We will now close with a few

Deductions: 1. All filthy places near human habitations, animal and vegetable offal or dead bodies, should be thoroughly cleaned. 2. Warmth and moisture, especially moist filth, serve as an excellent place of development of germs or spores, as in cases of "scald-head." 3. When the cuticle becomes broken, germs may enter upon their work, where they could not on sound skin. Thus the vaccine virus is introduced into the system. 4. The presence of atmospheric air, or oxygen which it contains, seems essential to the development of infection, as many parasites—even the scarlatinous—may be deprived of life by greasing the body thoroughly with oil or lard. 5. The application of iced cold water by affusion or the wet sheet—largely employed and most successfully by Dr. Hiram Corson—has promptly arrested the high fever of scarlatina, measles, small-pox, etc., with recovery in the early acute stages by destroying the parasites.

Why persons are only affected, as a rule, but once by contagious diseases, is a mooted but interesting question. And if the system is entirely changed every seven years—or even seven months, as is claimed by some—it is still more strange. But there seems to be such a modification of, or such an impression made upon, the mucous membranes by the first attack, that the vital forces or polarity is so increased in energy as to be capable of resisting all future

attacks. In other words, all the tissues involved in first attacks undergo such a severe exercise for a period of several days that the vital polarity in those membranes is greatly increased in a resistance of power or strength sufficient to overpower any subsequent disturbing influence sought to be manifested by parasitical seeds or germs.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF GRAY WOOLEN. The back is full and untrimmed. The front and sides are ornamented with three bands of brown silk edged with a tiny moss-fringe. Cloak of gray cloth, trimmed with passementerie. Straw hat, with black velvet and feather ornaments.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE INDIA SILK, figured with stalks of yellow chrysanthemums. The skirt opens at the side over plain yellow India silk, and is cut in one piece from the shoulders to the bottom at the back; in front, the bodice has coat-revers faced with blue velvet, an irregular basque at the sides, and a pointed velvet belt comes from under the arms. Full shirt-front of yellow India silk, with a jabot of the same. Large straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and chrysanthemums.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF SOFT BLUE WOOLEN. The long skirt is box-plaited and has an anchor embroidered in front. The sleeves and blouse-bodice are of the woollen. The long jacket is of velveteen of a darker shade. Full round cap of the woollen, bordered with white lace, through the edge of which a very fine white wire is run to keep it in place.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF THE NEW CHANGEABLE SURAH SILK, IN SHADES OF DARK-RED AND PLUM-COLOR. The skirt is edged with a wide band of Oriental embroidery, done in colors on a cream-colored ground. The embroidery is sewed on at the bottom, with the edge turned upward. Paniers of the silk, with pointed ends. Pointed bodice, opening over a plain cream-colored shirt. The ruffle on the sides of the bodice, collar, and caps to the sleeves are of the Oriental embroidery. Large Leghorn hat, trimmed with loose red roses.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF WHITE CHALLIS, with Pompadour flowers in blue and pink, alternating with blue stripes. The front is trimmed with white lace, slightly draped. The bodice opens over a lace under-waist, is cut away from the front, pointed, and has deep lace basques at the sides. The back forms a jabot. Large hat, of black lace, ornamented with bluets.

FIG. VI.—DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED AND BLUE STRIPED GINGHAM. The skirt is plain. Full blouse-bodice, fastened under a pointed belt of the gingham. Full sleeves, with deep cuffs.

FIG. VII.—TENNIS-DRESS. Skirt of figured French flannel, with a bias band of cream-colored flannel at the bottom. Shirt-waist of white flannel, worn under a broad band of silk to correspond with either the flowers or the ground of the skirt. Braces of the same material.

FIG. VIII.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS, OF PINK AND WHITE PLAID ZEPHYR-CLOTH. Blouse-waist of white serge, with arrows embroidered on the plastron or sleeves. Oars, tennis-rackets, etc., look well, embroidered if preferred. Straw hat, trimmed with stiff brown bows.

FIG. IX.—DRESS, OF CHANGEABLE FIGURED INDIA SILK, GREEN AND BRONZE COLORS. The skirt is trimmed with a deep ruffle of the colors of the dress, but not figured. The bodice has a plaited front and ruffle, also of unfigured silk, while the much-wrinkled sleeves are of the figured silk, with cuffs of that which is not figured. Small toque, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. X.—DRESS, OF LAVENDER-COLORED CHALLIS, figured with delicate lilac. The skirt has a deep flounce of plain lilac crêpon, headed by three puffings of the same. The bodice is of the crêpon, finished at the waist and neck to correspond with the top of the skirt. Guimpe and collar of white embroidery. Hat of black straw, trimmed with a wreath of roses. The great advantage of the two last models is that they serve as hints for combining two old dresses to make new ones.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF SOFT GRAY AND BROWN WOOLEN. The skirt is bordered with a band of plain gray woollen, striped around with galloons of brown. The bodice is slightly full at the waist, where it is worn under a pointed belt made of the plain woollen striped with galloon. This belt passes through slits in the coat, and confines the latter to the waist. The yoke and deep cuffs are like the trimming at the bottom of the dress. Hat of soft gray straw, ornamented with gray ribbon and roses.

FIG. XII.—DRESS, OF FOREST-GREEN CHINA SILK. The deep jacket-bodice is belted to the waist under a jetted band. The same kind of trimming ornaments the very deep cuffs, and narrower rows of jet finish the edge of the jacket and pointed collar. Hat of green silk, with one stiff ostrich-plume.

FIG. XIII.—BONNET, OF YELLOW STRAW, trimmed with a wreath of small grapes and leaves.

FIG. XIV.—CHEMISETTE, OF BLACK LACE, studded with jet beads, to be worn over any kind of bodice. This will prove a great addition to an old dress.

FIG. XV.—BODICE, OF GRAY FOULARD, figured with Pompadour bouquets of blue and pink flowers. There is a slight fullness on the right shoulder, and a jabot ruffle from the left shoul-

der to the upper one of the three bows fastening the three ribbons which come from the back. The full sleeves are also trimmed with these ribbons. We also give a view of the back of this pretty bodice.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with white ribbon and three dark-brown ostrich-feathers.

FIG. XVII.—RUSSIAN BODICE, OF LILAC AND WHITE STRIPED OUTING-CLOTH. It is laid in fine tucks below the neck. A band of the outing feather-stitched with lilac and ornamented with buttons, is put Russian-fashion from the left shoulder to the bottom. Collar and cuffs are feather-stitched with lilac.

FIG. XIX.—PLASTRON, OF WHITE EMBROIDERED CHIFFON. Long silk streamers come from the back and are tied below the shoulders.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There was never a time when dress-goods were so inexpensive, or when the style required less material, or when two or three old gowns could be so well combined to make another "as good as new." Even in the matter of trimmings, one's own store of packed-away finery which had been too good to discard, or our mothers' boards of laces and embroideries, or our grandmothers' chests of old brocades, may all be turned to account with charming results. Laces are used again with the best effects, and the woman who is not the enviable owner of real Chantilly or Brussels or English thread can purchase for a comparatively small sum such admirable imitations that she can well hold her own by the side of one dressed in real lace. Among the best imitations is the Irish point, which is heavy and much used for the collars, basques, and deep cuffs now so fashionable. Then the imitation black thread or Chantilly is most wonderfully like that so laboriously made on cushions; machinery now will weave in an hour what it formerly took poor women and girls months to produce, and a scant pittance was obtained at that. This cheapening process may make the style of dressing common, but it gives the effect which is so dear to the woman's heart.

Cheriots, serges, and their kind are made so light and thin this season, that, when laundry-work is an expensive item, they can well take the place of cotton goods, though they have not the cool dainty effect of the latter.

Ginghams, lawns, and sateens are so simply made and can be so easily laundered that they have not the objection which obtained a few years ago. As to the painted lawns dear to our ancestors, they were never more beautiful—and alas! never more frail—than they are this season. The China silks and the foulards come between the woollen goods and the cotton ones and prove most comfortable, and serviceable as well.

Shirt-waists and blazers are the most popular and useful things out. The waist may be made of cotton, China silk, or thin flannel. If it fits neatly, and that is not difficult to do, it may always look well, because it can be made of such cheap material if desired. Then there is the blazer—the open jacket falling over the hips—with its convenient pockets and a button or two to fasten it if necessary.

All bodices are made more or less full, if they are not worn with these jackets—that is, all except the so-called tailor-dresses, which usually have the addition of a full skirt-front or waist-coat.

Skirts are still close to the hips and laid in plaits at the back, and also too often much too long. For mountain-dresses or country walking, our best-acquainted women wear them short enough to escape the ground.

Sleeves are gradually changing their shape, increasing in width what they are losing in height; and this will probably bring the long scarfs of our mothers' days in fashion again, because nothing but a scarf will fall well over these balloon sleeves.

With the narrow skirts, a wider and looser cloak or jacket is worn, and the effect is the ugliest that can be imagined. These garments, that have no seam in the back, are the most ungraceful things that can be worn, yet they have the recommendation of convenience and comfort. They are so easily put on. It is to be hoped that the cloak and jacket may be modified and be made half-tight only.

Hats are of all styles, provided they are not too large; and bonnets are decidedly small.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF FIGURED MUSLIN. The skirt is finished by three tucks. The bodice is gathered and kept in place by rows of shirring at the waist and above it. The shoulder-straps of the square opening are also shirred. The guimpe and sleeves are of white muslin; the sleeves are formed of two puffs and have deep cuffs tucked.

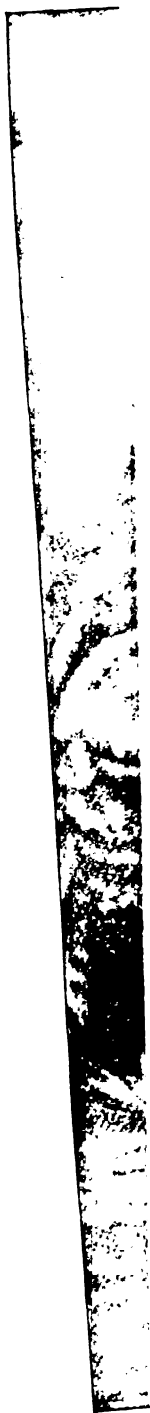
FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The skirt is plain and has a deep pointed corselet of blue silk. The braces, which reach from the shoulders down the skirt, are of blue ribbon and are finished with small bows.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DOVE-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt has a machine-stitched hem. The full long jacket-bodice has a belt and band around the neck, of gray ribbon, embroidered in gold and edged with a darker gray galloon. This galloon trims the front and edge of the skirt, as well as the two sets of sleeves. Bonnet of white straw, trimmed with white ribbon and daisies.

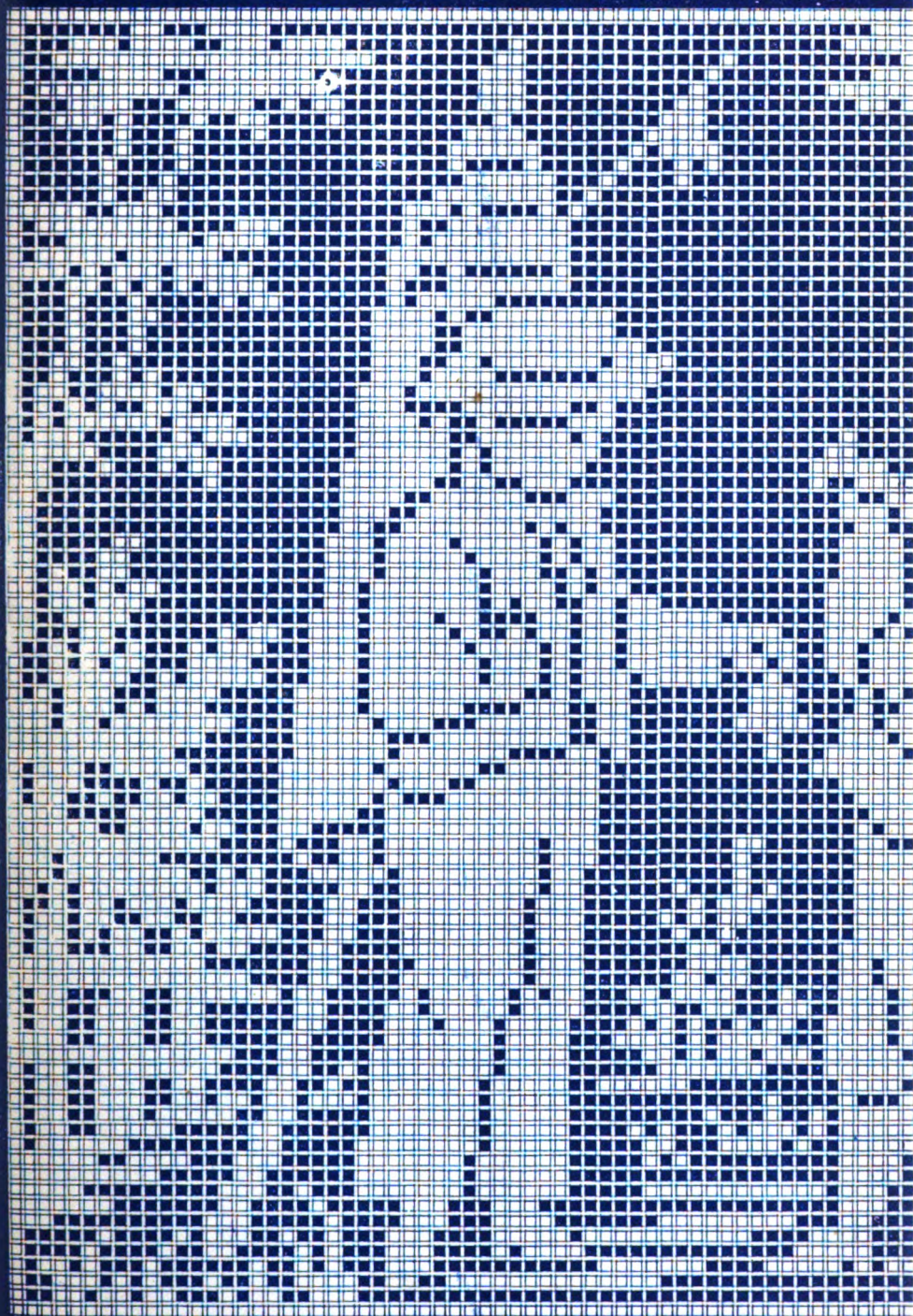


A MEXICAN MOTHER.



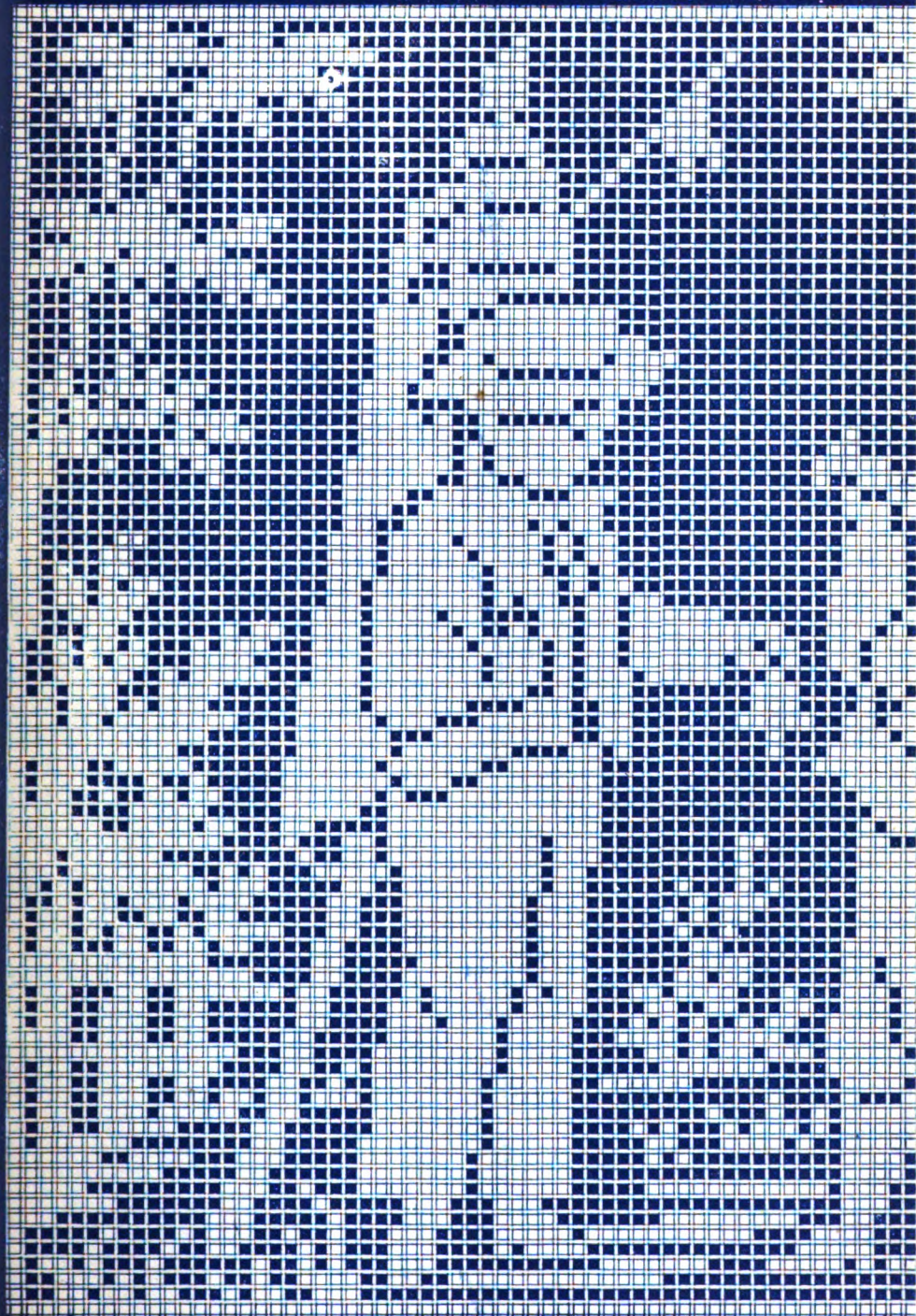


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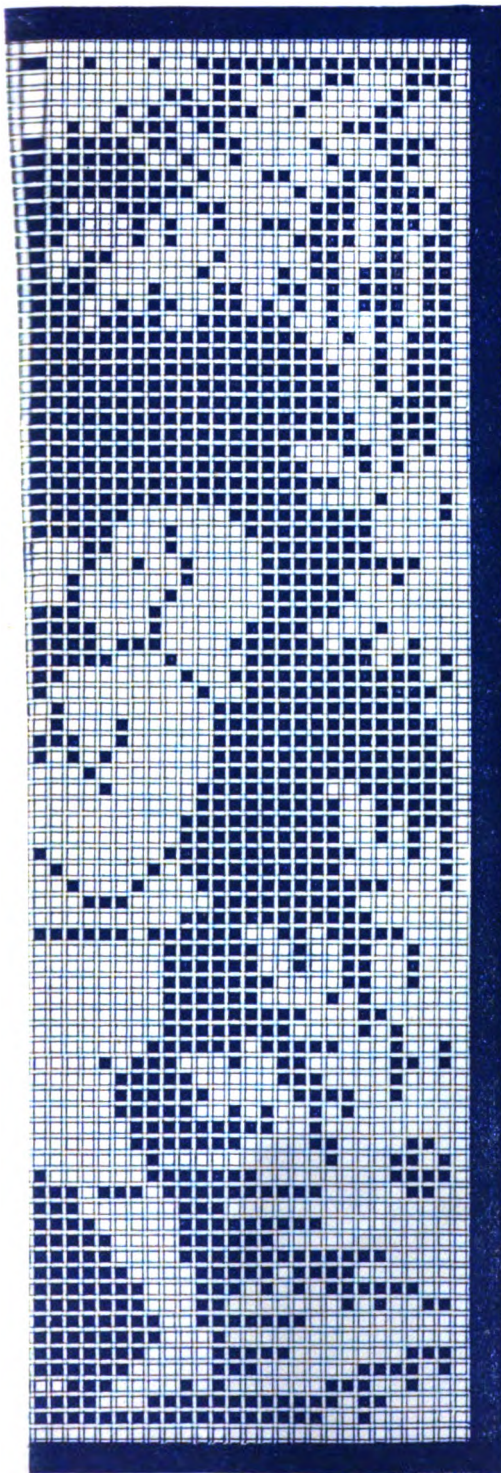
DESIGN IN CROCHET OR ON JAY

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—SEPT



DESIGN IN CROCHET OR ON JAY

EMBER, 1892



KA CANVAS



A SUMMER DAY.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. CIL

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 3.

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

SOMEONE quoted, in the course of the conversation, this familiar adage, as we sat out in the front porch after tea.

"I once had a startling experience of being 'between two fires,' and it was one which will never be blotted from my memory, I assure you," said my Cousin Anna, who was visiting us at the time.

At our united solicitation, she related the incident.

"When war was declared between the North and South," said she, "I was a young girl living with my father near Perryville, a small village in the central part of Kentucky, and one that became quite widely known later on account of the battle which was fought in the vicinity.

"My father was out of the State on important business, about the time of the battle, while I and a faithful old servant, Aunt Dinah, were the only ones left on the place.

"I was looking daily for my father to return, and, when rumors of a battle began to arouse my fears, I anxiously awaited his coming, as you may readily imagine; for I did not know what to do—whether I should leave or stay, or where to go in case I had to leave.

"There were such conflicting rumors, too, I did not know just what to believe. At one time, it was thought that a battle would be fought at Harrodsburg, some miles away, and then came the rumor that there would be no fighting at all, while in the meantime the soldiers were marching to and fro, and things were in the greatest confusion and turmoil, my thoughts being on a par with them.

"Still my father did not come. I learned from him afterward that he could not pass

the Federal lines, and was even more uneasy than I, having heard that a battle was about to be fought in the vicinity of his home, and knowing how unprotected and helpless I was.

"Early one morning, a neighbor came hurrying by on a wagon loaded with all the household chattels that could well be piled on it, and he told me that I must leave the place at once, as the troops were being drawn into battle-line, and fighting would soon begin.

"He offered to give me a seat on his already overburdened wagon, while Dinah might walk; but this I refused, as we had an old decrepit horse hid down in the thicket, which she and I could hitch to a light spring-wagon we had. By this means, we would be able to take with us a few of our most valuable possessions.

"I told him I would gather up hastily what things I could, and would follow him as soon as possible, if he thought it was dangerous for me to remain where I was.

"He advised me to go without delay, and, while he drove hurriedly off, I sent Dinah down to the thicket for the horse.

"Marauders from both armies had seized on our stock until this ancient retainer was the only head that had been left us, and we had hidden him down in the thicket to keep him.

"While she was gone, a small party of cavalymen came galloping by, and I was told that I must leave the place at once.

"Presently Dinah came back, breathless and the picture of consternation, saying that Old Bob, the horse, was nowhere to be found, and that, from tracks she had seen about the place, she thought the soldiers must have taken him away.

"There was no time for parley, so I told her that we would gather up what things we could carry ourselves, selecting the most valuable, and go as quickly as we could to a neighbor's, who lived about a mile away, and get him to take us along with his small family to a place of safety, if he had not already gone, in which case we should have to walk until we had found someone else who could assist us.

"I collected some papers which I thought might be valuable, and added to these all the trinkets and silverware we owned, which had been in hiding for quite a while, but which I was afraid to leave, as the house itself might be ransacked and burned and these things lost.

"A few massive articles of silver, which my grandmother had once owned and which we prized as heirlooms, were too heavy for us to carry, and we threw these down in the well, as we thought that as safe a place as any in which to hide them, and as the water was quite deep.

"The lighter articles, such as forks, spoons, some solid goblets, napkin-rings, etc., we put in our aprons; and, thus laden, we started out on our journey.

"A dense and extensive woodland lay between us and our proposed objective point, and, when we had got about the midst of it, suddenly there came a shell shrieking over the trees and exploded not a great distance off.

"With a cry of terror, in which I joined, Aunt Dinah let go her apron and fell on her knees, her eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"'Oh, Miss Anna! Miss Anna! our time's done come!' she cried, wildly.

"'Get up! get up! and let us hurry on,' I urged. 'We are in no great danger while the shells fly so high,' I added, encouragingly; and, taking heart of my enforced words of cheer, she hastily gathered up a few of her scattered valuables, and we both pressed on.

"Soon another shell came shrieking overhead, and then another, while Dinah again fell on her knees, scattering the contents of her apron and trying to pray as well as her frightened senses would permit.

"Once more I instilled into her trembling frame new courage, although my own supply was running extremely short, and we rushed onward.

"Presently a shell struck a tree not far from us and exploded with a frightful noise, and at this we both let fall our burdens and fell prone upon the ground.

"When we found, much to our surprise, that neither of us had been fatally injured—or even hurt, for that matter—by the explosion, we once more snatched up a few things of those that had been dropped, and ran wildly in another direction.

"Time after time, these frightful shells came hissing through the air, horrible messengers of death; Dinah and I would shriek in unison and fall on the ground in a paroxysm of terror, the contents of our aprons flying in every direction, believing that the fatal moment had come.

"How long we wandered helplessly in that dreadful woods, with the shells shrieking and hissing overhead and now and then exploding among the trees, I never knew: it seemed an age.

"Once a piece of shell cut off a limb of a tree under which we crouched, and sent it crashing down almost at our feet, and there were several explosions quite near.

"Finally we blindly managed to get out of range of those deadly missiles which the opposing forces were hurling at one another across this stretch of forest, and, after running and walking until more dead than alive for miles over the open country, we overtook some fleeing inhabitants who were touched by our pitiable condition and took us along with them to a spot of safety.

"We neither of us had a single thing left of the varied contents which we had piled into our aprons on starting out, but we were too thankful for the preservation of our lives to mourn this trivial loss.

"When I look back on the scene, I can see a good deal that seems ludicrous in the occurrence; but it was far from being so then. I can even laugh now at Aunt Dinah's abject terror, as she would let the things tumble from her apron, and, falling on her knees, with only the whites of her eyes showing, cry out:

"'Oh, Miss Anna! Miss Anna! we're done killed this time, sho!'

"When I started out with Dinah on that memorable morning, my hair was a glossy black; but the next morning there were gray hairs in my head, and in a few months it had turned almost as gray as it now is."

THE COURT OF MONTENEGRO.

BY E. MARCEL.



A MOUNTAIN PASS.

CETTIGNE! What a complete disenchantment for the traveler, who, after a horseback ride of several hours over the rough mountain-paths, suddenly catches a glimpse of the capital of Montenegro!

"There it is!" exclaims the guide, as he points with an air of pride to a heap of crumbling walls in the midst of a vast plain which is enclosed by a circle of black and naked mountains, frowning and gloomy. But where is the city? And you strain your eyes over the straggling thatched roofs, vainly endeavoring to discern the outlines of a city. But no—this is all.

This is indeed the capital of that brave little kingdom, whose war-cry has so often sounded in Turkish ears. The prince who

rules this rugged strip of country is the one who has proved such a formidable enemy to the powerful emperor of the Ottoman empire. Cettigne is composed of two streets in the form of a cross; the principal one is formed by the extension of the road which leads from Cattaro. It terminates at the hotel, a clumsy edifice at the farthest end of the city. It is the exception to find in Cettigne a house of more than one story in height. They are, for the most part, low buildings consisting of one large room which serves for sleeping-apartment, dining-room, kitchen, and stable. They are built of stone rough hewn and badly put together with clay—cement and plaster being apparently unattainable. In many of these houses, the door does duty for a window, or the window for a door, as the case may be. The proprietors evidently did not think it worth while to make two openings where one could be made to answer. Cettigne contains about one hundred houses and one thousand inhabitants. The city is about three hundred metres long and one hundred wide. It contains only one monument of any importance—a small tower perched

on the side of a hill, which bears the sinister name of the Tower of Skulls: it was on this tower that the heads of the Turks killed in battle were exposed. There is a monastery built against an enormous mountain—the Lovchen: this is the residence of the Bishop and spiritual head of the principality. And to-day the ruins of Bigliardo, the former palace of the princes, serve for a printing-office.

The Bigliardo owes its name to the tremendous sensation produced in the city by the arrival of a billiard-table destined for Prince Danilo, predecessor of the present sovereign. Forty men were employed in transporting this object, of which the Montenegrins guard a respectful remembrance.

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The only building which suggests civilization is the palace. It recalls certain bourgeois residences in the environs of Paris. There is no architectural elegance. Imagine a huge pile composed of a façade and two wings, surrounded on all sides by high walls. But the interior offers a complete contrast to the outside. Let us enter the entrance-hall, ornamented with panoplies of arms: we mount a straight steep stairway which leads to the grand salon, a vast square room sumptuously decorated. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry and the richest Eastern draperies. On the right, hang the portraits of Prince Danilo—the uncle and predecessor of Nicholas, the present ruler—and of Princess Darinka, the widow of Danilo; on the left, are portraits of the Czar Alexander II, of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, of the Vladikir Peter II, of Miko Petrovitch, the Montenegrin hero, father of the reigning sovereign, also a portrait of Princess Milena, his wife. Almost all these are the work of Czermak Czermack, the celebrated Teheque artist, who

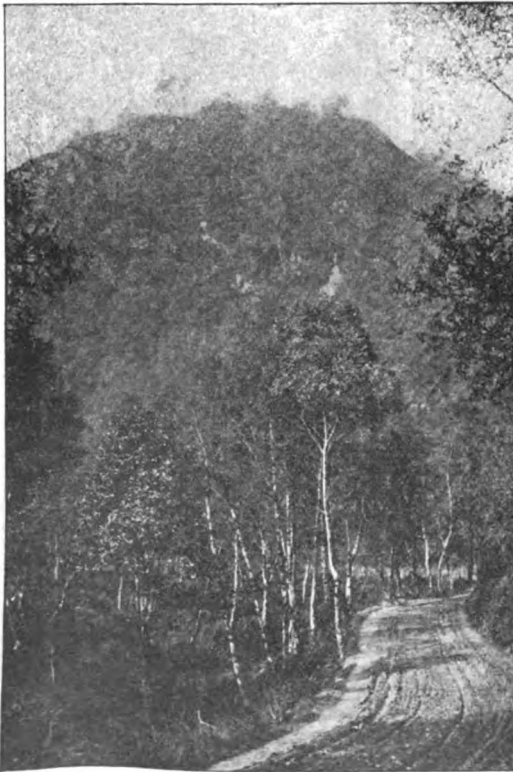
has painted so many scenes from Montenegrin life.

This salon is filled with articles of inappreciable artistic value—porcelains, bronzes, etc.—the greater part of which have been the offerings of wealthy Russian nobles, admirers of this valiant little nationality. In one corner, on a table, stands a superb samovar in massive silver, the gift of the Slav committee to Prince Nicholas during his visit to Moscow, in January, 1869. On the right and left of the grand salon, are two others no less richly decorated. But, in spite of the luxury which is displayed in such profusion, one is conscious of the absence of that artistic "*Je ne sais quoi*," that graceful arrangement which lends such an undefinable charm to a room. It is evident that Montenegrin taste cannot readily accommodate itself to the thousand charming trifles which often make a salon a marvel of refined elegance.

As you penetrate further in the palace, you are conscious of an impression difficult to describe. On one hand, you feel that you are in a country quite removed from your ideas of civilization, and full of a certain charm and mystery. Barbarism surrounds you on every side; the houses seem like huts as primitive as the customs of their inhabitants. On the other hand, in the abode of the sovereign, you find yourself in the midst of sumptuous apartments whose inmates express themselves in polished phrases which recall the best Parisian salons. French is the language of the royal family, even the youngest children speaking it with perfect fluency and correctness. You had expected to meet, in this palace, half-civilized children of the mountains; and you find yourself in France, among people who eagerly interrogate you respecting the social and political events of the Parisian world.

But now it is time to describe the inhabitants of the palace.

Prince Nicholas Petrovitch Niegos is now about fortyeight years old. He is a man of most polished and captivating manners. He is tall, well built, with strongly marked features, thick curling black hair, and very bright penetrating eyes. He wears a mus-



IN THE WILDERNESS.

tache and side-whiskers, after the fashion of Alexander II. His physical strength is prodigious, and he is celebrated as a superb rider and one of the best shots in the principality. The prince wears the national costume, consisting of a white woolen tunic with close sleeves, opening in front over a crimson vest, loose wide trousers of blue cloth. He wears the *kapa*, a sort of red toque bound with black silk. This is the costume of all Montenegrins, the only variation being in the quality and quantity of the embroidery which adorns it, and which varies according to the social position of the wearer.

Prince Nicholas was educated in Paris, at the Lycée Louis le Grand, and is warmly attached to France. He married the daughter of a *voivode*, or general-in-chief, Petro Vucovitch. Princess Milena Nicolawa is about fortythree years of age. Her features are remarkable for their purity and distinction; her luxuriant golden-brown hair and velvety dark eyes lend an infinite charm to her face. Ten years ago, Princess Milena was considered the loveliest woman in the principality; but the cares of maternity—for she is the mother of ten children—have somewhat dimmed her beauty. Her manners are graceful, affable, and full of quiet dignity. She has traveled very little, having devoted her life to the education of her children. The eldest daughter, Princess Zorka, is married to Prince Karageorgevitch, son of the former ruler of Servia. The second daughter, Princess Melitza, was recently married to the Grand Duke Peter Nicolaievitch of Russia. The heir to the crown, Prince Danilo, is about eighteen years old. He is a handsome intelligent youth and his father's idol.

We could scarcely expect to find, in the daily existence of the Chief of the Black Mountains, the method and ceremony prescribed for royalties elsewhere. For the latter, are councils, fêtes, spectacles, and the restraints of court life; for the former, the rude life of the mountains, freedom from etiquette, the charm of a free existence, and the bold independence of the chief of a clan.

Immediately after rising, which is generally quite late in the day, Prince Nicholas proceeds directly to the Senate, where he sometimes takes part in whatever work is on hand, and sometimes assists at the delibera-

tions of the supreme tribunal. Every afternoon, the prince takes a promenade in his little capital, followed by his guards, which gives his subjects a favorable opportunity to approach him in person in order to present petitions or complaints. The *cortège* frequently stops near the public wells; a vast circle is then formed around the prince, who, seated on the well-curb like the kings in Biblical pictures, dispenses justice and lends a gracious ear to the complaints and requests of his people.

Breakfast, which in the palace usually takes place about mid-day, is followed by a siesta which lasts two or three hours; then, if the weather is fine, the prince mounts his horse, and, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by different senators, takes a ride around the plains of Cettigne. Later in the evening, the sovereign again goes out on the principal square, which at this hour is crowded with people returning from Cattaro and Rieka, and enlivened by groups of Montenegrins, who proudly display their fine figures, splendid embroideries, and glittering arms. To a stranger, Cettigne presents at this hour a brilliant and entirely original aspect, and the capital of the Black Mountains is invested with an Oriental charm.

Now and then, a dinner, to which distinguished foreigners are invited, varies the daily life of the palace; but the guests do not linger long at table, although there is a great variety of dishes. It is not unusual to see sweetmeats and ices brought on very early during the dinner, which would lead a foreigner to imagine that the repast was near an end; but no: for then follows a meat course, then more sweets, thus alternating through the whole dinner. The prince, who retains many local habits, frequently allows a course to be taken away untouched. Then he has brought to him a dish of *custradina*, or smoked goat's-meat, on which he dines, leaving the French dishes to be appreciated by his guests. When the official guests have departed, after a brief sojourn in the salon, the prince and other inmates of the palace adjourn to a hall on the ground floor, in which are billiard and card tables. There they frequently spend half the night, smoking or reading the last numbers of "*Le Journal Amusant*" or "*Le Petit Journal pour Rire*." The prince, who

is not an early riser and who takes a long siesta in the afternoon, feels no desire to retire early, and rarely fails to exhaust, every evening, the resources of billiards and whist. Like all Montenegrins, Nicholas is a fanatic about play. He finds plenty of partners among the gentlemen of his household.

From time to time, some official ceremony breaks the habitual monotony: sometimes

always marked by some peculiar features entirely unknown to Western Europe.

One night, I was awakened from a profound slumber by a noise which sounded like the roll of thunder. As a terrible wind had been blowing all the evening, I thought this must be one of those fearful storms so frequent in Cettigne. The flashes of lightning which played on my walls every few moments confirmed me in this idea. I tried



PRINCESS MELITZA OF MONTENEGRO.

it is a royal birth or baptism; sometimes the anniversary of St. George, the patron saint of the Petrovitch family; sometimes a political event, which brings to Cettigne representatives from the great European powers. Among the latter, were several magnificent fêtes given a few years ago in honor of the International Commission for the limiting of frontiers. These grand ceremonies are

to go to sleep again, but the noise continued and increased till I was forced to give up all thought of slumber.

Again I listened, and concluded that the uproar, after all, could not be a tempest; but then, what could it mean, at three o'clock in the morning? I rose and opened my window: the night was pitch dark. I could see the lightning playing in all parts of the

city, casting sinister reflections over the houses. I listened more attentively; this time, there could be no doubt as to the nature of the noise: it was the report of fire-arms. The lightning was caused by flashes of powder. The fusillade continued without interruption, and the echo, reverberating through the mountains, redoubled the reports. Suddenly the great bell on the

was about to rush out of my room, when there was a knock at my door. It was one of the guards from the palace. He explained the whole matter in a few words: "A son has just been born to Prince Nicholas."

I was not sufficiently familiar with the customs of Montenegro to have guessed this solution of the enigma. This, then, was the way in which they celebrated the birth of



THE GRAND DUKE PETER NICOLAIEVITCH OF RUSSIA.

Tower of Skulls joined in the concert; the monastery bells began to ring. The uproar was deafening. In the house where I lodged, there generally reigned the most perfect quiet; but I could now hear people running up and down stairs, opening and shutting doors, shouting to one another. Then came a volley of shots just beneath my window. The house shook. Then came the boom of cannon. I hurriedly dressed myself, and

a prince! The first report of fire-arms had been from the balcony of the palace. Immediately all the inhabitants of Cettigne had understood, and proceeded to celebrate the event after the national manner. The public rejoicing was all the greater, as they had dreaded the advent of another little princess.

"A son is sent by heaven; a daughter is the gift of the devil." This Montenegrin

proverb explains how much, or rather how little, consideration is enjoyed by women in Montenegro. The birth of a daughter is an unfortunate accident that the Montenegrins regard as a punishment from heaven. In proportion to the joy over the advent of a son, is the despair on the countenances of the family when a little girl is born. It would be a grave insult to congratulate a father on such an occasion. If questioned, he confesses his disappointment with embarrassment and generally expresses himself in this fashion: "Oh, pardon me: it is a girl!"

The prince shares this prejudice with his subjects. On the birth of a daughter, he shuts himself up for several weeks, and no one is informed of the event. Moreover, in the case of the sovereign, the prejudice is complicated by reasons of state. Prince Nicholas was already the father of several daughters and of only one son, and he was rejoiced at an event which secured a direct succession to the crown in any contingency.

When day broke, the firing and the cannonade still continued. In fact, it lasted nearly the whole day. A "Te Deum" was celebrated at the monastery. In the public square, there was a generous distribution of raki. From early morning, the military bands turned out and played the Russian and Montenegrin national hymns, which their excess of joy made rather more false than usual: indeed, so ear-splitting did this music become, that it had to be suppressed.

During the afternoon, the youth of the capital gave themselves up to various kinds of amusements, of which the favorite one seemed to be this: A hundred young men took possession of a hill, from which another troop attempted to dislodge them. Each side carried a flag, which they waved and defended heroically. What energy, what

ardor, what enthusiasm, were displayed in this struggle! It gave a very fair idea of what war was in Montenegro. Cettigne was gay with flags: the Russian and Montenegrin banners floated over the whole city. In the evening, the city was illuminated: lanterns and torches were at each window, and large bonfires blazed in the streets and on the plains. But the most impressive spectacle was the huge fires which were lighted on the sides and summits of the mountains.

The baptism took place a month later. This was the occasion of fresh rejoicings and fêtes. The Emperor of Russia was godfather to the infant prince, his proxy being Count Cheremetieff, a high dignitary. This nobleman, accustomed to the pomp and luxury of the court of St. Petersburg, seemed utterly amazed at the incredible poverty of the Montenegrin capital. The godmother, also represented by proxy, was the Grand Duchess Marie of Edinburgh. The consuls from the neighboring states assembled at Cettigne, and there was quite a crowd of visitors. The orthodox rite of baptism differs from the Catholic in this respect: the infant, instead of being sprinkled, is entirely immersed in the water. For several days, nothing was left undone at the palace to make Count Cheremetieff forget that he was away from St. Petersburg and to enable him to carry away a flattering opinion of the principality. A splendid breakfast of twenty-five covers was served immediately after the baptism. A celebrated chef was brought from Naples on this occasion, and numberless delicacies were ordered from Trieste and Vienna. It is said champagne flowed in such profusion that, before the end of the feast, several high dignitaries of Montenegro glided quietly under the table.

MY MUSE.

BY E. L. WINN.

HER face is full of joyous mirth
When mirth is needed, then at will
It changes; it is not of earth,
So holy is it, pure and still.
Her classic head of noble mould
Is crowned with glossy raven hair;
She bends it not with lofty pride,
For she is good as she is fair.

Her life is spent in noble deeds
Among the helpless and distressed:
Her hand is outstretched to their needs—
She seems in saintly garments dressed.
And yet she is no myth, although
She wrought such magic in my life;
Without her I would helpless be,
My gentle muse—my little wife.

HIRAM'S WOOING.

BY WAKE ROBIN.



HIRAM SCOTT, dressed in his Sunday best, paced slowly back and forth from kitchen to parlor, pausing now and again to look out of the window. His housekeeper sat primly before the fire or smoothed the folds of her new cashmere dress, as she asked:

"Can you see anyone comin'? I reckoned the parson would come early."

"I think I hear the sleigh-bells. Yes, there they come."

There was a great flutter and confusion for a few minutes, as the load of young people scampered from the sleigh and rushed into the house. Still they kept coming, until the house was filled with a mixed crowd of people. Gray-bearded men sat in the corner and talked about the crops, and rosy-cheeked matrons held Sarah or Robert on their lap while they visited with their neighbor, and out in the great roomy kitchen the young folks played "Needle's Eye" and other games.

Hiram Scott spoke to his housekeeper, who was familiarly called Aunt Sabrina, saying:

"I think we would better start the fires upstairs, and let them sit up there, if they can't find room downstairs."

"I was just goin' to ask you about that. I declare to goodness, I don't know where you'd set another one. I'm real glad, too, 'cause Mrs. Swiflip is here, an' she said so much about the soci'ble at Martha's, hintin' that Martha wan't popular, an' a lot o' such stuff, because there wan't but a few there; an' massy knows that it hailed an' thundered dreiful that night."

"Well, this is the largest gathering we have had yet, and she can't say you are not popular."

Taking some bits of pine, Hiram went upstairs to light the fires, while Aunt Sabrina was here, there, and everywhere, looking after the comfort of her guests.

Hiram Scott was a bachelor; and why he remained single, when he could have his pick of the bright girls in the place, was a puzzling question to many a managing mother. He was good-looking—not handsome, just good-looking—and was one of the wealthiest land-owners in the town. He was devoted to his mother while she lived, and many said that he would never marry. His mother had been dead for three years, and Aunt Sabrina still kept her place, although she often wished that she could live with Martha.

Hiram built a fire in the large front room, and, just as he was about to light the fire in the back chamber, he heard Aunt Sabrina say:

"Yes, go right up; there's a fire up there, but meebby you had better lay on a stick or two, an' then 'twill be warm enough."

He heard the swish and rustle of their garments as they passed into the front room, and, when they spoke, he recognized the voices of Mrs. Clayton and her sister Mrs. Dash.

Mrs. Dash was a widow, and a scheming one too. She said, as she settled herself in the low rocker before the fire:

"I wonder how much Hi Scott is worth? I tried in a roundabout way to find out, but Aunt Sabrina had no idea how much he was worth, but gave it as her opinion that he was better off than folks knew for. I've been looking the house over, and I tell you in confidence that I wouldn't object to being mistress of it."

"If you ever get to be the mistress of this house, you will have to take advantage of leap-year and propose to him, for he is too bashful to ask anyone to have him."

"I don't think he is bashful. I thought he was very easy and graceful among his guests."

"Yes, in a crowd; but you never see him talking to one of the girls apart from the others. I tell you, I know Hi Scott. I know that he would have been married to Ruth Whitney years ago, if he hadn't been so

bashful. Ruth is one of your proud reserved girls, who would rather die than give her love unsought."

"Well, I think he has waited long enough. I mean to marry him before the June roses blossom."

"Surely you are not in earnest?"

"Yes, I am. I mean to begin this very night. You propose that, as it is leap-year, the ladies select their partners for supper, instead of the usual way. I will take care to secure Hi, and the rest will be easy."

They were now joined by several others, and the conversation took a turn.

Poor Hiram was in agony. He had no thought of listening to their confidential talk, and, when he realized what had been said, he felt that it would be awkward for him to make his presence known. He could not leave the room without passing through the room they occupied. He still knelt before the stove, but he dared not strike the match or move, for fear they would discover him.

At length, to his relief, they all left the room, and he hastened down the stairs just in time to hear Mrs. Clayton say to a group of girls:

"As it is leap-year, you ladies will escort the gentlemen out to supper."

He looked wildly about him, and there, coming toward him, he saw Mrs. Dash. Fortune favored him, for someone stopped her for a moment, and in that moment Hiram opened the cellar door, and in the little dark entry he wiped the moisture from his brow as he thought:

"What a fool I am! I'd rather give the best horse I've got than go to supper with her, and I know she'll find me. I might as well go out, and perhaps someone else will ask me before she does."

He opened the door and peeped cautiously forth. She was not in sight; so he stepped boldly out, only to hear a voice at his elbow exclaim:

"Ah, here you are at last! I have been looking for you everywhere."

Before he hardly knew what had happened, he was led out to supper by Mrs. Dash. Hiram was silent and abstracted in his manner, even passing pickles to Mrs. Dash when she wished for cake; then, discovering his mistake, he apologized in an awkward manner, for Ruth Whitney sat at

the other side of the table, and he fancied that her eyes had a sly twinkle in them as she glanced at Mrs. Dash.

Mrs. Dash was gayety itself, and kept him at her side the remainder of the evening; and, before he hardly realized how it happened, he was escorting her to her home. When he reached his own home again, he sat down by the fire, and it must be confessed that he pushed the great mild-eyed house-cat out of his chair with a rougher hand than usual. He leaned back in his chair and thought:

"I feel as though I would like to kick something or somebody. I'd kick myself if I could, for I'd ought to be kicked for letting that hateful Mrs. Dash get the better of me. I know she meant every word she said about marrying me before the June roses blossomed; and she will, in spite of everything, if I don't look sharp."

Then his thoughts turned to sweet Ruth Whitney, and he wondered if Mrs. Clayton had spoken the truth when she said that Ruth Whitney would have married him years ago, if he had sought her hand. He mentally resolved to ask her the very next day to marry him, and he was soon sound asleep in his chair.

He was aroused in the morning by Aunt Sabrina, who said:

"Hiram Scott, what on earth is the matter with you, a-sleepin' in your chair like that? You must be crazy, or else you're in love. I thought you was mighty attentive to that widdler last night; but I didn't think you'd be so shaller as to set by a cold stove till mornin'."

Hiram said nothing, but busied himself with the fires; when they were burning brightly, he called Dan, the hired man, and went out to the barn to feed the stock. Dan soon joined him, and almost the first thing he said was some bantering remarks about the widow. This did not improve Hiram's state of mind, but it prepared him somewhat for the many sly hints and jokes that he heard on every side when he went down to the village, later in the day.

When he returned home, Aunt Sabrina was about to leave for Martha's, having learned that Martha had sprained her shoulder and broken two of her ribs by a fall down the cellar stairs.

"You know, Hiram," said she, "you're

like my own boy; but Martha needs me more'n you do, an' Mrs. Hathaway tells me—an' she got the news straight, too, so there's no use o' your denyin' it—that you an' the widder are to be married 'fore long; an' so I thought I'd better go for good. I know that I couldn't nohow git along with her."

Hiram's face flushed and he was about to deny the truth of the report, but was stopped by the entrance of Martha's husband, and Aunt Sabrina was soon on her way.

Nearly everyone in the little village called on Martha during the next few days, professedly to see "poor Martha," but really to question Aunt Sabrina about the rumor that was afloat in the village.

Again and again, Aunt Sabrina plaited the bottom of her starched apron and told this story to her questioners:

"No, Hiram didn't tell me; Mrs. Hathaway told me about it, an' I think Mrs. Clayton must 'a' told it to her, for she said she got the news straight, an' I don't know anyone else that could 'a' knowed about it. I told Hiram what I heard, an' he didn't deny it, an' acted dretful put out when I said I couldn't git along with her nohow, an' so I've left for good."

She would then smooth out the wrinkles she had made in her apron, while she listened to the remarks and exclamations of the visitors. Mrs. Gillet, the grocer's wife, said:

"I've known Sary Dash off and on for a good many years, more'n she'd thank me to tell, and you'll see style when she goes to keepin' house. I wouldn't wonder if she had the hull house new furnished."

Another said: "I saw him a-lookin' at the new cutters in front of Benson's shop. I wonder if he wan't goin' to buy one?"

Thus their tongues wagged, and heads were noddled or shaken as they approved or disapproved the match.

The next morning after Aunt Sabrina left so suddenly, Hiram staid in the house to cook breakfast for himself and Dan. The buckwheat cakes were sodden, the coffee was muddy, and, as he washed the breakfast-dishes, he again resolved to go at once and ask Ruth Whitney to marry him.

He harnessed his horse, and soon was on the road. As he drew near to Mrs. Clayton's house, he saw Mrs. Dash standing by the

front gate, and, when he came within speaking distance, she said:

"I would like to ride down to the village with you."

He was too bashful to tell her that he was only going to the next house to ask Ruth to marry him, and so it happened that Mrs. Dash rode down to the village with him. Ruth saw them pass by; but, if she cared, no one was the wiser. She did care more than she would own to herself; and she came home from the village, the next day, feeling out of sorts with the world, and said, with almost a sob, as she went to her room:

"I don't care. I never will marry a man that hasn't got spunk enough to ask me like a man. I know Hiram used to like me; but what's the use of thinking of what used to be, when he is about to marry someone else?"

She had heard, in the village, that Hiram had bought a new cutter and was going to have the house refurnished, some even said "a new house built and a piano from the city." This last was considered the greatest extravagance of all, and for the time the people could talk of little else. Some even went so far as to ask Mrs. Dash when they were to be married; and she, without saying plainly that the day was set, gave them to understand that it was in the near future.

All this had Ruth heard, and who can blame her if her pillow was wet with tears ere her weary eyes closed that night?

The thirteenth day of February, Hiram sat in his comfortless home and thought over the situation. When he went to the village with his horse and cutter, Mrs. Dash was on hand to go with him; and when he went afoot or on horseback, she would come out and detain him on some pretext or other: and all this was in sight of the Whitney place, and she seemed to take delight in being very familiar with him, calling him "Hiram" whenever anyone was by to hear. He became so wrought up, as he thought about it, that he said aloud:

"I can't stand this any longer. She'll marry me in spite of fate, if I don't do something at once."

He paced back and forth and thought:

"I don't believe I could ever ask any woman to marry me, for I have resolved more than a hundred times to go to Ruth

and learn my fate, and here I am actually getting a little bald, and not married yet. I have it! I will send a letter to Ruth, and that will save me a direct refusal."

He sat down and wrote his letter, and in conclusion asked her to set a light in the south chamber window, on the following evening, if she could give him a favorable answer. Then a new difficulty presented itself: everyone in the village knew his handwriting, and, if she should say "No," everyone would surely see the letter—at least, the postmaster would—and really he couldn't think of sending it. At length, a brilliant thought came to him, and early the next morning he was on his way to Mill Centre, a village ten miles away.

When he arrived there, he bought an envelope and enclosed the letter. He then asked the salesman to address it for him, as he was too cold to write. He readily consented, and, as soon as Hiram had posted it, he turned his horse's head homeward.

Half an hour after he left, the stage bore the precious missive on its journey; when it reached its destination, it was soon called for and delivered to Miss Ruthie Whitney, a niece of Ruth Whitney senior. In the privacy of her own room, she read the letter, and, when she read the signature, a bright light came into her eyes.

"It's meant for auntie. I remember hearing father say something about it years ago. I believe this Mr. Scott was a very bashful man, and auntie was rather cool to him; and, when father remonstrated with her, she vowed that she would never marry a man that hadn't spunk enough to ask for her hand without her leading him on. I'm sure she likes him, and I've half a mind to set the light in the window myself; and, when he comes, he will have to make some explanation, and all may end well."

When the shades of night began to fall, Hiram looked often in the direction of the south chamber window in the Whitney house, and his hopes slowly ebbed away as all remained dark and gloomy. Just as he called himself a dolt and idiot for thinking about marrying at his time of life, there shone forth a light in the window.

He hastily donned hat and overcoat, and, under cover of the darkness, strode bravely by Mrs. Clayton's door, and soon was admitted to the Whitney house by the niece

Ruthie, who had been expecting him; when he inquired for her aunt, she said:

"She's out in the kitchen; but you can go right out there, if you wish."

He found Ruth busy whittling some kindling for the morning fire, and, before she realized that he was there, he clasped her in his arms and imprinted a kiss on her lips.

"What do you mean?" indignantly asked Ruth.

His bashfulness had left him, and he exclaimed with a jolly laugh:

"Mean? I mean to have you set the day; and don't you put it off very long, either! We'd ought to have been married years ago; and now, the sooner we're married, the better it will suit me."

Half an hour after, Ruthie went into the kitchen, and Hiram proudly announced their engagement, adding:

"It's no secret. Tell everyone you see."

The news spread; before the next night, every man, woman, and child knew it, and, when Mrs. Hathaway called at Mrs. Clayton's to tell the news, Mrs. Dash was not in the least surprised. She knew it was reported that she herself was going to marry him; but she had never said so, and was not to blame for other people's yarns. Then she slyly hinted that Hiram would marry Ruth because she had refused him, and he thought to spite her in that way.

One day, Ruthie told Hiram about the letter. As he had no further use for it, he dropped it into the stove, and Aunt Ruth was none the wiser; and, as Ruthie wears a nice little gold watch, a gift from Hiram, Aunt Ruth will probably never know but what Hiram asked her like a man!

One day in early spring, they were married in the church; after they had left on the stage-coach for their bridal tour, Aunt Sabrina went back to Hiram's house, which would henceforth be her home. She removed her bonnet and stood before the mirror for a few minutes, admiring her new silk dress, Hiram's gift, and then said to Dan:

"Did you see Mrs. Dash? She sot near you, an', when they was a-goin' out, she said, sos't all the folks could hear: 'I b'lieve she asked him herself, they've waited so long; an' you know it's leap-year.' I forgot all about Martha's broken ribs, an' I hunched her with my elbow an' says real loud, I says, says I: 'Sour grapes!'"

MISS CALLINE.

"Avril Passe, Bon Soir Violettes!"

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

"MISS CALLINE, Cap'n Alick says he'd holler suah an' tell you good-mo'nin', 'cept dat he's got de mis'ry pow'ful ter-day. An' he 'lows dey's done gwine ter be ernoother sale er er fambly reclinin' housekeepin'. An' he's got de debil in him as us'al."

Miss Cole waved her hand, and Mammy Hippy left her.

She glanced around the room, whose nondescript furniture suggested the sales of many a family "declining housekeeping." For things will wear out, and elegance twentyfive years old looks rather the worse for hard usage. She sighed softly, and, sinking back in her chair, reached for the pocket of her gown, took out the purse, and emptied its contents into her lap. She wished to see if she could spare the money for the easy-chair Captain Alick had set his mind on having, and watched the papers for auction-sales of the like, fearful that Miss Cole would cheat him otherwise.

"There's the baker to be paid, and the butcher; the rent will be due—let me see!"

A whining sound came into the room. It was the tune of "Sweet Violets," as ground out of an organ by an Italian nobleman whose countess stood beside him with a tin-cup in her hand for the collection of stray coins.

Miss Cole shifted her position. She recognized the tune.

"'Avril passe,'" she said, "'bon soir, violettes!' The baker might be put off, and Alick might have that port wine he wants along with the chair; but how will the rent get paid?"

"Sweet Violets" having exhausted the organ, the cylinder was shifted and a new tune tinkled in the air. This time, it was Weber's "Invitation to the Dance."

Miss Cole started. The money in her hand dripped back into her lap. Was it really the day for her music-lesson? Could she make the train for town and Herr Schwartz's instructions—Herr Schwartz, the

handsome German from Leipsic? A soft blush spread over her face. Where was her hat—her music-roll?

In no time at all, she was in the tumble-down chaise, Mammy Hippy the driver, and was bowling along the road toward the station, the crisp air adding a new sparkle to her eyes, a deeper carmine to her cheeks. Yet, even without the air, on her music-days she always seemed to reach the perfection of her facial fairness. For, on those days, would she not be a whole hour with Herr Schwartz?

She would have looked as black as it was possible for her to look, had you told her that she threw herself in the way of Herr Schwartz. For he had never said a word to her; and, until he did, she would have been insulted by any hint regarding the warmth of her own feeling for him. Her Cousin Alick had done so and been discomfited.

"He travels on his shape," said he.

"May I ask what you travel on?" she returned, sweetly.

The captain gritted his teeth. For the captain had lost everything in the war, even a part of his nose, and was currently supposed to gain his livelihood at the green table and upon the turf. Had he still possessed what he had once had, he would have felt at liberty to insist upon her marrying him; for he had loved her always, though she had refused his suit long ago. As it was, he had no visible means of support, even for himself. And to see this confounded, white-handed, lily-livered musician gain without effort what he would have made himself a mere drudge to possess!

Had he not told her that he would do anything to gain her? And what had she said?

"Would you be a clerk in a store, Alick?" she asked, laughingly.

"I would be a laborer on the streets," he answered, hotly, "for you."

"The responsibility is too great for me," she said; "so we will leave well enough alone, dear."

"But this man is less than a clerk," he cried.

"He is an artist," she replied.

Then he made use of those foolish words: "He travels on his shape."

For Herr Schwartz, with a face like an angel, had not been well received in the North. Everything was upset there, business just getting on its feet again; so he drifted southward, where it might be supposed the state of the country would have made of his art more of a false quantity than had been the case in the North.

But he found music-lovers; he found impoverished men and women determined that their younger offspring should have the advantages of those who had preceded them, while there were old laces and jewels to be disposed of. And then, Herr Schwartz's beauty! Herr Schwartz understood at once, so he did not think it worth while to mention the fact of the frau and kinder in Philadelphia, and kept his wits about him.

Captain Alick heard him play. Captain Alick knew of his Cousin Caroline's passion for music. An idea came to him: she should have lessons from Schwartz. But where was the money to come from, to pay for the lessons? The captain had not even the old laces and jewels. He would go and talk it over with Chris Gordon, the son of Caroline's father's old overseer.

"It's like this," he said: "she has no father and mother; I am all she has. Don't you see? The place keeps her in victuals, and a trock now and then; but there is more than that."

"There is more than that," responded Chris, his hazel eyes on his interlocutor.

Then the captain sprung his idea.

That evening, the captain told his cousin that she should have lessons from Herr Schwartz.

Caroline, whose soul was Greek in its estimate of beauty, had for a month raved over Schwartz. Music-lessons from him had seemed such an impossibility to her that she dared not let her mind make them even a probability. Now, when the captain suggested them, it was almost as though she were about to be translated to heaven. The next instant, the captain thought it was he who was to undergo translation; for she threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Alick!" she cried. "And you do all this for me?"

This was several months before the captain told her he would be a laborer for sake of her.

In those several months, she had made remarkable progress in music and in love; her fingers and her heart were cultivated at the same time, and Herr Schwartz wrote to his wife that he had a student who would do credit to Leipsic, but that she was a demonstrative girl, and music, as all art, requires an even temperament. Frau Schwartz thought that this demonstrativeness was merely an expression of gratitude for her musical progress, as the Herr had entered into no details. But Captain Alick knew otherwise.

"She's in love with the Dutchman," he said. Once Captain Alick got a thing in his head, it staid there. "And there's no one I can talk it over with," he fumed, "but Chris."

He went to Chris and laid the case before him.

Chris, a good-looking fellow, of whom it was said that it was natural he should be dark-complexioned because of his grandmother, heard it in silence. Only there came into his hazel eyes that flash of light which Caroline in her younger days loved to tease forth.

"Now, I have an idea," went on the captain: "Schwartz often walks to the train with her, after her lesson. Suppose you go, on her music-days, and bring her home?"

Chris shook his head.

"But I say, sir," began the captain, in a commanding tone of voice—when Chris looked steadily at him. "I mean," pursued the captain, in a modified manner, "that you will have the season of the year on your side. It is dusk when her lesson is over, and it will be only proper for her to have an escort to the train—an escort such as I approve of."

"Why don't you go yourself?" asked Chris.

"Sir!" began the captain again. He did not finish; nor did he say that, if he went in person, Caroline would understand the surveillance and resent it.

It ended as usual: Chris gave way to the captain. For Chris could have kissed the prints Caroline's little boots made in the red

soil of the old place; heard the swish of her skirts as she neared him, and shivered; fought against being where she was, and was conquered by his desire to meet her. And he knew nothing of the captain's preference for her.

So, on music-days of late, Hippy drove Caroline to the station on their side of town, and Chris stopped at Schwartz's and brought her home. Caroline could not complain of this arrangement, for did not Chris still stand in the light of a superior servant, as his father had been before him? Besides, Herr Schwartz was beginning to grow somewhat alarmed over badly veiled demonstrations; and, when he showed a little cool, it was pleasant for Caroline to have someone to vent her feelings on before she encountered the prying eyes of the captain. But Caroline being of the breaking-heart order of girls who droop when they are ill-treated by those they adore, her feelings over the Herr's cool treatment of her were expressed in gentle timid flutterings, such as Chris had never before experienced. A fear came to his heart—yes, a fear. He became sullen, held his head when he walked.

Now, the captain, having much time on his hands, often bothered his more busy acquaintances. He had much to think of in connection with Caroline. Chris's coal-yard was cool, the office shady. He often loitered in there to think. He loitered in one day when Chris had been suddenly called away. On the desk lay an envelope. The captain was not overscrupulous, except with his equals. He picked up the envelope; it was scribbled all over—"Caroline, Caroline," and away down in the corner—"Carry."

Carry! The captain was on fire. His first thought was that he should be compelled to knock Chris down. His next was that he should go to the closet and take a drink from the bottle Chris let him keep there. His third thought was to go home and tell it to Caroline, using his finest sarcasm to make the matter more offensive to her. He carried his second thought into execution.

That night, he made a formal proposal for Caroline's hand.

"My dear boy," she laughed, "marry you?"

"Maybe you'd prefer Schwartz," he said. "He travels on his shape."

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"Alick," she said, "you are a coward. I would rather marry a servant from the quarters than have you."

This extravagance took her from the room up to her chamber, where she sat and thought of the insult of Alick's referring to the Herr.

The captain, left alone, made not a movement for several minutes. Then he swore a terrible oath.

"She would rather marry a servant from the quarters, would she?" he said. "She shall be as insulted as she has insulted me."

The next morning, he was in Chris's office. Chris had never before found him so affable. And the affability kept up, and it confused Chris for a month. Then the captain enlightened him.

"My boy," he said, "the war has made changes. Where is race prejudice, social prejudice, any more? And I was mistaken about Schwartz and Calline, Chris."

There was a huskiness in his voice; his eyes were humid. He laid his hand on Chris's shoulder. Whatever it was he sought to convey, his efforts were not without avail. Chris sank down into a chair.

"Why shouldn't it be?" said the captain. "You are one of us—no offscouring of Germany, as I was fool enough to think was the cause of her tantrums. Besides, have you not a good business? Then your goodness to us—"

"I hope," interrupted Chris, sharply, "that that is not to be taken into consideration?"

"Oh, no," lightly acceded the captain; "Calline knows nothing of that. It was our agreement that she should not, you know."

Well, it ended in making Chris an irresponsible creature—causing him to ignore truths, established institutions, everything except his love for the woman whose love he was now told he might hope to gain. That flash in his eyes came more frequently than usual.

"The boy's crazy," chuckled the captain. "Wait till Cal knows!"

Yet, Chris thought, surely the captain was mistaken. Who was he, to aspire to this extent? And yet—if she loved him!

He studied, from that time on, to make a fortune; he speculated a little, and the chances were in his favor. The captain had

more money, too, about this time, and drank hard.

"For I may be in a hole," he thought.

Caroline, however, saw prosperity in the new order of things; and, as the captain no longer annoyed her by telling her how dear she was to him, she comforted herself with the reflection that he was about to become sensible and a three-bottle man, as his father had been before him. She was not becoming sensible, though; for she loved Schwartz with all her soul now, and that interesting artist had serious thoughts of running to Philadelphia, and was so cool to Miss Cole that she was kinder than ever to Chris when he stopped to take her home.

But this was to be a day of days, this day when Hippy drove her to the station; for she was going to play Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" in Herr Schwartz's parlor, and he had invited a couple of dozen people to hear her. She was going to do something to please him!

"Oh, mammy," she cried, "there is the smoke of the train!"

"Git up, Geo'ge Washin'ton!" said Hippy, belaboring the horse. "'Pears like dis hyar animul alwus knows when you'se in er hurry. He jes' lags."

But the train was reached, and so was town.

And how Caroline played that day! Herr Schwartz forgot to be cool.

"That room was overheated," he said, "and yet your tone was fine. You will make me immortal," he said, as effusively as even she could desire.

She had just been reading Marlowe's "Faustus."

"Make me immortal with a kiss," she murmured to herself, and blushed crimson.

All this time, the people were applauding.

"I will play again," she said; "I will play your waltz."

Herr Schwartz's face straightened; this waltz he had let her learn in an hour of weakness, and, as it was his composition, she usually played it with ideal tenderness. She played it so tenderly to-day that her eyes brimmed over. Her audience considered her affected, the composition commonplace.

"How did I do it?" she asked the Herr.

He was not going to commit himself.

"You should go to Leipsic," he said.

"There are some natural faults in you, which the tone-atmosphere would correct."

She considered this as analogous to his saying that he would have her his equal artistically.

Her face was radiant when she met Chris.

"I wonder what you would say if I told you I was going far away from you, Chris," she said, "to Leipsic?"

He looked grave: if she could thus care to go away, then the captain had been wrong, and he was nothing to her; her music was everything, as the captain had said in explaining away his former hints concerning her feeling for Herr Schwartz. And yet, might she not say this to tempt him? Did she not know that his lips were sealed, despite all that the captain had said regarding the extinction of caste prejudice?

"Oh, Chris," she said, "think how I shall play when I come back? And you have always loved music so!"

This was better; if she went away in order to perfect herself in the science of sounds because he cared for music— But how dared he presume so far, after all, captain or no captain?

Caroline told her plan to the captain. The captain went to Chris.

"She told you first, Chris, my boy," he said, gayly.

"Because I met up with her first," returned Chris. "She would have told anyone."

The captain laughed. Somehow that laugh made Chris doubt himself—the captain had such a superior way of imparting information.

"Captain," said he, "you should be favorable to this Leipsic plan. Miss Calline ought to go."

The captain went to the closet and refreshed himself.

"I will think of it," he vouchsafed.

He told Caroline, that night, that she should go to Leipsic.

Caroline had thrown her arms about him, that time he had given her permission to have lessons from Herr Schwartz. She did not throw her arms about him now. She went and stood before him.

"Alick," she said, "you are the noblest of men, and I am the least worthy of girls. It will cost too much for me to go; you cannot afford it."

Actually a new hope sprang to the cap-

tain's breast, and he cursed himself for a fool for having made Chris think that she cared for him.

"You shall go," he said. "I can afford it; something I am interested in is panning out well."

Caroline may have thought that a new game of cards had come up, or that her cousin was backing horses somewhere and had made money.

"Alick," she began, and choked.

The captain thought she would throw herself into his arms, declaring that after this she could but simply adore him. He knew her impetuosity, and he supposed she would come at him with a rush; so he planted his feet apart and prepared for her.

"Well, dear?" he said, softly.

"Alick, I—I will—"

"Well? You will—"

"I will pray for you," she said, and rushed hysterically from the room.

At any rate, she continued to think the captain noble. And she prayed for him, as she already prayed for Herr Schwartz: and yet not quite the same, either. She used to pray for Schwartz up in her dainty room, whose dimity curtains were like snow, and whose old mahogany dressing-table always held a fresh bunch of flowers on it, which Chris sent, even as his father before him had sent her mother, and which Mammy Hippy cared for. She used to pray that God would make her worthy of the affection Herr Schwartz had for her; for the musicale had been a revelation to her, and, after that, nothing could have made her doubt that Herr Schwartz had long thought of her, and in his humble German way had feared to avow his passion because of their relative positions.

"Caste!" and she elevated her brows.

When she could thus sneer at an institution, the proper reverence of which had been instilled into her since her earliest recollections, she apparently verified what the captain had told Chris regarding the universal equality of all men.

When next she saw Herr Schwartz, she told him the good news. How pleased he was! He had seized the horn of the dilemma at last: this demonstrative young lady would go away, and the frau and kinder might still bask in seclusion. Yet his gladness told Caroline that the musicale had

indeed been most fortuitous; no other musical composition would ever take the place of the "Invitation"—it was enshrined, her musical holy of holies.

The Herr urged a speedy departure for Leipsic. Caroline was as a straw in the wind. The captain agreed with the Herr—that she should get away from dangerous localities as soon as possible. Then it dawned upon Caroline that Leipsic meant a long separation from the Herr, and that he ought to write to her weekly.

"Himmel!" was all he said.

"Oh, Adolph!" she blurted out.

This was too much. Herr Schwartz sat down at the piano and played the chromatic scale with both hands. His back was toward her. He did not know she was near him until she whispered:

"Why do you place me so far above you? I am only as other women."

He dashed his hands down upon the piano; and she, frightened at what she had done, flew out of the room.

Chris was waiting for her in the hall.

"Chris," she said at once, "you will miss me when I am gone, will you not?" and clutched his arm.

It was almost as a confession to him, and he looked down at her wet lashes, a quick bounding at his heart. The captain had been right: she did care for him. She pressed closely to him; it was a comfort to have with her someone who stood in the light of a protector, now that she had been so bold with Herr Schwartz.

In the gathering gloom, they went down the street, side by side, Chris holding her music-roll and as silent as she, for he could not yet believe entirely in it all.

Herr Schwartz looked after them.

"Himmel!" he said again, wiping his brow. "I will write to Hedweg once."

Now, Hedweg was Frau Schwartz.

But Caroline was supremely happy. She knew what she should do. She knew her power with men: had not many bowed before her, even when Alick assumed proprietorship in her? At the last moment, she would tell Herr Schwartz in so many words that she loved him, and then let him dare to let her go alone to Leipsic!

Of course, there would be a fuss with Alick.

"I am of age—I am twentythree," she said. "I will do as I please."

All the same, though, Alick need not know anything about the matter; when the shock came, this silence would seem much kinder.

She saw very little of her surroundings, that week; she went somewhat aimlessly about the house, when she was not practicing at the piano.

"There is something in the wind," the captain decided. "I'll find out what it is. Then Chris is gloomy, too. Chris!"

That set him to thinking. Chris and Caroline! Suppose there was something between the two: suppose she realized his love for her: suppose Schwartz was a mere ruse—that Caroline, fearful of cousinly wrath, had managed for herself—this Leipsic business a mere subterfuge!

It would be unreasonable to detail the line Captain Alick's argument assumed. Suffice it to say that he began to think he had builded only too well; that, in telling Chris that Caroline cared for him, Chris had gone about it in his usual quiet way and impressed his feeling upon her, and—Ha! now he knew why Chris had never been chary of doing anything that might enhance Caroline's comfort: he was impressing her!

"But I am Alick Worthington," he said, "and he is Chris Gordon."

And then he watched and deceived himself. He found that Chris was doing something underhanded—that he absented himself from his place of business entirely too much; he would come in, looking thoughtful, and become decidedly self-conscious when he thought he was observed.

Caroline was like Chris—up to something, thoughtful, self-conscious.

But he knew that the two did not meet, that week. Although this might argue further slyness: for when had there been a week, before this, when they did not meet? Chris had always had a habit of coming to the house about sundown, and sitting on the piazza with the captain while the piano-music was going on in the parlor—that wild light in his eyes flashing, as though the music were the expression of some hidden mighty thought he dared not communicate otherwise. And he did not come, this week!

The days passed, the captain fuming, unable to ascertain what Caroline was doing unknown to him, what Chris was doing unknown to him. He gave up Caroline

toward the last—she had always been too much for him—and concentrated his attention upon Chris, and discovered nothing which he could circumvent.

Caroline was glad when she found him draw off. She waited for the day to come when she should take her lesson. And it came.

She had, in her silent season, been rehearsing how she should approach Herr Schwartz and make her plans known to him. She was firmly convinced that only her elevated social position kept him from avowing the state of his heart. And what should she say to him to make him know the truth?

She could come to no conclusion; the inspiration of the moment should control her. Yet, perhaps for courage or inspiration for that moment, on the day of her lesson, while she waited for Hippy and the chaise, she seated herself at the piano and played the "Invitation." Her runs had never before been so clean, her touch clearer, more magnetic.

The captain, listening, knew that the climax was approaching. Did he not know her moods from the style of her playing? Her good playing made her gay, even brave.

Then here was Hippy and the old horse.

That drive! The spring had come, and the first flowers were growing in the hedges; the sky was fleecy with young clouds; there was a mist in the atmosphere, through which the sun let down long ribbons of gold; a bird was on a magnolia, and looked so knowingly at the chaise and whistled so confidentially that Caroline laughed aloud and hugged her music-roll up to her.

"'Pears like dat bird's done possessed," said Mammy Hippy. "Dar was possessed birds yander at Simpson's branch. Dey jawed back at Sile's boy Pete, dat time he stole er bottle er brandy f'om de cap'n an' drunk hit all up."

Caroline could not be expected to evince much interest in miracles; and Hippy, resenting her manner, relapsed into silence. So Caroline reached the train—the city. She tried now not to think of what she should say to Herr Schwartz. She tried so hard that she looked into all the shop-windows. Once she saw a little case containing three pairs of scissors.

"How convenient that will be," she said, "in Leipsic."

She went in and bought them.

But the shop-windows became fewer; she became so nervous, she did not notice anything she saw.

She was at the street where Herr Schwartz lived. Was she about to do an unmaidenly thing? Had she not been taught, had she not read, that men should assume the prerogative in these as in profaner affairs? But this man was poor, unknown, and he had heard of her family pretensions—who had not heard of the Cole pride? Had he been her equal—Her equal! He was an artist, a genius: and a genius claims kinship with the gods, all earthly rulers his subjects.

This heroic thought actuating her, she ran lightly up the steps of Herr Schwartz's house. She was in the hall, when she heard voices in the parlor.

"How provoking!" she said, fearing that her courage would ebb if she were hindered speaking at once.

Suddenly the parlor door was flung open, and there stood Herr Schwartz.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and went toward him, her hands spread.

But he appeared to shrink from her, and she forgot all about the voices in the parlor, and had run in there.

Inside, was a woman; three children clustered around her.

"My wife and little ones," said Herr Schwartz, his lovely face distorted by the most forced of smiles.

Frau Schwartz looked up quizzically.

"Adolph," she said, "hand me Lisa's garter; it is upon the piano. Then we will get away, and Miss Cole shall have her lesson."

"Not at all," Caroline cried, blithely. "I shall not take a lesson to-day. I came to say, Herr Schwartz, that I shall go to Leipsic next week. There are naturally many things to be done, so I must give up my lessons. If there is anything I wish to know, you will hear from me through Captain Worthington."

She began to praise the children, thinking to mystify Frau Schwartz—for women understand women—and then she had left the house.

Her heart was set against the captain. She believed that he had known all along about the Schwartzes; his affable manner, now of long standing, told her that he had planned this revenge.

She took the next train home. Not being expected so early, the chaise was not there to meet her. She set out resolutely to walk. Half-way home, she diverged from the track and went over to the old mill-race, where she had often come to think and dream. The deep waters were dark and still; not a sound broke the silence, except the far-off whistle of a plough-boy. She gave just one groan; and in that groan, it seemed to her, all her youth died.

Then she turned; her gown caught in the rails piled on the wharf after the road had been torn up during the war-times, and she wrenched it free and went out into the road, the braiding of her skirt trailing behind her. She reached home, covered with dust.

"For God's sake!" cried Mammy Hippy.

"Where is Captain Alick?" asked Caroline.

She did not wait for an answer, but went from room to room till she found him.

"Have you known for long," she said, without an attempt to shield herself, "that Herr Schwartz has a wife and family?"

It was not so much the nature of her communication that called forth the captain's ejaculation, as it was her face. He saw that denial was useless, and yet he had never known of the woman and her children.

"I have something to say to you," she said.

And she said it: all the scathing words her misery could wring from her, all that she knew must bite him; she called him false and dishonest.

"Hold!" he said, at that last word. "I am honest—I am a gentleman."

"Honest, and untruthful?" she asked.

"Honest, and a drunkard? Honest, and a gambler? Honest, and giving me money you never honestly earned?"

"But the money was honest money," he said.

"Then it was not yours," she cried. She broke down. "Oh, Alick! Alick! And you were all that I had—the only soul I could call upon to protect me!"

"I swear," he stammered, "that I am honest! Listen to me about the money."

"What do I care for the money? You knew about this woman."

"I did not."

"You did this to humiliate me, because I would not listen to your sentimental

protestations. False kinsman—dishonest man!"

"Listen to me!" he almost shrieked. "You shall hear me about that money: it is honest money—it is Chris's money."

"Chris's?"

"Every cent of it. I do not gamble—I do not bet; I have nothing."

"Chris paid for my music?"

"It was only getting your own back. His father made it out of your father."

"And he paid for my music?—my father's overseer's son?"

"He did more than that," said the captain, not displeased that Chris was in for it now. "And yet you were rich when he was poor: now he has money when we have none. We kept him when we were rich—"

"And he keeps us now we are poor."

"The place keeps us. But there is clothing—"

"He has even clothed me?"

The captain gnawed his lip. He could not for the moment understand her; he did not know whether her calm manner was the effect of relief at the knowledge that Chris, and not he—who she believed had purposely humiliated her—was the means of much pleasure she had had.

"He does not know that you know," he said. "He did what he did because of you."

"Because of me?"

"To please you."

"To please me? Why?"

"Because he loves you."

"Loves me?"

She turned swiftly around, tore something from her pocket, there was a snipping sound, a shrinking of her form, and then she had faced the captain once more, her right hand dripping blood, the left holding a pair of the bright scissors she had bought that day.

"I have cut the tendons of my fingers," she said. "I will never play the piano again."

It was more than the captain could stand; he rushed from the room, from the house, and made for Chris's yard.

Chris was talking to a man there, and the captain had to wait. The man left, and Chris came forward with an envelope.

"Here are the tickets for your state-rooms," he said. "And here is the money you wanted."

Just then, the man who had been there when the captain entered came in.

"On Monday, then," he said.

"On Monday," returned Chris, and the man went away.

"My new employer," said Chris. "I have sold out here; you have the money for the transaction in this envelope. Where else do you suppose I was to get the money?" he demanded, looking into the captain's sullen face. "Now I will go for Miss Calline."

"You need not," said the captain, in a loud voice. "She is at home."

Chris looked at him. The captain then and there told Chris all that had taken place at the house. She had maimed the hand that had been instructed through the means of the son of her father's former overseer! And what had the captain told him regarding her feeling for him? He came toward the captain, his hands clenched.

"Keep off!" said the captain, not budging an inch. "And you might as well hear all: I love her, and will yet marry her. Keep off, I tell you; none of your nigger tricks with me."

In a moment, in a flash, there was a wild scurry, a griding sound, and then the captain rose in the air, struggled, swayed, and fell against the wall twenty feet away, crushed and without motion.

Chris stood there gasping, his teeth showing, his nostrils dilated, his eyes glaring out of his head.

A half-hour later, he appeared at the house. Mammy Hippy curtly informed him that there was no one at home. He went out along the road; Caroline was nowhere in sight. There was a little wood hard by, and he hurried to that; but she was not there. He must see her; he must explain that there had been no brutality in his giving the captain money for their needs; he must keep back all expression of his love for her—accept insult rather than have her feel her dependent position and think that he had presumed upon it for his own happiness; he must make something clear to her—try to give her a grain of comfort in this the most terrible day of her life. But how to find her!

All at once, it struck him that she used to go to the old mill-race and sit above the deep still water, in her times of thought and

dreaming. Many a time, he had seen her there and crept away before she discovered him.

He went there now. Yes, he had been right: there was the shimmer of a light-colored gown. She was sitting upon the piled-up rails. Her face was ghastly; she held in one hand the other, that was swathed in linen. She was suffering horribly, he knew—mentally, physically.

And if he could only relieve her of the strain that was upon her—lie to her, and tell her the captain had stretched a point and that he had never thought of her the way the captain had reported to her, that he had merely lent the money to the captain!

She saw him.

"Come here!" she called.

He went across the sward and stood before her. There was as fierce a light in her eyes as in his; she knew that they were equals in intensity of feeling, and that only angered her the more.

"Years ago," she said, "my grandfather would have had yours soundly flogged for doing as you have done—daring to raise an eye to a woman of my family."

He turned away like a beaten cur, stepping over a jagged crack in the ground—bewildered, breathless—when a splash behind him caused him to look back. The rails had weakened the old wharf: a part of it had disappeared in the water.

And Caroline? A fierce exaltation thrilled him: the iron had dragged her down, and he would die with her!

He was in the water, when he saw her rising to the surface. He caught hold of her.

"Let me die!" she said.

He held her struggling arms down with one of his.

"We will die together," he said, "unless you bid me live."

She struggled all the more.

"I cannot live without you," he said. His face was pressed to hers.

She writhed, she got her wounded hand free, and with it smote him across the eyes. "Live!" she said.

Then the world seemed to leave her, there were strange lights in her eyes, strange sounds in her ears, and she was borne along—whither?

Then she found herself gasping; she was raised—heavy, exhausted—upon the sound part of the wharf. Again she lifted her wounded hand to strike him, when she discovered that there was no one near her.

She looked feebly around. The water was settling into its old smooth flow; there was no object upon its surface. Only, far off there, she saw for a second a hand under the water; that disappeared, and the flow swept evenly on, reflecting the leaden sky on its bosom and lapping softly at the ruined wharf with almost a singing sound, and—

"Miss Callinc," said Hippy, opening the door, "Cap'n Alick done says is you eber gwine ter dat vandoo after de cheer?"

The organ outside was still playing. Miss Cole left twentyfive years ago, and found herself in the present—the middle-aged keeper of a lodging-house and of Captain Alick, who had never walked since the day they found him lying on his face in Chris's office.

The child of Italy changed the position of his cylinder and ground out "Sweet Violets." Miss Cole knew that the next tune would be the "Invitation."

"Sweet Violets!" she said. "How very unseasonable! 'Avril passe, bon soir violettes!'" and put on her bonnet and went out after the chair.

THE BELATED VIOLET.

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN.

ALL summer long, upon a bare hill-side,

A tiny violet plant had tried to bloom,

But tried in vain; it seemed to be its doom

A useless thing forever to abide.

But, when the parching summer heat that dried

The plant's life-blood had gone, and in its room

September's breezes freshened, then the womb,

Long closed, with beauteous fruitage opened wide.

When life seems vain, and when we curse our fate

Because hard labor brings us no reward,

It may be we are being forced to wait

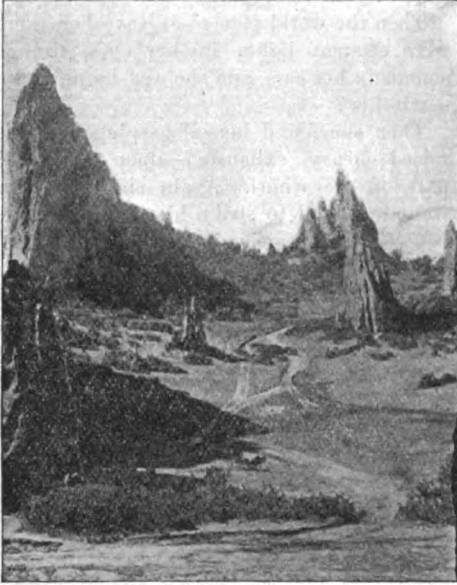
Until some kindlier influence, breathed abroad,

Shall cause our thirsty spirits to dilate

Into more perfect fellowship with God.

SCENIC FEATURES OF COLORADO.

BY LUE ELLEN TETERS.



GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE many and varied physical wonders of Colorado have earned for it a more than national reputation. Its medicinal springs, health-giving air, and parks, with hunting the year round, attract visitors of all classes from all parts of the globe, to whom the long line of snow-clad peaks meeting the unfathomable blue sky above, and the warm balmy climate, are a revelation.

Manitou, the Spa of the West, abounds in attractions that cannot fail to please the most critical. Its springs—the Shoshone, Navajo, Manitou, Ute Soda, and the Iron Ute—are claimed to possess all known properties and to be curative of all the ills flesh is heir to. Numerous cañons, grottoes, and passes lead out of the place, and, on account of their individual peculiarities, are made objective points of many excursions. Ute Pass is perhaps one of the most interesting, with its high perpendicular walls confining treasures here and there of flower-carpeted banks. A stream, several feet beneath, flows

merrily through the pass, and, where the descent is especially rocky, breaks forth into a misty waterfall or a roaring cataract.

Williams and Cheyenne Cañons are equal in grandeur, with their cliff-like rocks and narrow roads. Cheyenne Mountain, in the cañon of that name, was selected by the late Helen Hunt Jackson as her burial-place, and there the remains of the gifted authoress were laid to rest; but, owing to the fact that the owner of the ground charged a fee to view the grave, the friends of the deceased removed the body to one of the cemeteries at Colorado Springs, where it now reposes.

In Williams Cañon is the much-talked-of Cave of the Winds. The formation of the walls is limestone, of garish red and Indian yellow. The high walls are broken into a multitude of pillars, façades, battlements, and bastions, as if several mediæval castles had been torn down and their fragments scattered about. The bright colors of the rocks, towering hundreds of feet in height, are outlined in bold relief against the azure vault above.

The interior of the cave is a labyrinth of narrow passages occasionally opening out into broad chambers with projecting ledges of the stratified walls, from which hang stalactites, frosty and dainty in their resemblance to icicles. They often possess fine musical tones, and, when a suitable number of varying notes is selected, simple tunes can easily be played. Often the floors are encrusted with lime-work of exquisite tracing like mosaic.

From the lovely glades and cañons that beautify Manitou, Pike's Peak rears its lofty head. With its height of 14,147 feet and its snowy crown, it presents an imposing appearance. Formerly its summit could be reached by a crude trail only, but civilization has rendered the ascent easier and safer by railway.

The Garden of the Gods is comprised in the environment of Manitou, although lying equidistant from that place and Colorado

Springs. Here nature has excelled herself in the simulation of masonry of all descriptions, with rocks of yellow, brown, black varying to white, and pink flaming to red. The rocks are scattered in picturesque confusion from the gigantic gateway of the Garden to the imposing crags that rise on all sides within the enclosure. Some of the cathedral-shaped stones and pillars tower hundreds of feet in height, and, with their brilliant colors outlined against the gray-green mesa, with a greener background of mountains, present a scene of surpassing loveliness.

Near Manitou is the famous Monument Park, a name explanatory of itself, with its stones suggestive of tombstones and vaults. But, notwithstanding the suggestive-looking rocks, it has not the sombre appearance of a cemetery; for there are signs of life all about, from the birds, trilling and nesting in the trees, to a tourist or so, who comes riding along in quest of wonders.

Green Mountain Falls is a beautiful cascade in this vicinity. The limpid waters from the snowy range beyond dash gayly over a precipitous incline, then, suddenly changing their course, rush madly down another steep in the opposite direction.

To the north of the mountain-confined spa is the lovely dell of Glen Eyrie, of which Queen's Cañon forms an important part. Here the wildness of nature has been unchecked, and huge boulders and fallen trees lie about a turbulent stream which rushes down from the head of the cañon. On all sides, the beauty of a "glen primeval" is seen in the moss-covered rocks, rank-growing cedars with trunks gray with lichen, and the undisturbed nests of wild birds. Near Glen Eyrie is Blair Athol, exquisite in its pillars of pink and white sandstone.

The gems of the Sierras on the western rim of the upper Arkansas are undoubtedly the Twin Lakes, the highest yachting point in the world. It is a beautiful sylvan spot, the dreamy-looking waters begirt with willows and hawthorns, and on one side the friendly slopes of purplish mountains. Lying near the Great Sawatch Range, these lakes are mountain-locked; but, as they afford both boating and fishing, they are frequented in the summer months by numerous camping-out parties. Surrounding them are the Twin Peaks, Lake Mountain,

and Mount Elbert, each possessing individual charms that at once attract the tourist in its direction.

The Grand Cañon of the Arkansas is of peculiar interest. Its walls are of dizzy height, with their steep perpendicular sides rising two thousand feet, and are so close together that they appear to be simply a huge awful crevice in some giant mountain. The curves of the cañon are superb, and add the crowning touch to this miracle of nature.

The Royal Gorge is perhaps more impressive, being different from the cañon in many ways, with its steeper and higher walls and dark unfriendly-looking cliffs. The cañon is eleven miles long, and the gorge but one and a half; but within that one and a half are comprised the epitome and aggregation of grandeur which the eleven miles barely suggest.

One glance down the cruel jagged walls generally suffices for an adequate definition and comprehension of the meaning of the word "depth." The confined Arkansas whirls angrily by, a mere thread, made narrower by the many rocks thrown into it, and flows so near the passage that it seems as if it must engulf it. The overhanging cliffs are black and blasted at their summits, and bristle with contorted gnarled pines, while monstrous rocks lower down thrust their angular proportions threateningly out.

The famous Ouray Springs of the Ute Indians lie in the southern part of Colorado, in the Uncompahgre Park, and near these is Iron Lake, with its ferruginous waters—a panacea for many ills. This vicinity teems with springs, the Pagosa leading in point of interest. The water is violently agitated, and the escaping carbonic gas issues with so much force as to resemble steam escaping from an engine.

Near the South Arkansas is the Mount of the Holy Cross, blue and misty amid the green mountains. On one side of the mount is a deep fissure shaped like a Maltese cross. This crevice is filled with snow throughout the year, and in undefiled purity the spotless white cross is seen for miles around.

Lake Santa Maria—or Mirror Lake, as it is often called—is another feature of Southern Colorado. It is two miles in length, with no apparent outlet, and its translucent depths reflect with fidelity every rock, evergreen, or twig on the mountain-sides prox-

mate to it, the peaks, and even the passing clouds above it.

Near Georgetown, in Northern Colorado, is Green Lake, with its elevation of ten thousand feet above sea-level. It is quite a picturesque spot, with its evergreen shores and clear greenish depths. A few miles away are the famous Gray and Irwin's Peaks, domes of the continent, rising over fourteen thousand feet and from their summits affording views of surpassing grandeur.

Middle Park is truly called a summer Paradise, possessing everything requisite to enjoyment in the mountains. Unlimited shooting and fish preserves, mineral waters, and invigorating atmosphere are but a few of the many attractions that go to make up the place.

Estes Park is less difficult of access, and, on that account, frequented by a larger number of tourists. The spirit of civilization has somewhat opposed the primitive beauty of the place; but, despite glaringly modern structures and improvements (?), the loveliness of Emma Lake remains unchanged.

Nestling at the eastern slope of the giant guard of the great range, Long's Peak, Estes Park affords protected quarters for many herds of cattle; but one does not meet the much-abused cow-boy of fiction here, in his bewildering make-up of clashing silver, a velvet coat, and the glory of a crimson sash. That is a being confined entirely to the pages of some superimaginative novel. In the first place, the cow-boy's innate wisdom, fostered in Yale or Harvard mayhap—for he is invariably an Eastern man "roughing it" for his health—would tell him the velvet coat would not weather the storms of winter to good advantage, that the silver would tarnish, and the red sash spot in the rain or snow. So he appears a common every-day creature, clad in long serviceable leather cheapas, a brown holland or denim coat, and a broad sombrero, its crown generally wound with trophy of war in shape of a rattlesnake-skin.

One of the prettiest cañons in Northern Colorado is Boulder Cañon, which winds in long sinuous lines, or again in abrupt angles, through the mountains. Foaming and loudly booming, the Boulder Creek rushes madly along the road—here many feet below, there its clear pure waters level with the passage.

On all sides tower rocks and cliffs in imposing grandeur, now jutting forth into the cleanly-cut features of some Roman profile, or massing their efforts into one huge pinnacle of rock. Castle Rock is one of the many peculiar structures of masonry in the cañon, and, with its battlements and ramparts and an imagination capable of bridging several cycles of ages, one could well imagine it to be the home of some hardy Norseman or a feudal baron.

Boulder Fall, in the same cañon, enjoys an enviable reputation on account of the purity of its waters and the fine diamond-like spray that almost haloes it. It leaps with a loud roar over a steep narrow incline that sends the waters in all directions. The slopes of the mountains that here confine the stream are wet and so slippery that scarcely can a foothold be gained.

Farther up Boulder Cañon is Dome Rock, a stupendous stone dome, with walls of dizzy height; and on the South Boulder is a series of waterfalls and roaring cataracts, each seeming lovelier than the other.

It is in Western Colorado that the gorgeous colors of the rainbow have been more than generously employed, and, in spite of lavishness, with much credit to nature's taste. There are the Buttes of the Cross, of peculiar formation and shape, rising imposingly thousands of feet in rigid symmetry; and the glorious Mu-av Cañon, with its splendor of tinted rocks towering to dizzy heights in the air. Bastions, cliffs, and all shapes of rock lie here, there, everywhere.

One of the peculiarities of Colorado itself is its atmosphere, rarefied to an extent that brings the far distant peak seemingly within easy approach, or, on very warm days, assuming a hazy shimmering condition, from sun-reflecting sand, that sets all surroundings, mountain or valley, tremulously swaying and dancing. When some of nature's upheavals are viewed in this light, the effect is bewildering. In the Mu-av Cañon, it is confusing, the colors of the rocks shifting and the rocks dancing, and one is impressed with the fear that there may not be terra-firma under the feet even, so intangible and illusive seem both earth and sky.

Western Colorado abounds in stupendous formations and upheavals, which are objects of interest and lately have been subjects of much comment. There are indeed so many

interesting features that it is hard to decide on their individual importance, for each is prominent in its way.

For the tourist, there is an inexhaustible feast of wonders in store, of which he will not tire; so varied are the points of interest, and of so little similarity even when of like quality, that he cannot fail to be interested. Indeed, not half the natural features of the State have been mentioned yet; but it must not be thought, because of that, that they do not possess merit. The Spanish Peaks, the watchful sentinels in Southern Colorado, are prominent in point of beauty and grandeur; and Marshall Pass, in Salida, is of equal if not more interest. In ascending, visions of a final terminus at the moon chase through one's mind, for that seems the only stopping-place to be had.

Then there are numerous grottoes, cañons, and springs dotting and breaking up the Rockies everywhere, which would take pages to write about; and volumes might be writ-

ten about some of the large peaks, of which mention has barely been made here.

Novelty seems to have been nature's desire in creating this region, and success has more than crowned her efforts; for her wish has been incarnated in all shapes and formations. No matter how isolated or remote they may be, the tourist, ever on the qui-vive for the novelty, will unearth these hidden treasures and bring them before the public eye for its enjoyment also; and many of Colorado's wonders owe their presentation to the world at large to some wanderer of a geologist or scientist, on exploration bent.

To be fully appreciated, the scenic features of the State should be gazed upon; for, no matter what strength of expression is employed, the pen but feebly portrays the glories the eye grasps in one cursory glance—purple mountains, craggy cliffs, snow-crowned peaks, and, flooding all in one golden effluence, the warm mellow light of a Colorado sun.



SONG OF THE STREAM.

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

List, my lady! Down the meadows
Run two purling streams,
Deep and blue in twilight shadows,
Flushed with noonday beams;
On their banks the wild rose growing,
Stars at night there shine,
Love-fires lend to dark eyes glowing,
List, O Leila mine!

See, my angel! Onward tending
Brooklets find their way,
Each the other meeting, blending,
Hear their ripples say:

"'Tis the law of nature's wooing
Learned from love divine."
Hearken to their sweet undoing,
Dearest Leila mine!

Maiden fair! With swift endeavor
Read my plea aright—
Wayward streamlets drawn together
Hence for aye unite;
May the heart that only liveth
In the pulse of thine
Gain the boon love's fullness giveth,
Leila, life of mine?

MR. INGLEHART'S NEPHEW.

BY WILLIAM BILBO.



SHOOTING on these grounds prohibited." A board tacked to a tree bore this warning to poachers.

She looked at him severely and pointed to the board.

"I beg pardon!"

He lifted his cap and stared at her. He had shot into a covey of birds from an adjoining field, and then leaped the fence to get the game.

"You are careless with your gun," she said.

Though startled, she was angry. He dropped the butt of his gun to the ground, and continued to stare as he might have stared at an apparition—a lovely one. An apparition might have disconcerted him more, for his look was bold. She flushed indignantly.

"You are insolent!" her glance said, as plainly as speech could have done.

"I am distressed!" he exclaimed, pausing between the words, as if speech were difficult.

"Indeed!" with a look that should have withered him, but it did not.

"You were in no danger, but I am sorry to have frightened you."

"I am not frightened."

"Oh! that relieves me."

His cool impudence exasperated her, yet his open-eyed astonishment was ludicrous. His eye did not leave her face for an instant. Was she really so beautiful that this rustic gaped in wonder? The thought softened her.

"You are not concerned about the trespass?"

"I did not see the warning."

She did not doubt that he had seen it a hundred times. She looked straight at him, partly wondering how he could tell such a story, partly thinking how handsome the sunburnt fellow was.

"Who are you, sir?"

She did not note his curious smile.

"Mr. Inglehart's nephew," he replied, with significant emphasis.

She looked no wiser.

"Mr. Inglehart lives across the valley," he added.

A farmer, was her thought. No doubt this lazy fellow lived on his bounty. Though tanned, he had not the look of a field-hand. He was an habitual poacher, she did not doubt. He wore a hunting-cap and jacket, both the worse for briers and wear; and his age might have been three-and-twenty.

"I shall tell my uncle that Mr. Inglehart's nephew has been shooting on his grounds."

"Tell him I didn't see the sign."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind."

"Not if I didn't see it?"

"Not if you didn't."

"Do you think he will mind?" a little anxiously.

"He had the constable arrest a man once for a similar offense."

This was a fib, pure and simple—not inexcusable, though. The fellow needed the lesson; besides, it was not certain that some culprit had not been arraigned during the ten years this weather-beaten board had given warning to poachers.

"I will give you half the birds: I suppose that will make it right."

"I don't suppose it will! I wouldn't touch one of them. See how the poor things bleed and writhe! Others went away wounded, to suffer and die more slowly. You ought to be ashamed of your cruelty."

His swarthy face colored; he eyed her keenly and in surprise; then, all of a sudden, his countenance fell; he glanced ruefully at the fluttering birds.

"I suppose you do not eat birds nor wear feathers in your hat," a little sullenly.

Then she colored—deeply, too; his glance rested maliciously on the rich plume in her hat.

"Why do you stand there?" she asked, impatiently and a little disconcerted.

"Pardon me: may I tell you?" with an audacious smile.

She looked at him quickly, intently: then

averted her face, a little scared. A suspicion darted across her mind—a suspicion, nothing more. In a moment it vanished, and she was angry again: yet not very angry, nor long so. The absurdity of his manner upset her temper. There was no mistaking the admiring glances of the young countryman; his admiration was as honest, too, as it was bold.

Being modest and not over-vain, she accepted this view of her charms with some grains of allowance. She knew that she had fair cheeks and dimples, brown eyes and a dainty waist, and that people stared at her. Now, this man stared, not for want of manners, but because he could not help it. On him, she had made a genuine impression. She half wondered what the foolish youth wanted to say, but she cut him short:

"Why don't you take the birds and go?"

"I am in no hurry; they won't expect me home till supper-time."

"I don't like to be stared at; I came here to gather flowers. Please go!"

"I am good at gathering flowers myself; let me help you over the fence!"

In the meadow across the fence was a large pond of water-lilies; and beyond, a wooded rocky slope, abloom with wild flowers.

She was uncertain whether to rebuke him with a show of greater severity, or to accept his proffered service. She glanced at the high stone wall and at the tempting flowers, then doubtfully at him. She remembered that her uncle knew Mr. Inglehart—an old resident of the neighborhood, of course—and this was Mr. Inglehart's nephew. His appearance was in his favor, and the water-lilies had tempted her before. They were beyond her reach, nor was it easy to get over the stone wall unaided.

He read her mind.

"I got my sister a big lot of lilies yesterday."

"How did you get them?" with interest.

"I waded."

Whether this was true or not, it settled the matter. She put out her little hand; he took it, showed her projecting stones on which she could put first one foot, then the other; by means of these and his assistance, she was speedily on the top of the wall; then he sprang over and helped her down on the other side.

He found a shallow place in the pond, and

threw in some boulders to stand on; she sat on the grass under a tree, while he got the water-lilies—a great armful, more than she could carry; then he ran around the pond to the hill-side, and brought as many more flowers from there: ivy-blossoms, wild honeysuckle, sweet-brier, and a great variety beside—all of them pretty, some very sweet. She gave him a grateful look, and he sat down beside her to arrange them.

"You spoke of your sister," suddenly: "where is she?"

"At my uncle's."

"You both live there?"

His face lighted as with an inspiration.

"At present—yes. Would you like to see her? Perhaps you find it dull in these parts."

"You think me a stranger?"

"I shouldn't think you lived here."

"Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do I look different from the country-people—from your sister, for instance?"

"I don't think she is like most people."

"You may be partial."

"You ought to see her!"

"How old is your sister?"

"Nineteen. I should like you to meet her."

"Maybe I shall, sometime."

"I could bring her here to-morrow, if you would come," eagerly.

"Oh, she might come to my uncle's—Mr. Wayne's."

"This is a nice place." His fine eyes looked beseeching. "She comes here often," he added, quickly: "it is such a pretty spot, and there are so many flowers."

She laughed softly. The slanting shadows crept over the meadows; the sun dipped behind the hills; the breeze scarcely stirred the leaves and clover-blossoms; the hush and mellow fragrance of closing day fell upon the wood and field. The pair sorted the flowers, and she listened to his talk, forgetting that he was a stranger.

There is a snare in the green fields and woods, the blue skies and scented air of the country: I warn my young readers to beware of it. The young lady came to her sober self with a start and a look of dismay. The sky was tinged with twilight. She scowled at him, as if he were to blame. She grew confused; and, in her confusion, she did not

know what they had talked about, what he had said, what she had said, nor why she had staid so long.

He stared at her blankly, as any rustic might who had incurred the displeasure of a pretty girl and did not know how it had been done.

"I will walk home with you, if you will allow me," he ventured to say.

She declined the offer rather haughtily. He helped her over the fence, then put the big bunch of flowers in her arms.

"You need not expect me to-morrow," she said, turning away.

"My sister will be disappointed. I hope I have not offended you!"

She paused and glanced up at him, as he sat on the fence. He looked hurt. She had promised to come; this she remembered, and it was about all she did remember. Why should she change her mind so soon? She ought not to have promised!

"I think you need not expect me," she said, slowly, looking straight at him, and turned away.

He watched her till she was out of sight, hoping that she might look back; but she did not.

It was nearly dusk when the young lady reached the farm-house. No notice was taken of this, however, as she was often out late in the orchard and meadows near the house. By degrees, her conversation with the young stranger came back to her. She slipped into the house and upstairs to her own room, there to think it all over. At first, it came indistinctly, she was so confused; after a while, it came vividly. Now she burned with anger, now with vexation. The fellow had talked about things of which it seemed incredible any country-boy should know anything. How he had drifted from one subject to another, dwelling on the things she loved most to talk of! She recalled his handsome appearance, his kindling gray eyes, his broad brow, his fine smiling mouth almost hidden by the brown mustache, his clean-cut nose and chin, and finally his easy unembarrassed manner. He was certainly an impostor! She would find out!

At supper, she said to her uncle:

"I saw a man shooting in your fields this afternoon."

"Who was the man, dear?"

"How should I know, uncle?" dropping her eyes.

"Was he a young chap?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tom Inglehart, I expect. I shall have to tell Inglehart to keep him off my place. He'll be shooting my Durham calves, the first thing I know."

She was silent a moment, then said:

"Who is Tom Inglehart, uncle?"

"A worthless young scamp who lives with his dogs and gun. Mary, you mind I told Inglehart he'd ruin that boy, keepin' him always at school?"

The latter remark Mr. Wayne addressed to his wife.

"John, I saw Jean Inglehart to-day. You wouldn't know the child," remarked Mrs. Wayne.

"Likely not; it's been nigh ten years since she was here."

"Ten in October; I mind it was the fall you was laid up with r'umatiz."

"So it was; I mind the week she staid here. She would always be doing little turns for me when I couldn't get about. She was a good child."

"What a slim and weakly thing she was! I never saw any livin' thing come out so. She's the finest-looking gal I ever saw. I couldn't take my eyes from her a minnit. I dare say you won't believe it's her when you see her; I didn't, till she took on so over me and asked about you and Hannah and everything about the place. She 'most cried when I told her Hannah was dead. She's got no fine airs, neither, as most girls 'ud have in her place. She makes me think of Helen, only she's dark and half a head taller."

Helen smiled demurely.

"And a great deal more beautiful, auntie?"

"Now, that couldn't be, my child," returned the old lady, with a fond glance at her niece.

"Is she coming over?" questioned the farmer.

"Right away. I told her about Helen, and she'll be over right off. She's Squire Inglehart's niece, child. You'll be sure to like her, and she'll be great company for you."

Our heroine would doubtless have learned much more about the Inglehart family, but at this moment a man ran in and said that a favorite horse had been hurt in the barn-

yard. The old couple hurried away, and Helen was left alone with her reflections.

The reader will not be greatly surprised when I say that Helen decided, next day, to keep her appointment.

I do not know, myself, why she went; she knew no good of this Tom Inglehart. His manners were bold if not bad, and she didn't like him. She may have kept the appointment on account of Tom's sister Jean, feeling that she ought not to disappoint her. She may have planned a pleasant surprise for the old people, intending to bring Jean home with her, letting Tom go where he wished. If this was the case, however, she was disappointed. Tom came; Jean did not.

She was angry, very angry.

"Where is your sister?" she demanded.

"She is at home, with a sprained ankle."

The fence was between them; he rested his elbows and chin on the top stone.

"You are an impostor!" she exclaimed, vehemently.

He stared at her like a simpleton, as she turned abruptly.

"One moment, I beg! My sister met with a serious accident. Besides the sprained ankle, she is bruised and scarcely able to be up. She was very sorry she couldn't come."

She paused, flashing upon him a look of severity and distrust.

"I do not believe you have a sister!"

"You wrong me, I assure you," smiling good-naturedly.

He had pushed his cap back from his brow. His face was perfectly frank and honest and strikingly handsome; she had not had a good view of his features before. The easy pose of his large shapely head and the composure of his features were striking.

"My sister sent you a letter."

He drew a letter from his pocket and held it toward her. She hesitated and asked:

"Why didn't you give it to me at once?"

"I ought to have done so. Sister says I am always doing the wrong thing. Won't you please take it now?"

She still hung back, though relenting a little.

"Jean could hardly write, her arm was so painful," he added.

She took the letter and broke the seal, drawing out a dainty perfumed sheet, written all over, with four postscripts. Helen

smiled while reading it; then she glanced at him with a smile, but frowned immediately.

"Tell Miss Inglehart I shall be very glad to see her, and hope she may soon be able to come."

She was going.

"One word, please!"

"I have staid too long already. I did wrong to meet you here, to speak to you, or have anything to do with a stranger. Good-day, sir."

"May I come with my sister?"

She paused to say:

"My uncle does not like you."

"Why?"

"He says you are a worthless fellow."

"Indeed!" in great surprise.

"And I do not doubt it."

"There must be some mistake. I—I do not know your—"

"There is no mistake!" She turned to go.

"I shall come with my sister!" he said.

"I think it better you should not."

She was gone.

Yesterday, she would have asked any number of questions about Tom Inglehart or any member of the family: asked a little slyly, perhaps, because she had been imprudent, yet she would have asked them. But for the accident in the barn-yard and a lack of subsequent opportunity, she would have gone to bed, on the previous night, knowing all about all the Ingleharts.

To-day, her cheeks burned, her heart palpitated; she started when she saw her aunt at the yard gate; paled when the kindly old uncle crossed the lawn. She ran up to her room, locked herself in, lay down on the bed, and cried.

Several days went by, but no word came from the Ingleharts. Helen never mentioned the Inglehart name. Her moods were fitful: she started when she heard the tramp of horses or sudden footsteps. She wondered how Miss Inglehart looked; how she came to be such an exemplary girl, and her brother so worthless; where she had passed all these years she had been from home; how it happened she went, and her brother staid; whether his opportunities had not been slender; what difference it might have made if he had had better; whether the sister had got well; why she did not come; whether she would come at all or had gone

away. Sometimes Helen hoped she had gone, or would go without coming; again she felt an unaccountable desire to see her, yet dreaded her coming.

One day, Jean Inglehart came. How like him she was! The same smiling mouth, turned up at the corners; his broad low brow, his deep tender eyes; tall, dark, beautiful!

A bronzed, broad-shouldered man, clad in an English riding-suit, stood behind her, bowing and smiling. He was a young man, self-possessed and handsome.

Mrs. Wayne introduced the girls, and Miss Inglehart said:

"Miss Blake, my brother Luke."

Did her eyes deceive her? Her head went round. What were they saying?

Luke Inglehart paid dearly for his deception; paid dearly, if we let him gauge the measure. I think him a lucky dog to have had Helen Blake think of him at all. But he was impetuous. He burned with impatience.

The next day, he called again; she had gone to the village. He went there too, but missed her. During the next three days, he tramped the woods and fields, entered the Wayne enclosures, invaded the orchard, shadowed the house and premises, hoping to get a glimpse of her. He went home at the end of the third day, tired and haggard. Jean thought him ill, and made him a broth. The simple fellow had not let her into his confidence.

To detail the state of his mind, his efforts to see Helen during the next ten days, would unduly lengthen this story. He persevered,

however, and one day he stood before her so suddenly that he might have dropped from the sky.

"You have been unkind!" he stammered.

"You deceived me!" she said.

She was all ice and dignity.

"Can't you forgive me?"

"I ought not even to speak to you. I thought you were a plain countryman. I took you for another person, and you did not undeceive me. Now go, if you please!"

She regarded him coldly, a little scornfully. She was glad he did not look well; she could have smiled at his trepidation. But he was bolder than she thought. He moved a step forward, his arms stretched toward her.

"Do not say that I have sinned past atoning! Let my weakness plead for my fault! Had I told you who I was, you would have gone away. I loved you then! I love you now! Ah, if you knew how well, you would not have the heart to frown on me! I ask but little of you—a very little now: your smile and your forgiveness!"

She ought to have been startled and angry at this bold and hasty avowal. She was neither; but, if she softened within, there was no betrayal in her manner.

"I do not think I shall ever like you," she said, slowly. "Let us end this interview!" She was going, but he caught her hands.

"Put me on probation!" the rude fellow cried.

The reader sees how this story must end. Why should I go on?

NIGHT BRINGETH PEACE.

BY C. E. BOLLES.

DROP down behind the solemn hills,
O day of wild unrest!
I watch thee passing from my sight,
Like some unwelcome guest.

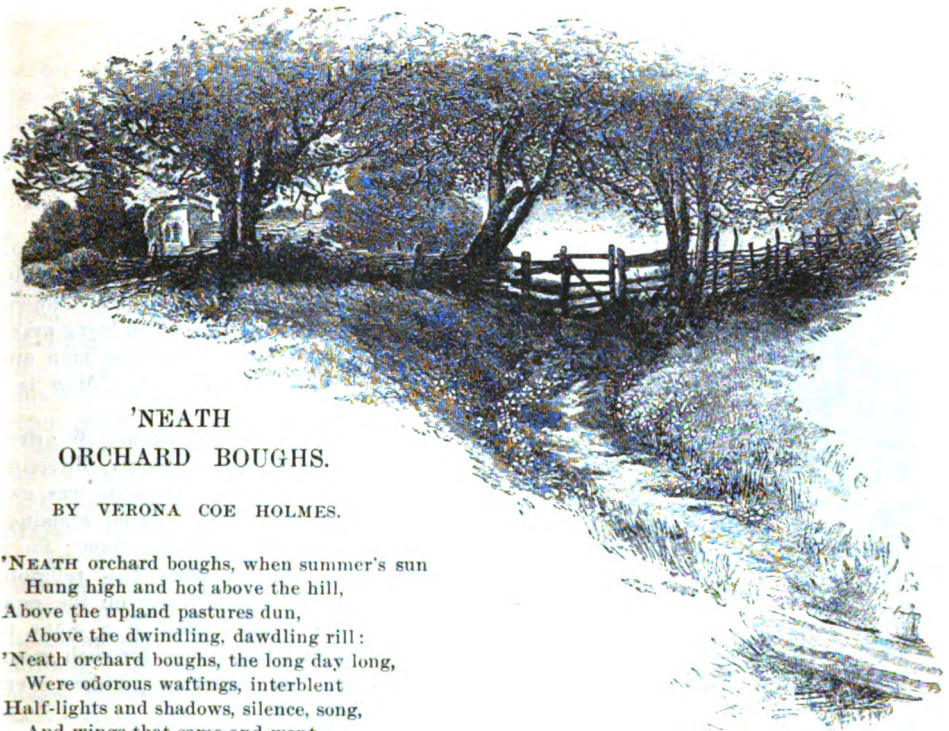
Swing open wide, ye sunset gates
Of crimson, barred with gold!
It must be that your mystic bounds
Some brighter visions hold.

Draw close your sable shades, O night,
And hide the sun's rude stare!
All day, he mocked my bitter pain
With fierce and angry glare.

Come out and shine, sweet evening star,
So peaceful, pure, and calm!
Your light upon my heart will fall
Like drops of healing balm.

Deep shadows softly fold me round,
And, as they closer cling,
My troubled spirit sinks to rest
Like bird with weary wing.

My doubts and fears are swept away;
I calmly sink to sleep,
Sure that the angels overhead
Safe watch and ward will keep.



'NEATH
ORCHARD BOUGHS.

BY VERONA COE HOLMES.

'NEATH orchard boughs, when summer's sun
Hung high and hot above the hill,
Above the upland pastures dun,
Above the dwindling, dawdling rill:
'Neath orchard boughs, the long day long,
Were odorous waftings, interblent
Half-lights and shadows, silence, song,
And wings that came and went.

'Neath orchard boughs, when, red and low,
The harvest-moon her level light
Poured through the opening vistas—oh,
The moon of youth's enchanted night!
'Neath orchard boughs, down aisles serene,
'Neath moon and star, through dark and dew,
We walked the shadowy ranks between;
Do you remember—you?

And mind you how the brook, that slipped
Across the pathway, coiled and crept
In eddying pools where wings were dipped,
And lilies, swaying, slept?
And later, how the wind and frost
Set all the leaves awlirl, aglow,
In those old autumns vanished, lost,
Alas, so long ago!

Do you remember? You, who tread
Diviner ways beyond my ken:
You, whom I count not dead nor dead,
But swift to answer when,
A little tired and quite alone,
Across the years I call to you—
"Come, go again with me, my own,
Along the ways we knew!"

The ways we knew! Alas, the fair
Areas of shadow shrink, and less
Of shimmering greenery shows; and bare,
Beneath the strain and stress

Of time and storm, the sapless bough
On isolated bole uplifts;
Through branches gnarled and lichened now,
The yellow sunlight drifts.

Changed! Void! And yet the swarded rise,
By early autumn rains renewed,
Lies green against the sun; the skies
Bend low, in mother-mood;
And where yon rustic railing marks
The wasted grove's ulterior bound,
Three ancient orchard patriarchs
Beshadow still the ground.

And bright with freshly fallen leaves,
Beyond the brook, the path we trod
Allures! Oh, leave the trail that cleaves
The shining groves of God:
Return, and go again with me
The earthly ways which youth and love
Made holy ground. I summon thee
From thy still heights above!

Return! and, it may be, the path
That here begins beside the stream—
That mounts, through breadths of aftermath,
The slope—may sweetly seem
To stretch away to regions calm,
Where, for all haps and hurts of these
Our mortal years, are rest and balm
Beneath His healing trees.

UNDER THE ROSE.

BY MISS KENT.

PART I. CHAPTER I.



HIS wind will blow up a rain," said Mr. Parker to Winifred Allwyn, one March morning.

"What did you say?" cried Winifred, who was on the windward side of him.

Mr. Parker repeated his remark, pitching his voice to suit the requirements of conversation in a Missouri breeze. Miss Allwyn resolved to take a gossamer and an umbrella when she started out. She was

teaching a district school; Mr. Parker, one of the township magistrates, was director and also Miss Allwyn's landlord.

Winifred went on into the house, and was accosted by Mrs. Parker:

"Miss Allwyn, I wish you'd lend me your brush to get the mud off o' my cloak."

"I haven't any clothes-brush with me, Mrs. Parker," said Winifred.

"That one you brush your head with will do," said Mrs. Parker, coolly.

Miss Allwyn's beautiful gold-colored hair almost began to rise with indignation at this effrontery. It was likely that she would lend her hair-brush, which she was so particular about, to remove the dirt of the road from a woman's cloak!

"I never use my hair-brush for such a purpose, Mrs. Parker," she said; "I like to keep it nice for my hair—besides, it is not suitable for a clothes-brush." And she went on to her own room, privately describing her hostess as the "soul of Sir John Cheek."

Winifred was most uncomfortably lodged at Mr. Parker's; but, when she took the school, Mrs. Parker had offered to board her, and policy advised that Winifred should accept the offer.

It was tiresome walking to school that morning against the wind, and it was tiresome teaching. The heat was unusual, and

the wind blew the dust about in the school-room in a most exasperating manner. The children seemed premeditatedly dull: unless we except one little girl, who, on being asked "What is the difference between man and the lower animals?" replied: "Man is a perfect brute."

Four o'clock came at last, and Winifred dismissed her pupils promptly, directing them to hasten home, as a storm was evidently approaching. She herself remained to sweep and dust the school-room; for it was Friday, and she knew that religious services would be held there on the next Sunday. She always made it a point to leave the school-house nice for such meetings, though her duties as janitress were purely gratuitous.

It was a disagreeable task to clean the school-room, especially after a day's teaching; Winifred took a seat on the table, and wasted some moments in wishing that she owned a broom which would work at her bidding, like the one belonging to the magician. "How glad I shall be when the children begin to go barefoot," she thought, surveying her dusty domain.

It was a large room, but the oldest and dingiest in the county. Its ceiled walls were unpainted and had become almost as dark as the walnut seats and desks. Several blackboards did what they could to dispel its gloom, and the thick timber around did as much. Altogether the place was so lonely and so darksome that it was a wonder Winifred dared to remain there after her pupils' departure. But she was an American girl, which is as much as to say that courage was native to her and that she had never in her life had an uncivil word from anyone. She was so far from feeling any timidity, indeed, that, when the room was swept and dusted, she placed the well-worn "woman's weapon" behind the door and sat down to finish reading "Elsie Venner."

She knew that she could have neither quiet nor seclusion at her boarding-place, where she shared her room with the eldest

Parker girl—a forward miss, perversely christened Sherman, and about as hard to escape from as the General when on the war-path. So Winifred had formed the habit of lingering in the school-house, reading and resting, as long as she could; to-day, she sat there absorbed by her book until a startling flash of lightning and peal of thunder aroused her to the fact that the storm was already overhead. Hurriedly gathering her books together on the table, she secured the windows and shut one of the doors, then went to get her gossamer, which hung behind the other door.

The gloom now was frightful, so heavy was the low-hung cloud. Winifred, with her black gossamer on, was quite lost in the darkness behind the great school-room door, and was entirely hidden from the view of two men who suddenly entered the house, running from the rain. Their entrance startled the young lady extremely; she stood quite still, with a fast-beating heart, but in another instant she recognized the voice of one of them, and recovered her self-possession.

What should she do? She particularly objected to being discovered there so long after school-hours by two young men, one of whom was a rejected suitor of hers, and the other, to judge from his voice, a total stranger. Perhaps, if she kept quite still, they would not detect her at all; anyhow, she could not leave the school-house—the storm was beginning to rage. But it would be sickening, she thought, to appear from behind the door, and then, to have that tiresome Tom Lester insist on accompanying her home. An ancient settle, which had come all the way from Ireland, stood behind the door: upon it Winifred silently seated herself, and suspected herself of blundering when she did so; but there she sat, looking like a dimpled witch glowering through the gloom. Glad she would have been to escape on a broomstick, “the wild storm howling round her head.”

The men did not dream of her presence, but one of them said:

“Wonder how this door came to be open?”

“Blew open, I suppose,” said the other; “the lock’s of no account.”

Then the storm absorbed their attention. The lightning blazed incessantly; the thun-

der was one uninterrupted roar. Immense hail-stones fell, rattling on the house with such deafening noise that the men could hardly make each other hear. Finally the rain fell in torrents; but its rush was silence by comparison, and the men’s voices sounded loud.

“This is the darkest room I ever saw, for a school-room,” said the stranger.

“This is where my girl teaches,” said Tom Lester, whose voice Winifred had recognized.

Had she been a witch, the audacious youth would certainly have suffered some savage enchantment at her hands, for daring to describe her as his girl, when she had refused him—oh, many a time and oft! She raged silently behind the door.

“Well, I pity her,” said the stranger. “Why don’t you marry her, and take her home to keep Aunt Mary company?”

“She won’t have me,” said Tom.

His interlocutor laughed. Winifred guessed the latter to be Leslie Fields, a cousin of Tom Lester’s.

“I’m afraid,” said Fields, “that the young lady lacks taste. Seems to me, besides, that she ought to jump at such a chance to get out of teaching in this place, cooped up with a lot of kids who browse on onions until the teacher can’t tell whether it’s the young idea or a garlic-patch that’s shooting.”

“I should think so,” said Tom, “but she don’t.”

He drew a bench up to the open door, and they seated themselves, watching the wreaths of rain which waved through the woods. Winifred would have given worlds to be out of there.

“Don’t let one ‘no’ discourage you,” said Fields. “‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’”

“Hum!” said Tom, despondently, “I’ve had more than one. I told her last night, coming from prayer-meeting, that I believed she could say no—and would say it—if she knew ’twas going to kill a fellow. She said she’d noticed it seldom killed.”

Fields laughed at this.

“She must have had considerable experience in the mitten line,” said he.

“Oh, you bet I’m not the only fellow she’s mittened,” said Tom. “She’s the prettiest, nicest, brightest girl around here, and don’t you forget it!”

He rose, and, to the horror of Winifred, went up to the table. Now surely he would discover her when he returned to the door! She felt almost sick with dread and shame; she hated herself for her childish self-concealment. But there was no chance now for escape; she could only hope that the darkness and the black of her cloak would hide her.

Leslie Fields followed his cousin, and they stood at the table, with their backs to Winifred. Both were tall and handsome; but, though dressed alike for farm-work, there was that about Fields's dress which betrayed more polish than Tom Lester possessed.

"She has left her books here," he remarked, examining the volumes upon the table. "The people hereabouts must be honest."

"Say!" said Tom Lester: "write me some poetry, Les, and I'll put it in one of these books. Won't you?"

"Write yourself," said Fields.

"Oh, you know I couldn't write a line of poetry to save my life," said Tom. "You write something, Les, and I'll copy it. She knows my hand, and it'll puzzle her to death."

The prospect of puzzling the school-mistress seemed to please Mr. Fields; he took out a pencil and note-book, saying:

"What shall I write?"

"Oh, anything, just so it's poetry," said Tom.

"What sort of eyes has she?" Fields asked.

"Blue eyes," said Tom: "great big blue eyes—and the prettiest, whitest hide."

"Look here!" said the poet: "I'll take some of the hide off of you, if you don't talk decent English. Why can't you say complexion or skin? Hide!"

"I'm no school-teacher," said Tom, sulkily.

"Well, you'd better marry one," said his cousin, "and she will get you out of your Dutch 'idiotisms.' Though I'd never seriously advise you or any friend of mine to marry a school-mistress," he added.

"Why?" demanded Tom.

"A woman who makes her own living gets to be so confoundedly independent," said Fields.

"Winifred knows lots more than I do," said Tom, pensively.

"She knows more about some things than you know, I suppose," said Fields; "but a

school-mistress is apt to think that she knows more about everything than any man knows."

He wrote some lines after a little meditation, and, handing them to Tom, asked if that would do.

"That's just the ticket!" said Tom. "Lend me the pencil, Les: I'll copy it and put it in her Bible. She reads that first, every morning."

"Put them in some other book, Tom," said Fields, laughing.

"Why? She'll sure see them sooner in the Bible."

"They aren't Bible verses," replied Fields. "Put them in this book: 'The Great Ice Age.' They'll keep better on ice."

The verses were copied and hid among the frigid facts of Mr. Geikie's volume. Then the conspirators turned to leave the room, and Winifred sat feeling as wild and pink and silent as a prairie rose.

Tom passed on, unseeing; but Fields, his dark eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," spied the shrinking figure behind the door, and stopped as if suddenly petrified. Then he came forward quickly, and seemed about to assure himself by touch that what he saw was not due to an optical illusion; but Miss Allwyn arose and lifted her hand with a gesture at once warning and repellent.

Fields flushed, retreated, and mechanically took off his hat; then he hurried out after his cousin.

"Shut the door, why don't you?" said the latter. "What have you got your hat off for? Think you've been to meeting?"

Winifred stood still, her hot face hidden by her cold hands, until the two men had had time to get out of sight; then she went to the table and summoned up courage enough to get out the verses designed to puzzle her to death:

Smile not mockingly, eyes of blue!

My heart's deep aching you cannot see.

My tears would seem all bright to you,

Though darkening all the world to me.

You are so sweet, oh eyes of blue,

Like the lucid depths of the summer sky,

But cold, so that my love for you

Is a shivering ghost which cannot die.

Ah, read aright! if you but knew

How my heart, disdained, doth worship yet.

Softly you'd flash as moonlit dew

Kissed by the wind in a violet.

The school-mistress decided this production to be the greatest piece of tomfoolery she had ever seen. "Tom's cousin's foolery," she added, mentally.

"Oh, may we three never meet again! If we ever do, I know I'll turn as red as fire, and I'm broken down blushing already. Idiot that I was, to stay!" She laughed, though, with great glee, at the remembrance of Fields's face.

"He will think better than ever of school-mistresses," she thought, ironically. "Shakespeare's trio—the poet, the lover, and the lunatic—were well represented by us this evening."

Mortified but merry, she went her homeward way; but, when she reached Mrs. Parker's, the thought of her evening's adventure was put out of her head by the sight of her sister Lina, uncomfortably established beside the big scorching hot stove in the small sitting-room.

The sisters kissed each other rapturously.

"Do you stay so late at the school-house every day?" asked Lina. "Mrs. Parker said that you must have gone home with someone, and I was afraid I shouldn't get to see you."

"The storm kept me," said Winifred, producing one more blush from her almost exhausted stock. "Oh, Lina! I've such a joke to tell you, but not now. How are they all at home?"

And in the numberless questions and answers suggested by the thought of home, Winifred forgot the event of the evening, nor did it recur to her mind for several days.

CHAPTER II.

ON the following Sunday, she and her sister went to the meeting at the school-house.

Tom Lester and his cousin were there, and the sight of them instantly reminded Winifred of the previous Friday, and the pretty color in her cheeks deepened decidedly.

"But, mercy on me!" she thought, "I can't be avoiding them, and I don't care what they think."

A heavy rain came up while the sermon was in progress, and, though the one was over as soon as the other, walkers like Winifred and Lina looked out ruefully at the muddy paths.

Tom Lester came over to Winifred and greeted her in the most unembarrassed manner; she knew then that his cousin had not told him of her presence in the school-room. She presented Tom to her sister; the latter, a bewitching brunette, was looking particularly charming in her pink jacket and new spring hat. The very next thing that Winifred knew was that the sufferer from a "heart disdained" was walking off to his buggy with Lina on his arm and content upon his countenance.

"Well, I never did believe in ghosts," thought Miss Allwyn, derisively; "I suppose that 'shivering ghost' is laid, thanks to me and Mr. Fields! Or maybe it will be transferred!"

These reflections were interrupted by Mrs. Lester, Tom's mother: a lady who was openly fond of Winifred, and so much liked by the latter that Tom had often been kindly received for his mother's sake.

"Miss Allwyn," said Mrs. Lester, "you must let me take you home; I see that Tom is taking care of your sister."

Winifred gratefully accepted this offer, and then stood waiting till Mrs. Lester should have concluded the greetings which she was exchanging with her neighbors: for a meeting at a country school-house in Missouri partakes largely of the nature of a social event, particularly when occurring, as in this case, but once every month.

When Mrs. Lester did return to Winifred, she horrified that young lady by saying sweetly:

"Miss Allwyn, Mrs. Youngblood insists that I shall go home with her; but here is Leslie, who will be delighted to look after you in my place, if you've no objection. My nephew Leslie Fields, Miss Allwyn."

Miss Allwyn's powers of blushing seemed quite recuperated; her face was crimson as she bowed in acknowledgment of this most unwelcome and unexpected introduction.

Leslie Fields flushed too, as he encountered the glance of those "eyes of blue," whose charms he had recently celebrated. "In a mournful silence," he conducted the reluctant Winifred to the vehicle which Mrs. Lester had left at their disposal.

Even when they were both seated in the buggy and on the way, he seemed unable to begin a conversation; perhaps he feared that any such stir on his part might start

up some of his last week's winged words. He need not have been alarmed; Miss Allwyn was only anxious to ignore their previous encounter.

"If he did not look so guilty," she thought, "I'd hope he had not seen me plainly enough to recognize me, last Friday. Forlorn hope! but I'll give him the benefit of the doubt."

Her voice was even a little lower than usual, as if from a touch of timidity, as she remarked:

"It has cleared off gloriously."

"Yes," said Fields; "the wind has got into the north."

He adjusted the lap-robe with a hand careful of his companion's comfort.

"I'm afraid you'll find it cold," he said; "the change was so sudden."

"Oh, no, thank you. My wrap is a warm one; it was quite too warm as we came down."

She wore a jacket of dark velvet, trimmed with fur; it set off admirably her snowy skin and glittering golden hair.

The original remarks which each had made upon the meteorology of the hour broke the ice between the school-mistress and the anti-autocrat at her side; but both fought shy of storms as a topic from that on, and one of them at least was glad when the ride was ended. For she had started out with the conviction that Mr. Fields was a prig—a young old foggy; and he had succeeded in shaking this belief.

Winifred was obliged to admit that she could find no fault with his manners, nor even with his opinions, except such as he had expressed with regard to her profession. She thanked him and bade him good-day with a sense of humiliation, much less indifferent than she desired to be concerning his judgment.

The northwest wind carried everything in the shape of clouds before it; the mud disappeared with a rapidity often remarked in prairie countries, and by the middle of the afternoon the day was so bright with sunshine, so balmy with the breath of a myriad of tiny blooms, that Winifred and Lina could not resist its temptations: they left the noisy, disorderly, crowded house, and walked down to the not far distant woodland.

Winifred had taught for two terms in that

district; she knew all the woodland ways, all the prairie paths. She led Lina to a spot which she particularly admired: an untenanted homestead, whose spacious yard was full of choice trees and climbers and whose situation commanded a beautiful view of the river valley.

"No one ever comes here but me," said Winifred. "The people of this neighborhood can't bear trees, because trees shut off the sight of the road; they see nothing to be admired in this lovely, leafy, secluded place."

They walked around a clump of evergreens as she spoke, and came upon at least two persons—Leslie Fields and Tom Lester, who were seated on one of the rustic benches there.

The young men arose and saluted the fair intruders, who looked disconcerted and proceeded to account for their presence.

"I was just saying that no one ever came here but me," said Winifred. "This is the first time I have met anyone here."

"I don't know why anybody should come here," said Tom Lester. "It's the loneliest place I ever saw—just a mass of trees. I like the prairie, for my part, where a fellow can see something."

"So do I," said Lina. "I was brought up on the prairie, and the woods seem so gloomy to me."

"I tell Les that he ought to cut down about half of these trees," said Tom; "then he'd have too many."

Winifred regarded Mr. Lester with ill-concealed scorn; then she looked at Fields, and, finding his gaze fixed upon her, she colored slightly.

"I hope you won't," she said, impulsively.

"Nothing but a cyclone shall disturb these trees while I own them," he replied, promptly.

"I think it the prettiest place, by far, in the neighborhood," said Winifred.

"I am going to build on it," said Fields. "Would you advise me to put the new house on the site occupied by the old one?"

"That site commands a lovely view to the south," said Miss Allwyn, non-committally.

"Let's go up there and see the view," said Tom. "We want to show Miss Lina whatever is worth seeing in the neighborhood."

They went up to the house and round to the southern porch: a broad porch, with

solid square posts and a rail of heavy wood, which was just the thing to lean upon while feasting one's eyes on the fair prospect beneath; for the house was on a hill which sloped southward to the level bottom lands, all robed in the vivid glowing green of the autumn-sown wheat and framed by the fringe of woods which followed the river.

"Where can you see a view as lovely as this on the prairie?" Winifred asked of Tom Lester.

"North of my house," he responded, promptly.

"Oh!" said Winifred, dissentingly; but Lina sided with Tom, declaring that nothing could be lovelier than the level green fields which stretched away from the Lester place, dotted with farm-houses and divided by low hedges neatly trimmed.

"Like a checker-board, all squares and straight lines," said Winifred.

"Were you brought up in a timbered country, Miss Allwyn?" asked Fields.

"No," said Winifred; "but I was born in Kentucky."

"And you'll never be content till you get back to the woods, like Les," said Tom Lester.

"Winifred always had a great fancy for this place," said Lina; and, regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of carnelian hue upon her sister's cheek, she added: "She has built several imaginary houses here."

"I hope you will give me the benefit of your plans, Miss Allwyn," said Fields, regarding Winifred intently as she leaned upon the railing, looking away to the furthest purple woods.

She smiled a little, deigning no other reply; she was thinking how unlikely it was that she would give him the freedom of her castles in the air: him, whose sneer at the self-conceit of school-mistresses was so fresh in her mind!

"Come, Lina," she said, "we must go. We brought you here to admire the view, and you refuse to reward our pains."

"Oh, I do admire it, of course," said Lina; but her glance did not dwell upon the separate features of the scene with the almost affectionate look which Winifred's "eyes of blue" had unconsciously betrayed.

"Miss Lina finds the picture spoiled, perhaps, by those old stables and straw-stacks in the foreground," said Fields. "When my

new house stands here, they shall not offend the eye."

"I have wished them away so often," said Winifred, while Lina looked for the first time at the objects mentioned.

The young men asked permission to accompany the two girls, and, as they walked homeward, Fields described the plan of his house to Winifred. She was very fond of architecture, and studied it zealously; she could not hear house-building mentioned without interest, nor could she help being especially interested in the architecture of Fields's place, which had been the site of her most carefully considered chateaux en Espagne.

Fields's ideas accorded so with hers—they thought so much alike—that both were surprised. Winifred forgot her reserve, and discussed doors and windows, porches and staircases, as eagerly as if the place were her own. Fields gave such deferential attention to all of her suggestions that she was soon doing precisely what she had meant to avoid.

"Why, you know all about building," Fields said. "Will you draw me a plan, Miss Allwyn?"

Winifred colored hotly. His words recalled those which had so offended her on Friday; she was angry, believing that Fields had persuaded her to parade her knowledge, with the purpose of laughing at her for conceit.

"A school-mistress is apt to think that she knows all about everything," she said. "That, of course, is what you mean, Mr. Fields."

But Fields looked so sincerely surprised that it was evident he had had no double meaning.

"Pardon me," he said; "I don't know what you mean, Miss Allwyn."

Winifred despised herself for betraying that his words smarted upon her memory; evidently he had quite forgotten them.

"I was quoting, sir," she said, assuming a nonchalant smile. "Look! there's a service-berry in bloom. I must have some of the blossoms."

She ran off up the hill which bordered the road. Fields followed and stood beside her as she gathered the loose racemes of white blossoms faintly perfumed.

"Quoting whom?" he asked, with some trepidation in his tone.

"Fields on School-mistresses," said Miss Allwyn, demurely.

The author mentioned flushed and looked much embarrassed.

"I hoped you had not heard the idiotic things I said!" he exclaimed.

"Since I was simpleton enough to hide, I deserved to hear," said Winifred, amused by their mutual sense of imbecility.

She looked intently at the flowers which she was arranging, and Fields looked as intently at her. It was hard on him to have been overheard by this particular school-mistress, for she was extremely pretty. Her features were delicate and regular, her complexion exquisite in texture and coloring; loose golden curls partly obscured her brow, and her large, lucent, dark-blue eyes were shaded by long brown lashes.

"Miss Allwyn," said Fields, desperately, "it's horribly cruel of you to take up what I said as a personal matter. I don't know just what I did say; I remember only that I said nothing worth remembering—a lot of senseless stuff!"

"You are too severe upon yourself," said Winifred. "If there was more truth than poetry in what you said, you balanced that by putting more poetry than truth into what you wrote."

Fields reddened again.

"Oh, as to that," he said, "I'm convinced you didn't read aright."

"You want to make me out ignorant as well as conceited," said Winifred, turning to go down the hill. "You might at least allow that the school-mistress is able to read."

As she spoke, their eyes fell on a tableau vivant at the foot of the hill—a pretty picture, which illustrated Winifred's words rather pointedly: Tom Lester had gathered a bunch of wild pansies, and was presenting the fragrant pale-purple flowers to Lina; his air, even more than the flowers, intimating that his thoughts were devoted to her.

Winifred looked quickly at Fields.

"Seems to have found some heart's-ease for his heart's deep aching," she said, bursting into an irrepressible laugh.

For the rest of the way, she walked so fast and made the conversation so general that Fields had no opportunity to address her particularly until they were about to separate, when he expressed a hope that they might meet again.

"I am in school all day and every day until Friday, and then I usually go home," said Winifred, intimating that it was not worth while to ask him to call.

"I'm plowing not far from the school-house; may I come and see you there sometimes?" Fields persisted.

Winifred, more piqued than pleased by his readiness to meet her again in the place of their first encounter, longed to say no; but it would never do to show her pique. Her ingenuous face betrayed her aversion to the visit, then suddenly brightened.

"Have you had the measles, Mr. Fields?" she asked.

"No," said Fields, after a pause of astonishment.

"Then you must not come near the school-house," said Winifred, cheerfully. "Half the children have it, and you would be sure to take it."

"Well, Winifred!" said Lina, when they were in the house. "If I were mean enough to give a mitten, I wouldn't give a measly one."

"It's lucky he hasn't had the measles," said Winifred. "Now perhaps he will stay away. I wish we hadn't met them. I never did go strolling about on Sundays but some bad luck befell me."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" said Lina. "I don't think it's wrong to take a walk on Sunday, in the country. And I thought you liked the Lesters?"

"I do like the Lesters; but that obnoxious Mr. Fields is not a Lester."

"He is a very handsome and polite young man," said Lina. "You are always falling out with some poor fellow, just because he wants a second sight of you."

"I'm sure I wish this poor fellow any amount of second sight," said Winifred. "For large white mitts are dancing in my eye."

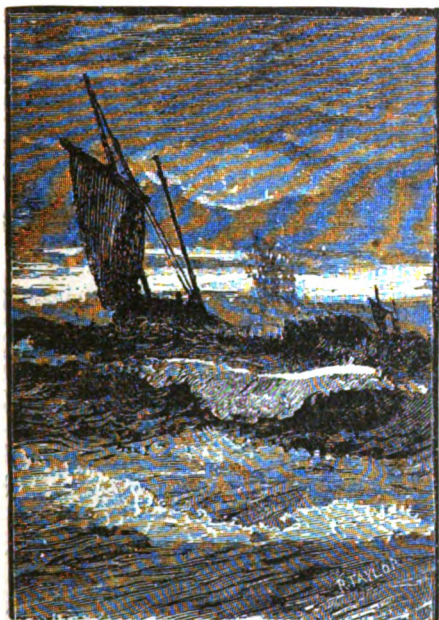
"What has set you so against him?" asked Lina, laughing. "I think him nice—what little I saw of him; and so is his cousin."

Ordinarily, Winifred told Lina everything, and was now impatient to tell her of last Friday's adventure; but the kind regard which Lina fixed upon the flowers gathered by Tom Lester suddenly resolved Winifred to be magnanimously mute.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A SEA-CHANGE.

BY E. C. CREIGHTON.



YOU will be certain that I am no longer young, when I tell you that I am more interested in other people's affairs than in my own, and you will be right. I am no longer young. I have reached the age when life has little more to offer me, and I am content to be merely a spectator.

Thus it was that I became interested in the little tragedy which involved two young people whom I met at Cliffden, a summer-resort on the New England coast, a few years ago. It was still early in the season, when the newly married pair, a Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, with her mother and sister, arrived, and as yet none of the little romances or rivalries which usually claimed my attention had unfolded, so I became absorbed in the affairs of the couple to the exclusion of everything. For, while all love-affairs are interesting to old people, the tragedies of married life have a paramount importance, since, even in these days of easy divorce,

marriage is still for most people the only irrevocable step.

There were several cottages attached to the Cliffs House, the only large hotel in the place, and to one of these I always went. As fortune would have it, the Drummonds also preferred the same cottage, so we soon became acquainted; and, as there was no one else there besides ourselves, we progressed rapidly toward sociability, even friendliness. It did not take me long to discover that relations were slightly strained between the young couple, nor to find out that "mamma" added to—nay, probably caused—this state of affairs. They had started out with neither more nor less than the usual equipment of affection for each other. Would it stand this test? Since they had chosen each other for better or worse, I hoped it would; but I was doubtful, and the doubt made me sad as few personal happenings could have made me.

Such scenes as this were constantly occurring:

"Come, Eve, don't you want to take a walk?"

"Yes, Dick, but wait for mamma and Helen."

"Confound mamma," I think I heard the young man murmur under his breath, but I am not quite sure.

Or this:

"Can't we take a drive this afternoon, Dick?"

"I have an abominable headache, Eve."

"Oh, well! Your head would feel better after a drive, and mamma is so anxious to go."

And they went.

All these things were but trifles, you will say. Yes, but continual dropping wears the stone away; and, from such small beginnings, I have seen, in the course of a long life, tragedies grow. Mamma was an octopus, it was easy to perceive. Would she swallow up her daughter's happiness with the rest?

We were constantly together, and my acquaintance with the Drummonds soon

developed into intimacy; but I saw no improvement in the affairs of the young couple—rather the reverse. One morning, I had a visitor, and did not join their party as usual. As my friend and I walked along the shore, we saw them at the foot of the cliffs. Knowing them as well as I did, I felt certain there had been some sort of disagreement; for the feminine element were sitting together, and Mr. Drummond had separated himself from them. They were sitting under the shadow of the cliffs, Mrs. Berners almost hidden under her umbrella. Miss Berners was talking animatedly, but her sister scarcely heeded her; she was watching her husband with an expression of concern that I wished he could have seen, but of course he did not turn around. He had been reading; but his book was thrown carelessly open on the ground, while he leaned on his elbow and gazed moodily out at sea. They had the sun in their faces and did not appear to notice me, so I turned my steps in another direction. I could easily guess what had happened. Mr. Drummond had probably been reading aloud to his wife, and Mrs. Berners had objected after a little, or found fault with the sentiments of the author as not fit mental food for her daughter. Then, instead of separating herself with her husband to finish the book, Mrs. Drummond had, as usual, given in to her mother. It was a trifling circumstance; but it was only one out of a hundred, all cumulative, and I could not help being troubled about the end.

"Mamma thinks she would like to go to the country," said Mrs. Drummond to me, as we two sat alone on the porch that same evening. I looked at her in surprise; they had been scarcely a month at Cliffden. "For a change, you know. She says she is getting tired of the sea. But Dick doesn't like the idea; he and mamma seldom do like the same things," she added, rather plaintively.

Oh, how I longed to say:

"What a pity you did not discover that sooner! Then you would have known which to choose." But, of course, I did not.

"Dick wants me to stay here with him—he fancies that the sea-shore agrees with us both better—and let mamma and Helen try Kingston alone."

"Why don't you?" I ventured to suggest. "Your mother would have Miss Helen to keep her company."

"Oh, yes; but we have never been separated in our lives!"

I felt like shaking her and answering: "Well, then, it's high time that you were." But again I was obliged to refrain.

"You think of going to Kingston?" I remarked, instead.

"Yes; mamma has friends there," was the response.

Later, I learned quite inadvertently what still further aggravated Mr. Drummond's annoyance in the matter: he had wanted to go to the country in the first place, to be with some pleasant people, friends of his wife's and his own; but Mrs. Berners had declared that the sea-shore was what she needed particularly, so he had given in.

The matter ended in their going to Kingston, of course. I knew that it would. I could foresee the final result of all this. Mr. Drummond would let his wife have her own way, but, after a time, he would begin to have his separate interests and detach his life in everything but outward semblance from hers—the dreariest sort of married fidelity. She would always be to him the woman who might have made his existence complete; and, when it was too late, she would waken up to what she had lost. Poor young things!

The whole family joined—regard for me seemed to be the one subject on which Mrs. Berners and her son-in-law agreed—in trying to persuade me to accompany them to Kingston; and my interest in this every-day tragedy was so great that at first I was almost tempted to go, but I finally decided to remain at Cliffden. I went over to see them, however, and soon discovered that they were far from satisfied with their new quarters. The hotel had been a large private residence, recently converted to its present use. In front ran a stream of water, over which a bridge was built, and in the rear lay the village—I could see the spire of the village church rising into the blue above.

I foresaw that they would return to Cliffden as soon as Mrs. Berners could find a graceful way to retreat from her mistake, and I was right. In less than a month, I had my old neighbors with me at the cottage, and I could once more watch the progress of the little tragedy of married life played out before me. It was plain that the husband and wife were farther apart than they were a month ago. The tragi-comedy—for I was

wrong to call it a tragedy: its commonness, the smallness of its links, prevent its being worth such a fine name—increased in painful interest for me as the weeks passed and the breach widened. Was there nothing I could do, I wondered? If only I could have gained help from Helen Berners: but that, I had long before discovered, was useless to expect.



With much less character than her sister, her mother's training had reduced her to a mere nonentity, the echo of her life-long despot. After all, they would not make worse shipwreck of their lives than did many other married folk. Why should I fret?

At last, there happened the sort of thing which I had been expecting all along. Mrs. Drummond told me of it when there was no one else by.

"Mr. Drummond is going to take a run on a yacht with some bachelor friends," she said, in a tone that all her efforts could not render quite indifferent.

"Ah! That will be pleasant for him," I answered.

"Yes, but I shall miss him."

"Oh, well, you have your mother and sister with you."

"But they are not one's husband," Mrs. Drummond replied.

"No, of course not." I could not help smiling. "Still, it is not like being alone. How long will he be gone?"

"A week certainly, possibly longer."

I was silent, wondering whether a temporary separation might not be good for the foolish pair. If Mrs. Drummond had any impulse to say more to me, she did not have the opportunity; for just then her mother and sister appeared on the veranda, and we talked of other things.

I soon perceived that Mrs. Berners was trying to impress on the young husband that his wife was making a martyr of herself in letting him go, and she succeeded so far as to cause him to return in a week's time. The separation seemed to do

no good, however; things went on as before, and, as nothing ever

stands still in this world, probably grew worse, since they did not grow better.

In the early part of September, Mr. Drummond went away on another cruise with his friends, and this time staid longer than a week. He had been gone nearly a fortnight when the first of the September storms came up. It was long in gathering, and the people came out on the cliffs to watch its approach. The ships began to enter the harbor, while

the clouds grew bigger and blacker and the east wind blew stronger and stronger. Mrs. Drummond joined me on the veranda, looking anxious.

"I wish I knew where Mr. Drummond is," she said, in a nervous strained voice. "I have not heard for two days: you know, he can only write when they touch in port."

"Oh, they are all safe, you may be sure," I answered, reassuringly.

"It is going to be a terrible storm," was her only reply. "Won't you come out with me on the cliffs? You don't mind a little rain. Mamma could not go, and she was

with you to watch the storm. Where was Mr. Drummond when you last heard?"

She mentioned a place some fifty miles up the coast.

"The storm may not extend that distance," I suggested; but she shook her head.

"It is going to be general all along the coast," she answered, despairingly. "I heard someone say so, but the fishermen will know. Come!"

We got our things on and went. It was a grand sight to watch the approach of the storm, and, when it broke, its fury was magnificent. We found a sheltered spot on the



afraid to let Helen; indeed, she tried her best to prevent me from going, but I must! I must!"

I looked the astonishment I felt at this new declaration of independence; but the poor little woman was so shaken by her anxiety, so carried out of herself and absorbed by it, that she did not realize she was doing anything different from usual. I was so glad that I was near at hand to be a little help.

"There isn't the slightest need for alarm," I said, soothingly; "but of course I will go

rocks, and, even amid the sense of personal dread, my companion could not but be struck by the sublimity of the spectacle we were viewing. The fishermen and village people confirmed Mrs. Drummond's conviction as to the extent of the storm, and I could give her but small comfort. The fury of the elements soon increased so much that it was no longer safe to stay where we were; so we returned to the cottage, very unwillingly on the young wife's part. Indeed, if I would have gone without her, I think she would have remained.

When we reached home, we found Helen

Berners standing in the doorway, waiting for us.

"Mamma is nearly wild about you," she said, reproachfully.

"There was no need; we are safe enough," responded her sister, in a tone that would have been apathetic, save for the bitter emphasis on the "we." I was turning sadly away, when Mrs. Drummond laid her hand on my shoulder. "I am going in to see

for poor Mrs. Drummond, but the general news was not very encouraging. Great damage had been done and many ships lost. There was nothing to be done but wait, for the telegraph-wires had been broken down, so we could not send any messages inquiring the fate of the little yacht round which all our fears centred. When evening came and still we had heard nothing, the young wife was in a terrible state. I was the only one



mamma, and then she will want me to go to bed. Would you mind staying with me awhile?" she asked, in a low tone.

"No indeed," I answered, and I staid with her all night.

Neither of us slept much, and we were glad when morning broke. The storm had subsided into a steady September rain; sky, sea, and atmosphere were all of one color—a dull gray. There were no special tidings

who could do anything with her. One of the saddest things about it all was her shrinking from her mother.

"Mamma has Helen—she doesn't need me," she would answer, drearily, when I begged her to stay with Mrs. Berners. As night fell, she sat by the window in her room, gazing wearily out to sea. Her anxiety had passed through every phase, from passionate despair to the dumb hopelessness

that is perhaps the most pitiful exhibition of human misery. I sat near, feeling sadly how utterly helpless we are in the face of the sorrow even of those whom we would help most.

"Must I live through another night like last night?" she said, turning toward me with an appealing look that went to my heart. "You must not stay with me," she added, for I had no answer to her appeal. "I cannot be so selfish as all that."

"I will gladly stay with you, if I am any comfort to you," I replied. I had grown very fond of the poor young thing.

"Oh! you are, you are," was the eager response. "As long as I have some human being near me, I can still feel hope; when I am alone, it is all gone. It would be different, if I were certain; then I should want to be alone to battle with my grief. It is this terrible suspense that will not let me rest. And I cannot be with mamma: she tells me there is no need to worry—that 'no news is good news,' and all the other things I cannot bear. You see, I cannot help feeling that, if Dick were to die, mamma would be partly to blame; it is partly her fault that he went away. Of course, it is more my own." It was the first time that Mrs. Drummond had ever said anything to me on the subject, but I saw that the need of speech was strong upon her, so I did not stop her. "We parted as a year ago I never could have dreamed we would part, and I have had nothing but a brief line since he went away. Ah! if he should never come back—if he should never come back!" And she broke into a passion of grief which lasted until it wore itself out, and then she sank into apathy again.

The night ended, as even the longest night must end. The rain was over, and the day dawned in all the brightness and beauty that nature wears after a storm. Its sniles mocked our gloom as we sat, Mrs. Drummond and I, on the porch and looked out at the blue water dotted with white sails. About noon, a boy came toward the cottage, whom I recognized at once as a messenger. I glanced at my companion, and just then she noticed him.

"Perhaps it is an answer to some of our messages," I whispered; for we had telegraphed to every place in the vicinity of the port at which Mr. Drummond's yacht had touched.

She did not speak, because she could not; but just then the boy called out:

"Does Mis' Drummond live here?"

"Yes, this is she," I answered, hastily, holding out my hand for the telegram.

He handed it to me with the usual "Please sign," but I broke it open first. My fingers trembled so that I could scarcely unfold the sheet, and my eyes were so dim that I could scarcely read the brief message; but it was signed "Richard Drummond," and, when I saw that name written, my face changed so that my companion snatched the paper from me and shrieked rather than read the line: "All safe; could not get word sooner." She sank back in her chair, and I thought she was going to faint; but she did not. However, for two days she was so completely prostrated that it did not occur to her to wonder why her husband did not come home. At the end of that time, she received a letter from him, and, when she had read it, she looked at me and said:

"Perhaps, if my husband had died, we would be nearer together than we are now. He is not coming home right away."

"But he does not know how you suffered—how alarmed you were," I suggested. "Probably, if he knew, he would come."

"Maybe it is too late," she answered, drearily.

She had been in bed since the arrival of the telegram, but now she insisted on getting up and going downstairs. She went about just as usual, and no one but myself guessed what she suffered: certainly her mother and sister did not. We had been drawn so close together in her hours of anguish that she felt nearer to me than to anyone else. Mrs. Berners had been confined to her room ever since the storm, with an attack of gout; and I could not help being glad, for the poor girl's sake—it was evidently a relief to her to escape from her mother's presence. Three days passed wearily enough, and, at the expiration of that time, Mr. Drummond walked in on us. We were all sitting on the porch—for Mrs. Berners was able to leave her room—when he arrived, and alas! the greeting between husband and wife was sadly constrained.

"I came down by train from Barnhurst," he explained, "else I could not have got here until to-morrow; there's no wind."

Oh, how I longed to leave the pair to themselves! But no one showed any inclination to go away, so I thought perhaps Eve would really prefer to have me stay, since the rest did. Presently he looked at his watch.

"It is almost dinner-time," he said. "I must go and take a wash."

He went upstairs, but Mrs. Drummond

"I wasn't at any of the places they telegraphed to, so I didn't get her telegrams," I heard him say, and soon he went back to the cottage.

My friend asked me to take a walk, and, as it was late enough in September to be pleasant and cool in the afternoon, we took our parasols and walked along the level part of the shore, a not very extensive strip of



did not accompany him, though I begged her with my eyes to do so. He came down just as the gong rang, and we all went over to the hotel together. Everybody was very glad to see Mr. Drummond, who was a general favorite, and after dinner he lingered a few minutes on the porch, talking. I lingered too, speaking to a friend, and I heard them telling him about his wife's anxiety. I was very glad.

Some distance ahead of us, I saw two figures—a man and a woman. I recognized them almost immediately: it was Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. She was gazing down at the ground, as she listened to him. He had taken one of her hands in his, while he held out the other with a pleading gesture. No one else was in sight, so I turned hastily to my friend, saying in a tone of mild complaint:

"The sun is warmer than I thought; let us go back to the house."

"Just as you say," she answered, amiably.

I sat on the porch for some time and chatted with her, then I left her to take a nap. I did not see any of the other inmates of the cottage until tea-time, when we walked over to the hotel together. Did I fancy that there was a change in the young couple—that they looked as if a great happiness had come to them? No, I was not mistaken; for, after tea was over, Mrs. Drummond asked me to take a walk with her, and told me herself.

"I made you miserable when I was miserable," she said. "It is only right that I should let you know how happy I am, for I am sure you will rejoice with me."

"Indeed, dear child, I am glad."

"Dick has been so good to me," she went on; "for it has been all my fault. He did not come back right away because he never dreamed that I cared—how could he, when I had given him so little reason to think so? But the people at the hotel told him how ill I had been, and he came to beg me to forgive

him—I, who had nothing to forgive, but so much to be forgiven for!—and to begin all over again, loving each other as we once had! He was so good, my husband—so good!"

"Then it is all right?" I asked, softly.

She smiled joyously at me through her tears.

"I am so happy," she said. "We are going to housekeeping by ourselves, in the autumn. Mamma has Helen; so it will not be selfish, will it?"

"No indeed," I answered: "it will be much the best."

It has been years since that summer at Cliffden, but I am still intimate with the Drummonds. They have children now growing up about them, and a happier couple I have seldom seen. Helen Berners has never married, so she and her mother live together. Mrs. Berners and her son-in-law are on perfectly amiable terms now, and what came very near to being a tragedy has ended, after all, very happily. But I shudder when I think how different it might have been!

FROM HOME TO HOME.

BY JOHN WHITE, JR

WHEN the swallows were building in early
spring,

And the roses were red in June:
When the great white lilies were fair and
sweet

In the heat of the August noon;
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat
And the sound of the harvest nigh,
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet
In the joy of a cloudless sky:

Then the swallows were full of glad content
In the hope of their northern nest;
Were sure that the land they were tarrying in
Of all other lands was the best.
If they had heard, in those blissful days,
The voice they must heed say "Go,"
They had left their nests with a keen regret,
And their flight had been sad and slow.

But, when summer was gone and flowers were
dead,
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,
And they watched the sun setting every day
Farther on in the northern sky,

Then the voice was sweet when it bid them
"Go,"

They were eager for southward flight;
And they beat their wings to a new-born hope
When they went at the morning light.

If the way was long, yet the way was glad,
And they brighter and brighter grew.
And they dipped their wings in the glowing
heat
As they still to the southward flew.
Till they found the land of summer sun,
The land where the nightingale sings,
And joyfully rested, 'mid rose and song.
Their beautiful weary wings.

Like swallows, we wander from home to home;
We are birds of passage at best—
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile.
We have built us many a nest,
But the heart of the Father will touch our
hearts.
He will speak to us soft and low;
We shall follow the Voice to the better land,
And its bliss and its beauty know.

THE SUMMER FALLOW.

BY LOIS PEASE.

HIEL an' me don't often have any words, but once in a while he doos get such notions in his head that I just can't stan' it—nor there couldn't nobody else, neither. This trouble come about last spring, or you might say 'way long last fall, when he was gettin' the crops in.

There was one piece of wheat that didn't amount to nothin'. He mowed it finally—it was so dretful weedy an' lodged that he couldn't do anything with the harvester. Well, as I was sayin', it wasn't good for nothin', an' it wasn't much better the year before. He was completely discouraged, an' I didn't blame him. So I says:

"If I was you, I'd put corn or cane on there next year."

"I suppose you would," he says back, short as pie-crust.

He don't often speak that way to me, an' I was surprised enough. I scurcely ever answer him when he doos; I feel above bandying words with a cross man. So he picked up a farm paper that lay on the end of the lounge, an' went to readin'.

I was takin' up dinner, an' he had to wait a little—though he don't have to often, if I am gettin' along in years. I had just got the fire made an' begun to string some beans for dinner, when one of the neighbor's young ones come in after a cup of sugar an' a ball of butter—they had onexpected company—so I had to get the sugar an' go out to the milk-house for the butter, an' that made me a little later than I generally be; an' Hiel, he'd had a little attack of cholera morbus an' wasn't feelin' very well, an' I suppose that made him cross, so I didn't say anything back, but made some cream gravy with the pork-steak and told him to set up.

We didn't say any more about the weedy lot for a long time; but he studied the papers pretty well, an' I was wonderin' what was comin', when one day, as we was drivin' home from takin' our turkeys to market, he says as we come by the lot:

"I'm a-goin' to summer fallow that next year."

"To what?" sez I.

"To put that into summer fallow," he sez again.

"Wal, I hope you'll have a good crop," I sez. "Will there be any market for it here, or will you have to take it to Mankato, same as you used to your barley?"

You see, I've heard father an' the boys talk about goin' into the foller to burn brush; but of course I knew Hiel couldn't mean anything like that, an' so I thought it might mean some new kind of grain likely.

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye an' sez:

"Yes, I can get rid of all I'll raise, I guess," an' he give the lines a little jerk that I learned long ago means bad temper.

I was kind of put out, for I had lotted on a nice field of corn and some cane. They say the cane-seed is such good feed, an' sorghum makes splendid vinegar, an' I can do up lots of things in it that taste real good. But, as I said before, I don't believe in arguin' with a cross man, so I kep' still.

We'd had a pretty cold afternoon, waitin' around for Comstock to get to our load. Everybody was bringin' in their fowl just before Thanksgiving, an' you know how the wind sweeps up that Main Street, so we was glad enough to get into the house. I put a good iron-wood chunk into the stove before I went away, an' I tell you the heat felt good. We took a doughnut an' a glass of milk apiece, an' I forgot all about the new crop till 'most spring, when one day I happened to think about it an' asked Hiel where he was goin' to get his summer fallow seed.

He smiled as pleasant as could be. It was Sunday, an' I had just clipped his hair an' trimmed his beard a little, an' he had on a nice new pair of woolen socks, an' set with his feet up in a chair by the fire. I have noticed that, when a man feels comfortable, he is pretty sure to be good-natured. Well, he smiled an' sez:

"My summer fallow seed? I guess I shall have to send away for it. I don't think they keep it around here."

I didn't say any more then, for I knew he didn't have much money to spend for fancy seed, an' he gets so blue when we talk of money this year that I couldn't bear to spoil our nice day. But I kept it in my mind, an' thought I would do a little plannin' on my own account. So I begun to save a little here an' there. Hiel never was the man to inquire after the butter or egg or poultry money, an' I just did my best to lay by a sum against seed-time.

I knew there was about ten acres in the field, an', if it was anything like wheat, it would take somewhere about two bushel to the acre, an' that would be about twenty bushel. Then, if it was a fancy kind of grain, it would be anyway a dollar a bushel, an' that would be twenty dollars.

Now I didn't know, no more than the cat, where I was goin' to get twenty dollars; but I'd do what I could, an' maybe he could make out the rest. The first thing I done was to set to work an' make a keg of vinegar. Then I told Mr. Miner I had made more than I wanted, an' he could have it; he was glad to get it. Then I darned up my tablecloths again, an' got along without the new gingham I had counted on, an' scrimped a little on the eggs an' butter on the table.

When spring come, I had laid by sixteen dollars an' eightyfive cents.

Seed-time came at last, an' I never know whether to cry or be mad when I think of that day when I said to Hiel, calm like:

"Have you got your new seed yet?"

"I can't stop to tell you about it now," he says; "but, when I get this cow fixed, I'll be in."

I went back into the house, smoothed down my hair, put a clean ruffle in my neck, an' got my pocket-book handy.

Hiel came in; he looked kind of queer. I can always tell when he don't feel just right in his mind, by the way his mouth looks. Sez he:

"Hain't you got it through your head yet what I'm goin' to do with that lot?"

"Why, you said you was goin' to put in a crop of summer fallow, whatever that is."

"Tain't nothin'," says he; "it just lays idle."

I didn't sense it at first; but pretty soon it come to me that he had got some new-fangled notion out of the "Farm Journal," an' I riz right up an' sez I:

"Do you mean to say that you're a-goin' to let ten or twelve acres of land lay idle a whole year, poor as we be an' old as we're gettin'? Be you a-gettin' childish?" sez I.

An' he sez: "No, I hain't. But lor! a woman don't know nothin' about farmin', anyway. I guess we won't go onto the county just yet, an' I don't see what you're lookin' so mad about. You always have had a roof over your head an' somethin' to put into your mouth, hain't you? Where did you s'pose I was goin' to get a new kind o' seed? You know, just as well as I do, 'at I hain't got no money to fool away on new seed; an' there you been houndin' me aroun' all winter, a-askin': 'Where be you goin' to get your new seed?'"

I wasn't mad, but I felt bad—real bad, too; but I hadn't no notion of lettin' him see it, an' I sez:

"There, Hiel, behave just as well as you can; it won't be any too good, anyway."

He opened his mouth to say something; but I thought he had said enough, so I just kept on:

"So you have been laughin' in your sleeve all winter, have you, because I didn't happen to know somethin' you just found out? If I was to take to laughin' over everything I know an' you don't, I should get to be a considerable of a giggler, I reckon. An' here I've been a-scrimpin' an' a-savin'," sez I, an' I was gettin' that worked up that I had all I could do to keep the tears back, "a-scrimpin' an' a-savin'," sez I, "to see if I couldn't help you to buy that seed, an' you a-laughin' at me all the time! There," I sez, "is sixteen dollars an' eightyfive cents; it would burn my fingers if I was to touch it again."

An' I tossed it over into his hat, that lay on the chair beside him. Now, if ever I see a man cut up, that man was Hiel Pease.

"Why, Lois!" sez he. "Why, Lois! I didn't know—" He looked at me, his mouth twitched, an' out-of-doors he went.

That was in the afternoon, an' we didn't say much at supper—I didn't feel very talkative; but, when he got up to get ready for bed, he come around where I was darnin' his socks, an' put his hands around my face from back of me, an' sez, kind of sorry like:

"Can't we make it all right now, Lois?"

An' I touched his great brown rough hand with my lips, an' it was "all right."

A LITTLE MATTER OF FATE.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.



HY, goodness gracious me!"

Miss Hannah Wilkins suddenly brought her steps to a halt and looked down at a little heap of light-blue flannel

curled up on the sand at her feet. There was a straw hat, too, and a bunch of kinky yellow curls close under the hat, which caught Miss Hannah's eye with a somewhat familiar look.

"It's a child!" cried the kind-hearted spinster. "I believe—yes, it is the little thing I saw on the piazza of the hotel last night, with her papa. At least, I imagine he was her papa; and there seemed to be nobody else. Of course not! Only a man would be careless enough to let a baby go to sleep here, where—my gracious! sure as I live, the tide will be on her in less than an hour! Here, little one! Baby! Child! Wake up! wake up! and let's go find papa!"

Miss Hannah accompanied her words by a vigorous shaking of the plump shoulders in the blue flannel. The small figure stirred and murmured some inarticulate syllables, then settled into slumber again.

"Now what's to be done?" said Miss Hannah. She straightened herself and took a keen glance all around, but no masculine form was in sight.

"Plague take the man!" she sharply exclaimed. "He ought to have had more sense than to let her come here. Perhaps, after all, she ran away, and he knows nothing about it! Well, I can't leave her to perish, and so—"

Miss Hannah stooped, gathered the limp little form in her warm arms, and, with the yellow curls floating over her bosom, bore it back to the hotel.

"Why, Miss Wilkins! What has happened?" cried the motherly landlady, Mrs. Daniels, hastening down the steps as her guest drew near. "Whose child is that?"

"I do not know, Mrs. Daniels. Nothing serious has occurred as yet. I only found this little thing asleep on the beach, just where the tide was beginning to come in."

"In the name o' the people, Miss Hannah! Asleep all alone down there? Did I ever! Why, it's Colonel Ray's little girl! As sure as I live, it is! Now, where is the colonel, I wonder? Here, John!" to a passing waiter, "run right and tell Mr. Daniels to come straight here! Give her to me, Miss Hannah; she's too heavy for your arms. And here's Mr. Daniels; he'll know where her pa is, I'll warrant."

But Mr. Daniels, being questioned, only knew that Mr. Ray had gone out fishing, early in the day.

"He ought to be in by this time," said the worthy host. "I don't know what's keepin' the man."

"Isn't there anyone to take charge of the child?" asked Miss Wilkins.

"Well, no, miss, I don't see as there is. He's a widower, Mr. Ray is."

"But surely he brought down a maid to see after the little one?"

"No'm, he didn't. He mostly looks after her himself. Thinks a sight o' the young one, he does! That makes it look sort o' queer that he'd stay out so long! But I reckon he'll be in pretty shortly now. Better let my wife take her into our room until he comes."

"No, I'll take care of her myself, Mr. Daniels," said Miss Hannah, prompted by some feeling she could not explain to want no one else to touch the sleepy pretty mite. "Be so good as to carry her upstairs for me, will you? And let me know when her father comes. It was a careless trick in him, and just exactly like a man!"

"Now, Miss Hannah, don't be too hard on the poor men!" cried the fat little landlord, as he took the child from his good wife's arms and gently bore her up to Miss Hannah's chamber.

There she was tenderly laid on the bed and watched by gentle eyes until she woke

and asked for her father. He had not yet returned. But Jessie was not afraid of the new friend she had found, and readily promised to stay with her until papa came.

"You know, I just went down to see if he wasn't coming," she said, in her baby prattle, "and I didn't mean to go to sleep one bit! Not one bit! I'm so glad you came down and found me!"

"I am glad too, child," answered Miss Hannah, patting the soft arm which was clasped about her neck. "If I hadn't—well, that's a nasty place, child! Don't you go down there alone any more, mind I tell you. I don't know what took me round that way; I never did it before. There's the bell for supper. Will you go down with me, dear?"

"Oh, yes!" was the ready reply. Then, with a lift of the blue eyes which in some way reminded Miss Hannah of someone she had known in days long ago, she added: "I shall be sure to tell my papa how good you are to me!"

Downstairs they went, the little one clinging to the hand of the "old maid," as certain thoughtless girls in the hotel had dubbed Miss Hannah, as confidently as if she had always been led by that gentle clasp.

Evening wore on, but Morton Ray did not return. The hotel people grew uneasy, and men were sent out to search for him, while Miss Hannah carried his child up to her room, undressed the dainty soft limbs with her own kind hands, and laid the little thing to rest on her own pillow, saying:

"She shan't be left alone in this big hotel while I am here, that's certain!"

But Miss Hannah did not sleep much, that night. The novelty of her bed-fellow would have made her wakeful, without anything else; and somehow her thoughts went wandering back to her own past life, and she could not recall them.

If Charles Grant had not been so hasty, and she herself so stubborn, it might have chanced that she would have had little girls of her own to call her "mother" and care for her, where now she had not a relative in the world, that she knew of, to say a kind word to her. To be sure, she had friends in plenty, for her father did not leave her poor when he died; and some of them were good and true friends, she believed. But she could never still the longing for kin of her

own, or quite forget Charles Grant. Perhaps it was not altogether for his sake that she had never married, yet sometimes she thought it was; and to-night she vaguely wondered what had become of him, and who it was that looked up at her out of this baby girl's forget-me-not eyes.

Not that night, nor the next day, did Morton Ray return. Not one word was heard of him after he left the beach alone in a little fishing-boat, and at last they gave him up for lost. Little Jessie wept away her grief in the arms of her new protector, and, after a time, smiled as happily as ever, too young to realize her great loss. The summer season closed at last; mine host Daniels's guests paid their bills and departed. But, when Miss Hannah made ready to go, the worthy landlord grew slightly fidgety.

"Well, now—about the child, Miss Wilkins," he slowly began.

"What about the child?" asked Miss Hannah.

"Well, it seems like Ray warn't comin' back, and—and I really don't see how I can keep her for good, ma'am."

"Pray, who asked you to keep her?" said Hannah, snappishly.

"But—I don't see what is to be done with her—"

"I do, then: that's enough for you!" said Hannah, as sharply as before. "Have the goodness to send down my luggage, and don't mind about the child!"

But Hannah herself "minded about the child." For, when she went back to her lonely city home, little Jessie went with her—an orphan, it might be, but neither homeless nor friendless.

A year later, a tall, pale, handsome man stood on the marble steps of Miss Hannah's door, and rang for admittance.

"Is Miss Wilkins at home?" he asked of the servant who answered his ring.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you hand her this?" And he presented a card. "Say I wish to see her, if it is convenient."

"Yes, sir. Please take a seat in the hall, sir."

The man disappeared, returning almost instantly to report that Miss Wilkins desired the gentleman to step into the parlor.

When the parlor door was opened, Miss Hannah sat by a low table, with a little

basket of bright-hued wools in her lap. But, as she caught sight of the stranger, she sprang suddenly to her feet, and one word fell from her startled lips:

"Charles!"

"Yes, Hannah!"

He came forward and took the hand which she had hardly strength to hold out to him. "Yes, Hannah, after so long a parting, I have come back to you."

"But—I thought it was Colonel Ray!" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes. Since I saw you, an uncle of mine died, and left me his fortune on condition that I would also take his name. I write it Charles Morton Ray now."

"Oh! and I never once thought of you as Jessie's father!"

"Hannah, it is your kindness to my little girl that has brought me to you to-day. I have not forgotten that you told me never to come; but I could not help it, after what you have done. Oh, how shall I express my gratitude to you?"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Hannah, lifting her face, brightened with a sweet womanly smile, her brown eyes full of tears. "She has more than returned it, if you ever owed me anything! She has made my home bright and my heart happy. You—you will not take her from me, Oh—Colonel Ray?"

"The old name from you, Hannah, please," he said, very gravely. "I will not take her just now, if you will keep her a little longer."

"If? Oh! But I forgot myself! I have kept you standing all this time! Be seated, and I will send to her school for Jessie."

"To her school? What! Hannah, have you charged yourself with her education also?" said Colonel Ray, as he took the chair she indicated.

She turned on him a glance almost reproachful.

"Why, she has been to me just like my own child! Of course, I would not leave her in ignorance!" she cried. Then suddenly her face became crimson, and she covered her confusion by hastening to the door to send a messenger for Jessie.

Before long, she had heard Colonel Ray's story, and knew how his frail boat had been run down by an outward-bound steamer, and himself injured so seriously that, though they took him on board and cared for him

kindly, he could give them no account of himself for weeks.

When he could do so, they had almost reached the coast of Spain, and he could return in person very nearly as soon as he could write. But, when he came, he found no one at the hotel where he left his daughter, as host Daniels did not live there except in the summer season.

He had at last discovered Mr. Daniels, and from him heard who had taken charge of little Jessie. Then he knew that it was his old sweetheart Hannah, from whom he had parted in hot anger so many years ago.

She had only arrived at the hotel the evening before he went on his unfortunate fishing expedition, and they did not meet, as they inevitably must have done, had they remained at the same hotel many days. Hannah had only had a glimpse of him as he stood with his little girl on the piazza, and even then his back was toward her, and she had no idea that she was looking at Charles Grant—or Morton Ray, as he was now known.

The meeting between Jessie and her father drew tears from Hannah's eyes, and they changed to tears of real regret at the thought of the separation which must surely come before long.

"She was all I had, and now he will take even her!" wept poor lonely Hannah. And then she dried her eyes to minister to the entertainment of her unexpected guest.

The separation she dreaded did not come at once. But, several months later, when the handsome home he had prepared was ready, Colonel Ray came to claim his little daughter.

Miss Hannah hid her face in her hands when he told his errand, and sobbed tearlessly:

"I know you have a right to her, but how can I give her up?"

Colonel Ray rose, came over, and sat down close to her, and took one of the hands from her face.

"You need not live without her, if it is your wish," he said, gravely. "Let me take you too, Hannah!"

Hannah's other hand dropped, in her surprise.

"What!" she cried. "Have you forgotten—"

"Nothing, Hannah, nothing! But can't

we forgive and forget? I can, as I need to be forgiven. Couldn't you do it, dear?"

"Oh, I forgave you long ago!"

"Yes, but the other thing, Hannah? You ought to have been Jessie's mother. Won't you be at last?"

"But—it would be so ridiculous!" and Hannah laughed nervously.

"Not ridiculous at all! I love you, Hannah! I always did, even when we quarreled. Come, dear: fate has ordained that we spend the autumn of life together. Will you marry me?"

"Charles, I am fortyfive years old!"

"Well, I am almost fifty," said Colonel Ray.

"And I am as ugly as can be!"

"That I deny. You are sweet and womanly, and any man might be proud of you."

"But no other man ever asked me to marry him!"

"I am glad of it! That was because fate had given you to me! Come, Hannah: we foolishly tried to separate our lives, and fate has brought them together again in spite of us. There is no resisting it."

"No other way for me to keep Jessie?"

"Positively no other way, my dear! Come, Hannah!"

"Well—if it is a matter of fate—I suppose I might as well—"

"That settles it!" And Colonel Ray drew her to his broad breast and added almost passionately: "Oh, Hannah, darling! do you think, because I am fifty years old, I cannot love you longer? I do! I do! I want to hear you say that you love me. Can't you, dear? Don't you, after all?"

Hannah hesitated a moment, and then, bursting into a joyous fit of crying, she made out to stammer:

"Charles, I never loved anybody else in my life. I never was really happy before!"



THE HARVEST-TIME.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Oh, the golden harvest-time!

Oh, the glorious harvest-time!
When the earth is full of beauty,
And the year is in its prime!

When the laughter of the children
And the lowing of the kine
With our hearts' unshadowed lightness
Keep a merry ringing chime!

When the long bright days of summer,
Growing softer and more tender,
With the faintest sweetest shadows
Veil their fervency of splendor!

When the laden carts are moving
Homeward o'er the furrowed field,
And the reapers fill our granaries
With the earth's abundant yield!

When all night the moon is shining,
And the trees so softly quiver
At the kisses of the breezes
That you scarce can see them shiver!

When the rosy fruit is hanging
From the boughs all heavy-laden,
While around them laughing gather
Many a merry youth and maiden,

Singing in their happy gladness
Of the pleasant harvest-time,
When the earth is full of glory,
As young hearts are full of rhyme!

Oh, the golden, glorious harvest,
Oh, the perfect harvest-time,
When the world is full of beauty,
And the year is in its prime!

HOME DECORATION.

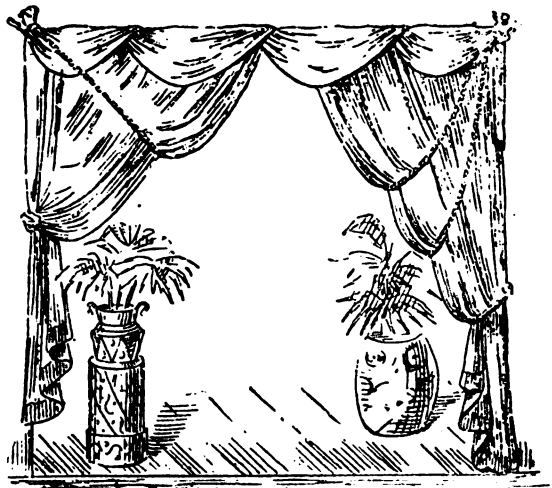
BY DOROTHY HASBROUCK.

MODERN houses have never been so daintily furnished at such trifling cost as at present, thanks to the cheapness of China silks and the useful hints of the magazines. With a little patience and any artistic taste at all, the most unpromising parlor can soon be transformed into a bower of beauty at a small outlay. Doors are the greatest stumbling-block in the path of the home decorator. Where there are old-fashioned folding-doors, they can be removed, leaving an archway, as in Fig. 1. Put up a gilded rod on two strong hooks screwed in the wall each side of the archway, and hang the curtains; then arrange the top drapery as in the illustration, and loop the curtains with fancy cords. If it is too great a strain on the purse to buy the cords at an upholsterer's, get some new rope of the desired thickness and gild it. The right curtain here is of pale-blue plush, the left of orange, the top drapery of both, and the flower-stands are of Japanese ware; but the effect would be quite as good if they were of some lighter material, in dull-blue lined with pale-yellow, or chocolate with old-rose. If the former, the vases should be blue and yellow; if the latter, both of bronze. Three curtains will be needed for this archway. In modest homes where plush or silk cannot be afforded, figured canton-flannel edged with some inexpensive fringe is a cheap and pretty substitute. Where doors open into halls or into rooms where privacy is desired, and cannot therefore be conveniently dispensed with, they can be draped with curtains hung from a rod put up on brackets nailed a few inches above the door and projecting three or four inches from the wall. If the door opens outward, as in the illustration given, it will not interfere with the curtains.

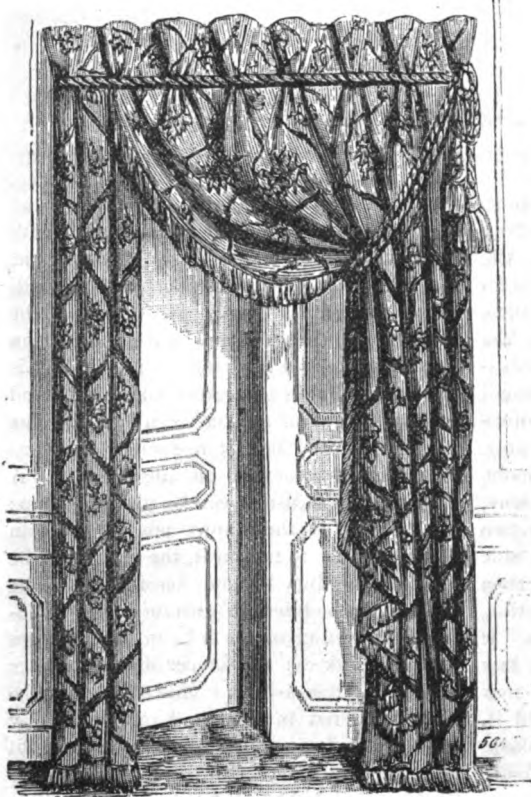
A pretty palm-stand which can also be made to take the place of the old-fashioned what-not is

shown in Fig. 2, and can be made by any carpenter, or even any handy man with a knowledge of tools. It is of deal, four feet high, the legs gilded or painted with white enamel, as fancy dictates, and the shelves and top covered with pale-green plush tacked on with fringe to match. It is then draped with pale-green China silk and tied with bows of ribbon, as in Fig. 3. The draperies should be fastened with pins, so as to be easily removed on dusting-day. A palm-vase of dull-rose can be placed on top; but, if one is the happy possessor of an alabaster vase to put on it, the effect will be exquisite—dainty beyond description. The shelves can be filled up with one or two photographs—which ought to be in silver frames—a pale-pink cup and saucer, and any choice bits of odd bric-a-brac. This stand can also be upholstered in blue and orange, or any combination of colors preferred; and, if plush and silk are too expensive, it can be simply enameled and gilded and tied with a big bow of pale-green ribbon on one corner, and it will be quite as pretty. Nothing looks so dainty with white enamel as pale-green.

Fig. 4 is a table that is both useful and ornamental. Get a common deal table, of

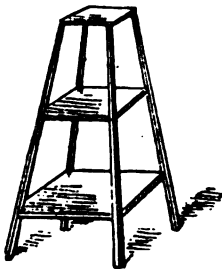


1. AN ELEGANT ARCHWAY.



CURTAIN FOR HALL DOOR.

the kind sometimes used in the kitchen for scouring knives on, and cover it all over with maroon plush or velvet. Glue a leather centre on top, and drape it all around with yellow China silk. Of course, any colors can be used that may strike the fancy or harmonize with the prevailing color in the room. It will be found to be an excellent substitute for a writing-desk, and it costs much less; or it can be used for books, magazines, and a shaded lamp in a cozy corner. A chair should be upholstered to match.



2. PALM-STAND.

Almost any chair that is slightly worn in the cushions will do. Rip off the old covering, and use it as a pattern for the new. Fasten the latter firmly all around on the chair with pins, and tack it along the edge with narrow gimp.

A combination book-

case and writing-desk was made of a long shallow packing-box stood on end, with four legs sawed out and nailed on. The lower part was fitted with a shelf for books, and the upper divided into pigeon-holes for letters, account-books, stationery, and pen-rack and inkstand. A baize-covered board was let down to write on, and closed up over the pigeon-holes and locked when not in use. Lock and hinges were of bright brass. The box was enameled white and touched up with gilt, and was finished at top and bottom with gilt molding. A couple of bracket-lamps were bought for a trifling sum, fitted with pink shades, and screwed to the sides, and a pair of small vases and the photograph of a valued correspondent were placed on top.

Regarding vases, if one cannot afford to buy Wedgwood or Satsuma ware, pretty white ones, beautifully shaped and unglazed, can be obtained at any pottery. If not sufficiently skilled with the brush to paint them, draw a band of gilt around the tops, and the effect of the smooth creamy-white vases with their bands of gold will be very beautiful against dark

paper or drapery.

Another but deeper packing-box can be utilized for a divan to go in the corner by the writing-desk. Make a cushion to fit the top, and stuff it with excelsior or the picked-over contents of an old hair mattress. Cover it with chintz, or cretonne, or crimson cloth buttoned down with tufts of yellow em-



3. PALM-STAND, DRAPED.



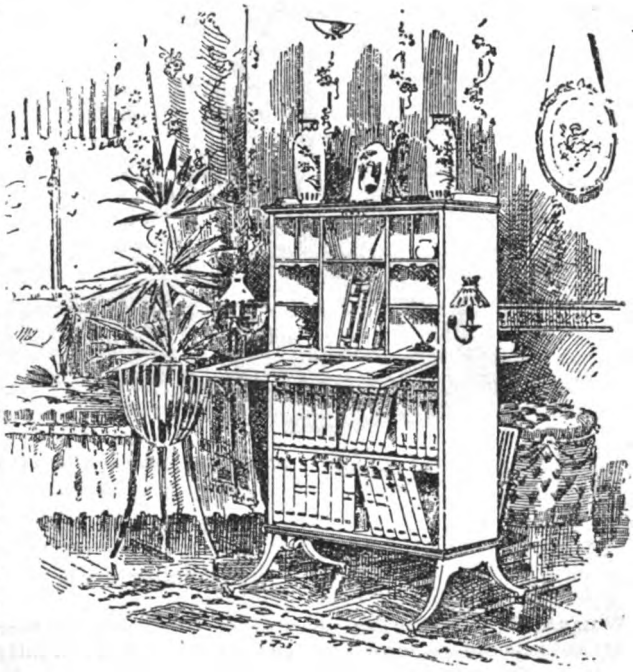
4. A USEFUL TABLE.

founce with broad gimp and brass-headed tacks. Pushed against the wall and piled with pretty pillows, it will be just the thing for a tête-à-tête chat with a friend or to rest on after a fatiguing day. One ingenious woman, who had a couch of this kind in an alcove, partially curtained it off with a Persian silk table-cover not in use, and woven with processions of strange gods in silvery pink and blue and deeply fringed with blue. The couch was upholstered in cream cretonne flowered with pink and blue, and the pillows were of China silk in the same delicate tints, and it was the prettiest nook in her parlor.

Everybody knows that a piano sounds better if placed in or near the middle of the room, instead of against the wall; but the back of an upright piano is very unsightly. The illustration shows how to make it a thing of beauty, and at the same time serve the purpose of a screen. Cover the back with a square of blue plush or velvet, or even the popular and artistic denim, and paint it with a careless spray of garden-roses. Drape the top as you would a mantel, with fancy silk. A slender vase of flowers is an addition. If you cannot paint, a cluster of peacock-feathers can be made to take the place of the roses on the back of the upright; or a large fan of the same brilliant plumes, tied with

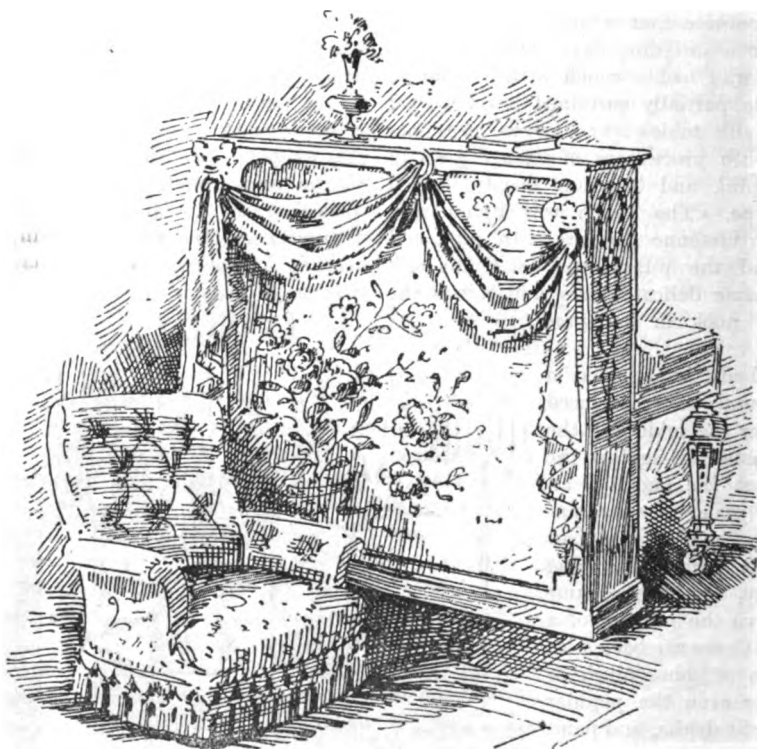
broidery or a full bow of wide orange ribbon, may be fastened to it. The cover should be glued to the upright around the edges—never tacked. A fan of peacock-feathers placed on the wall fills up a bare space admirably. A fabric called pannacez, from the bird (paon), was made of them in olden times, and poets and troubadours wore them in their caps, with the feathers stripped away, leaving only the central eye. Thus worn, they signified the eyes of the world looking on the wearer.

A young bride fitting up her home-nest wanted vases for her parlor mantel. Her purse was slender, and she could only afford to buy cheap ones; but, as painted glass and crude colors offended her eye, she went to a pottery and bought two unglazed bulb-shaped urns or bowls for fifty cents, and two straight vases shaped like umbrella-stands for the same. She gave all four a thick coat of bronze, and painted the bands and tops peacock-blue, stood the straight vases on top of the round ones, and filled them with peacock-feathers. Her mantel was draped with peacock-blue plush, and the result of her happy thought was very beautiful and striking.



5. COMBINATION BOOK-CASE AND WRITING-DESK.

A woman with deft fingers and a love of pretty things can surround herself with dainty trifles, and her purse be little the lighter. For instance, if she cannot afford to buy all the photograph-frames needed, very pretty ones can be made as follows: Take a piece of stiff pasteboard—the back of a writing-pad will do—and cut it in the shape of a heart, a horseshoe, an oval, or a square. Lay upon it the photograph to be framed, and draw a line all around it with a pencil. With a sharp scissors or a penknife, cut out the space for the photograph, an inch inside the penciled line. Pad the frame with a roll of soft new cotton, tacking it lightly in place, and cover it with plush of any color desired. Paint it with a delicate spray of lilies-of-the-valley up one side, or a bunch of moss-rosebuds, or a cluster of dark rich pansies if the frame is orange-color or lilac or pink, or a vine of dark-green ivy. Take a piece of good clear window-glass and lay it on the back, lay the photograph on that, and paste a piece of silesia or stout paper over the whole. A piece of pasteboard can be glued to the back, if it is to be stood on a shelf or table; but, if it is to be hung on the wall, a narrow ribbon, or twisted tinsel, or piece of gold cord can be tacked on to hang it up by. If it is too much trouble to paint the flowers, very pretty plush sprays can be bought at any fancy store.



6. DECORATION FOR BACK OF PIANO.

ON THE SEA-SANDS.

BY SECUNDA WOOD.

WHILE idling on the shifting, yellow sand.
I traced with careless and unthinking hand
These words, "I love you, Margaret—Margaret
Gray,"
And left them for the tide to wash away.

Again, that hour, I passed along the beach—
The waves still found the letters out of reach;
But there, beside them, stood my Margaret
Gray.
O summer ocean! O that long-dead day!

IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the sun rose, the next morning, Mademoiselle Dumont, who had not gone to bed during the night, locked in a cabinet the half-finished piles of tiny clothing, while poor Mina wept over the world of sweet hopes which had been so ruthlessly destroyed.

On that same day, Madame d'Orlandes wrote frankly to the old baron an account of what had happened, and urged on him the necessity of keeping his nephew away until the young wife's health should be re-established.

Mina was so completely prostrated in mind and body that she seemed quite regardless of what was passing about her, and did not even mention her husband's name. The arrival at the inn of the peasant who had brought the little lad in search of the marquis had caused great excitement in the village, and the gossips nearly wore their tongues out in detailing the story from one home to another—the particulars, of course, growing more exact and the incidents more numerous as the days passed on. So it came about that through his housekeeper the entire tale reached the ears of the curé.

The good man was profoundly moved. Mina had proved a providence to his flock; wherever suffering entered, he was certain to find the marquise ready not only to afford material assistance, but to give the warm generous sympathy which is so precious to every human being in hours of distress and mourning. The priest's kind heart was deeply touched by the thought of the terrible cloud which had been so unexpectedly flung over this bright young life, and, as soon as Mina was able to receive his visit, he presented himself at the chateau.

He was born with a singularly sensitive nature, and long acquaintance with sorrow in every form had taught him how to treat the most exceptional case with a delicacy

and tact which never failed to give comfort and strength.

The good man found Mina sufficiently restored to health to be able to reflect with calmness, and already trying to adapt herself to the changed existence which had been so rudely thrust on her. She was forced to admit to her heart that she no longer cared for her husband—affection had been killed by that awful blow: try as she might, she had already discovered that no self-deception was possible.

As her confessor, she spoke frankly of her feelings to the curé, adding:

"Indeed, the marquis cannot possibly look for anything more from me than a sisterly interest; I shall always feel that, in him and his affairs."

The priest did not speak.

"Surely you will agree with me," she continued, after a pause, glancing anxiously into his pitying grave face. "It seems clear that I have a right to make an entire change in our relations. I find that I have been deceived in the man I married, therefore he becomes to me merely—"

Her voice sank slowly into silence under the fixed gaze of her companion.

"My poor child," said the curé, "do not lose yourself in subtleties and sophistries unworthy of a Christian like you. You do not propose frankly to demand a separation in accordance with the law; you ask for a separation while remaining under your husband's roof! Well, this the Church does not permit; and, in the name of the Church, I forbid it."

"Oh, father!"

"Hear me out, my child—follow my reasoning. You, the one injured—you, who have a beautiful rôle to fill—you weakly shrink from a plain duty. You have religion, charity—yes, your hopes where eternity is concerned—to strengthen your soul and occupy your heart. And he? Shall I go on?"

"Go on," Mina repeated, faintly.

"Your husband is culpable, I admit; but what right have you to punish him for deeds done in the past—before he married you? Since then, has he not loved you tenderly—been true to you in word and deed?"

"I had not thought—"

"Think now! Do you suppose that a man of his age and ideas will shut himself in his chamber, with a prayer-book, and weep over his sins? No; he will go back to the faults of his youth—sink to deeper excesses. And on whom will the blame rest? On him? No, my child: on you—on you alone!"

"Father!"

"On you, because you are not able to live up to your own creed; you, who refuse to obey the highest and grandest Christian duty—that of forgiveness."

"I see—I do see; but oh! it is so hard," murmured Mina.

"You married the Marquis de la Boissière with the idea that marriage would be a bright enchanted dream—a little corner out of paradise, in fact; but alas! the road to paradise was closed long ago. You have been flung back to the common earth on which the general law is suffering, and you push it from you; at least, you try to lessen it in every way possible."

"And can that be wrong?—not to refuse it, but to make it as easy as possible to bear?"

"You select a bad method, but I will show you a good plan: one which must appeal to a nature so generous as yours."

"Show me," pleaded Mina; "tell me what to do!"

"When your husband returns," said the priest, "no matter how much your pride, your womanly dignity, every sensitive or selfish feeling, may rebel, show him the same affection, the same confidence, as in the past."

"I—" Then her voice broke, and she bowed her head in her hands.

"Above all things," continued the old man, gently, "do not let him even suspect how low he has fallen in your esteem. He is proud, and wounded self-love seldom heals. Such conduct would alienate him from you—ruin your influence; and your mission is to help him to grow upward, to develop his better qualities: for your marriage was a

beginning of a better life for your husband. Take care how you act now: you have accepted a responsibility from which you cannot shrink."

Again Mina's lips framed the words:

"Go on."

"It may very likely happen that at first, in spite of your affectionate manner, he may feel troubled—embarrassed. Do not let him; there would lie great danger. Be tender and sweet; keep him at home; use every little art, exercise every womanly grace. Soon your husband will not only be grateful for your generosity, but he will feel a pride in perceiving that you love him well enough to overlook every error. You will keep him from losing his self-esteem, and for that he will thank you. A woman loses all her power when she shows a man that she has lost her respect for him."

"You are very good to me—very good," sighed Mina.

"As for you," pursued the priest, "during the struggle to do right, the putting self utterly aside for the good of another, your pain will grow less and less, till it will finally be lost in the blessed consciousness that you have by your goodness saved from evil the man whom at first you conquered by your beauty."

"If I could do this!"

"You can, and you will! Out of your suffering and endeavor will spring a new happiness born of the wife's abnegation and the Christian's charity. You will have fulfilled a noble duty—accomplished a grand work. Come, my child, lift up your heart; begin your task, and may heaven aid you!"

Mina's generous nature had been moved to its foundation by this appeal. As the old priest went on, her face cleared and gleams of hope brightened the sadness of her eyes. After all, her husband still loved her as fondly as ever; it was not she who suffered the crowning wrong. Then, too, if Renaud's conduct in the past revealed a moral inferiority, a hardened conscience, was this not the fault of the wicked world into which he had been so early flung without guide or restraint?

Left an orphan when only nineteen years of age, and confided to the guardianship of a man like the baron, it was only wonderful that he had not sunk to lower depths; that

he had kept therefrom proved how much good his nature must still possess.

Yes, she would follow faithfully the excellent counsels of the wise priest, though she knew that deep in her soul she could never be the wife she had been. She felt that her love had lost the most beautiful blossoms of its crown. Admiration, esteem, confidence, had perished forever; but, of the wounded sentiments which remained, she would mould the compassionate affection of a guardian angel. Then, too, sometime the good God would send her another child, and that love at least could hold no deception, no disillusion, and in it she could concentrate the full tenderness of her dreamy enthusiastic nature.

Mina extended her hands to the old curé, saying earnestly:

"I cannot thank you as I ought; but I can do as you advise, and I will—that I promise. You have shown me my duty; at the same time, you have made it easy by showing that my life, which I had thought must be one unbroken season of mourning, may yet hold bright perspectives of hope and peace."

That evening, Mina related the whole story to her three friends, with an animation which was like a faint return of her old enthusiasm.

"How young she is," thought the Countess d'Orlandes, pityingly, "and how young the good curé is: almost as innocent as Mina."

"Who knows?" reflected Madame de la Frulaye. "Perhaps Renaud may have some grand surprise in store for us. I shall be prepared for either sort."

Mademoiselle Dumont only shook her head, unseen by the rest, and murmured sadly:

"My poor Mina! My poor Mina!"

CHAPTER XII.

THREE weeks had passed.

The Marquise de la Boissière lay on a sofa in her dressing-room, with the blinds drawn down. She was pale and changed; but her face showed returning health, as well as a certain patience and resolution which it had before lacked, and which elevated her beauty to an even higher type.

Little Jean was seated beside her, with his great tender eyes fixed appealingly on her, and from time to time Mina would look

up and smile at him or pass her fingers caressingly over his curls.

The marquis was expected that afternoon. In order to spare the host every possible annoyance, Mina's two friends had started for the Pyrenees on the previous evening; and, when the hour for De la Boissière's arrival approached, Mademoiselle Dumont retired to her own room.

Presently a step sounded in the chamber beyond; the curtains were flung back, and Renaud entered. The husband's secret embarrassment was almost overwhelming; but a still stronger emotion surged with the fury of a tidal wave across his very soul. He felt a furious irritation against the memory of the woman whose dying disclosures had brought this horrible mortification on him. During the past three weeks, every bad passion which his nature held had been in arms through the wound inflicted on his vanity—always the hardest blow which a man of moderate calibre can be called on to endure.

Worst of all was the thought of the humiliating part which he must play where his wife was concerned: this loving Mina, whose beauty still preserved its empire over him, whose trust in him had been so perfect, to whom he had so often sworn that she was his first, his only love. And now she held in her possession the ardent letters which he had written to a woman whom he had cruelly deceived—wronged—yes, and killed! Not that he experienced remorse at this thought; in his blind rage, he could have wished she were alive before him, that he might murder her with his own hands!

In spite of her courage and her resolution, Mina grew sick and blind as her husband advanced; but, making a powerful effort, she half rose, and, pushing the little Jean forward, said in her sweet simple fashion:

"My dear friend, here is our oldest son—embrace him!" Then she added, so rapidly that the child did not catch her words: "It is all over now: we will never speak of the past again."

"You are an angel, Mina!" murmured Renaud, kissing the hand which she extended. He touched the little boy's forehead with his lips and asked: "Will you send him out, please?"

"Go and play, my child," said Mina, and watched the lad leave the room with a cer-

tain feeling of apprehension at the thought of the coming interview.

Renaud seated himself by her couch and began abruptly:

"I have not written during these long weeks, my dear Mina, because it was your wish that I should not; but believe me, it has been very difficult for me to wait till now in order to justify myself in your eyes. You have judged me very severely on the strength of the stories told you by the old peasant who brought Jean here."

"She was forced to keep her promise," Mina said, gently.

"I am not blaming her," he continued; "she no doubt believed the tales she told—falsehoods invented by the miserable woman who wished to revenge herself on me for a well-merited abandonment. I respect you too highly, Mina, to enter into the details of the causes which led to our separation—a separation so sudden that you have found no hint of my intention in those letters which—"

"Can you suppose I read them!" she interrupted, not questioningly, but in indignant protest.

"Forgive me! Considering the circumstances, it would have been perfectly excusable in the most delicate nature!" Then he added mentally: "She has not read a line! After all, I am master of the situation!"

"Will you answer me one question?" asked Mina. "Since that person deserved to be abandoned, why should you have invented the fable about your death?"

"The reason is clear: in the hope of hindering just what has happened—the being calumniated and vilified to the one dearest to me in the world."

"Still," pursued Mina, "the poor creature died on learning that you were alive and married!"

"She was so horribly vindictive! Rage—spite—"

"Oh, Renaud, one does not die from that! No: she loved you still. Ah, you are hard!"

The marquis perceived that he had made a mistake in maligning the dead, and hastened to try and repair his error.

"It is difficult," he said, "for me to speak calmly of a woman whose treachery caused me so much suffering, although the sentiment I had for her was feeble enough in comparison with my love for you."

Mina leaned her head on her hand and remained silent for a few instants, while a voice within cried to her:

"He is not telling the truth! If this poor creature had deceived him, she would not, when he deserted her, have gone to live in that little village, and earn her own living by hard drudgery—young and beautiful as she was."

Mina opened her lips to urge this fresh objection, then shut them firmly: she could not bear to push her husband on to further falsehood; she felt that his wrongs against the dead woman were already black enough.

"Tell me what you are thinking," urged Renaud.

"Only that I cannot talk any more at present," she replied, and her white face and trembling hands proved the truth of her words. "I am very tired now; I shall have to ask you to let me rest awhile. I will see you at dinner."

Renaud took at once his leave. As he walked toward his own apartment, he reflected:

"I defended myself badly; to-morrow, I must repair the mistakes. If I don't succeed in convincing Mina, and so getting back to my former place in her esteem—oh, then I may as well break through all restraint at once! I will never accept the rôle of a forgiven prodigal—receive a sort of condescending affection—never!"

Mina hastened to find Mademoiselle Dumont, and, in the shelter of her faithful arms, wept as if her heart would break, as she murmured over and over to herself:

"As cowardly as he is false: and I must bear even that!"

She could no longer buoy herself up by any hope; it would plainly be impossible to create even the faintest approach to happiness out of the ruins of the past. In this latest earthquake, everything had perished except duty: that remained as strong as ever; but duty deprived of the sunshine of affection must make of marriage a Calvary, the suffering of which fate itself would be powerless to equal.

The next day, Renaud attempted his work of rehabilitating himself in his wife's opinion, and he left her presence with the conviction that he had very nearly regained his former place in her esteem. As she listened to him, Mina had found it difficult

to repress her indignation; but she subdued it by repeating again and again the counsel of the old priest:

"Marriage was the beginning of a better life for your husband! Take care how you act now: you have accepted a responsibility from which you cannot shrink."

When Jean was spoken of, the marquis announced his intention of confiding the lad to his land-agent until he should be old enough to send away to school, urging that the child showed a delicacy of constitution which could only be overcome by a farm-life with its out-of-door exercise. But Mina stoutly combated this proposal; she wanted to keep the boy near her in her loneliness, for each day she grew more fond of the tender grateful little creature, who followed her everywhere with the patient fidelity of a dumb animal.

"Since it is your wish that he should remain, of course I have not a word to say," Renaud answered, when she had finished her eager protest. "I can only bow in silence to your decision; it would be useless for me to try to express my admiration and gratitude."

But, in spite of these fine phrases, Renaud had not in the slightest degree swerved from the resolve formed in the beginning of this trouble. He would never recognize Jean as his son; and, as soon as the lad should reach his twelfth year, he meant to send him into Switzerland, to live in the family of an old preceptor of his own, to have a modest income given him, and to be forgotten little by little.

There was nothing unnatural or uncommon, even in Renaud de la Boissière's state of mind. As a rule, the man who has wronged a woman can never, even if remorseful where her memory is concerned, forgive her son, since the child's very existence becomes a constant reminder to the father of past wrong-doing.

CHAPTER XII.

THE months went on to winter. Late in the autumn, the husband and wife returned to Paris and took up the life befitting their wealth and position: a life bright and harmonious to all appearance, but which became with each week, each day, a more terrible burden to poor Mina.

One afternoon in the latter part of January, she was seated in her boudoir with the

Countess d'Orlandes, who was her most frequent visitor, and, next to Mademoiselle Dumont, her most confidential intimate.

It was a beautiful room, hung with antique damask decorated with golden lilies, and the floor covered by a tapestry rug which a queen might have envied. Every article in the chamber was a chef d'œuvre of art; it would have been impossible to picture a lovelier and more luxurious nest for happiness to hide itself in. Yet it was only to weep in the arms of her faithful friend that Mina had taken refuge in this quiet nook, into which even De la Boissière seldom entered without having in advance demanded permission to visit her there.

Various fresh revelations of her husband's falsity and his increasing harshness toward Jean had added to the load she always carried. She was oppressed by the horrible sense of degradation in living as the wife of a man whom she despised. The doubt troubled her whether, in spite of priestly exhortations, it could be right to make of body and soul a sacrifice which each day she felt more and more keenly to be useless, so far as any good results could be hoped for.

All these agonizing thoughts had left Mina so completely unnerved that, for the time, she broke down; and, as is the case with all persons who have learned habitual self-control, when she did give way, she was utterly prostrated.

"I cannot bear it any longer!" she moaned, with a sudden burst of scalding tears. "I feel soiled—degraded! I am doing no good! The torture has gone beyond my strength to bear: I can endure no more!"

As she buried her head on the countess's shoulder, the door which communicated with a small salon opened abruptly, and Renaud appeared on the threshold.

It was his habit to go out after the twelve-o'clock breakfast, and not to return until time to dress for dinner. His evenings were almost invariably devoted to his wife; he accompanied her everywhere, and urged her to appear in society far more than she liked, for her beauty still held sufficient dominion over his senses to make him proud of the admiration which she excited.

Pausing for an instant on the threshold, he took in the full significance of the scene to which the broken words he had caught gave the clue. The blood rushed to his

head—a dangerous inherited tendency in moments of sudden agitation—and he bit his lip in fierce anger.

Mina's passionate exclamations had shown him clearly the part which her magnanimity had induced her to play. His perceptions were sufficiently quick to have given him often a suspicion of the truth; but his vanity had always rejected the idea, and he had fortified himself by deciding that no woman could be so gentle, yielding, and sympathizing, unless she loved her husband. Now his vague fears were on the instant made an humiliating conviction, and Renaud de la Boissière could never forgive the human being who humbled him in his own eyes.

The two friends sat silent; between surprise and a dread of having been overheard, neither could find utterance.

After that pause, so brief that it was scarcely noticeable, Renaud advanced, saying eagerly:

"I beg a thousand pardons! Mina, dear, I thought you had gone out with the countess. I wanted a book that I left here yesterday." His quick eye had caught sight of an open volume lying on the table close by the sofa on which the pair sat; he recognized it as a new novel which was attracting much attention. "Ah!" he added, gayly, "I have surprised you twin saints weeping over that naughty romance, which every saint's confessor has pronounced forbidden fruit! I left it here—by accident. I am charmed to find you wicked enough to read it."

"If you put it in our reach, you are the one to blame," said Mina, trying to smile while she wiped away her tears.

"What do you think of the story, Renaud?" asked Madame d'Orlandes, relieved by the turn affairs had taken.

"Oh, it is very well written; very pretty also, only too much in the clouds and by far too sentimental."

The countess asked more questions, and he went on to criticise the book in detail; and, during this time, Mina succeeded in overcoming her agitation entirely. Presently he turned to her and spoke of a letter he had just received from her business-agent in Vienna, in regard to the sale and reinvestment of certain stocks. Mina gave her opinion on the matter, and, after a little

further conversation, Renaud retired, kissing his wife's hand and paying some laughing compliment to the countess, apparently in the best of spirits and the sweetest of tempers.

"He did not hear anything!" said Mina, with a sigh of relief, as soon as the door had closed.

"A chance out of a thousand," rejoined Madame d'Orlandes, but in her heart she felt none of Mina's certitude.

The two friends parted after making an engagement to visit, the next day, two poor families whom they united in assisting. The countess was thoughtful and preoccupied, and Mina, rendered prudent by her recent fear, vowed to watch rigorously over herself in the future.

A month elapsed, and, as the marquis's manner toward his wife remained unchanged, Madame d'Orlandes was able to convince herself that her alarm had been unfounded and Mina right in her belief that he had heard nothing.

In the cold rage caused by the hurt to his vanity and pride, De la Boissière determined Mina should be forced gradually to believe that he had ceased to love her—that he considered their marriage a burden from which he asked only to be released. But, in order effectually to avenge himself, he must let a little time elapse; if he showed his hand too quickly, his wife might divine that he had overheard her rash avowal and adopted his new line of conduct in consequence.

He let his detachment from her manifest itself in a skillfully arranged gradation, which caused her each day fresh suffering; for, while she was glad of freedom and solitude, she was troubled by a goading fear that she had failed to keep the promise she had made to the curé and her conscience.

She could not help learning that Renaud was flinging himself into the dissipation in which his brother-in-law De Noves and the Count d'Orlandes had long since openly plunged. Whether this conduct was not in some degree her fault was the fear which smote her day and night.

Had she risen to the full height of the sacrifice demanded of her? Ought she, in order to preserve her ascendancy over her husband, to have become one of those frivolous society butterflies who envelop their

husbands in a whirlwind of pleasures incessantly renewed?

To Mina, whose tastes were simple and retiring, who would gladly have lived in the country the year round, such a chase after aimless excitement was especially wearisome; but she would leave no course untried. She decided, in spite of her repugnance, to open her house for a succession of entertainments of the most magnificent description during the remainder of the season.

Aided by Madame d'Orlandes—who, before her husband wasted the half of her fortune, had reigned over the most brilliant salon in Paris—Mina, with the assistance of Mademoiselle Dumont, organized a series of fêtes so splendid that they rivaled the entertainments for which the Rosenthals had been famous in Vienna.

Her success was complete; all Paris raved over the magnificence of her house, the splendor of her balls, and, above all, her beauty and the perfection of her dress.

The satisfaction which her conduct and her triumphs caused Renaud's bleeding vanity can easily be imagined. He knew that her only motive was to win him back; whether she did this from love, pride, or duty, he cared little—her failure would be as bitter in one case as another, and as gratifying to his miserable vanity.

So the young wife's life dragged on, becoming a daily crucifixion. Whether she danced, played the heroine in a sparkling comedy, appeared at the races, sat at the head of her own table, stood resplendent in her great ball-room, always the same motive urged her on: to try and keep her husband amused, though to outsiders her one aim and desire appeared to be to amuse herself.

When Renaud had sipped his fill of these sacrifices, when he had frightened her sufficiently by appearing always on the verge of an open rupture, when he had essayed every means to humiliate her, even to the depth of forcing her to comprehend that she was fighting for his love against odds and vices which pass even the most exaggerated code of duty laid down for wives, then he determined to take his revenge—a revenge so open that the whole world should be a witness thereof.

He was incapable of understanding the real motive which inspired Mina. He
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decided at length that it was only from vanity that she desired to keep her dominion over him: in her vanity, she should be stung to the core. He knew, too, the strong pride of race which she possessed—her horror of having any private matter revealed to the coarse gossip of outsiders; here too he could inflict a mortal hurt, and in no way should she be spared.

He set out unexpectedly on a trip to Italy, not even taking the trouble to bid Mina good-bye. The first news she had of his departure was through a curtly written note informing her that a certain property in Lombardy, to which he had a claim through some distant cousins, demanded his immediate attention.

All Paris knew he had not gone alone: knew, too, that, in the knot of companions he had invited to join him, there was not one of either sex whose name had not been linked with adventures which would have ostracized him or her utterly save for the power of great wealth or the influence of relatives so potent that their relationship formed an ægis even for the wildest eccentricities.

And Mina knew that all her struggles, humiliations, and sacrifices to save her husband from dissipation and aid him to preserve the dignity of his life had been wasted; her time, her tears, her prayers, all lost! Henceforth she had nothing to hope—everything to fear. She had neither husband, child, nor even a settled aim; the shipwreck was complete. Nor could she blame herself therefor. She had tried every means; of late, had gone further even than conscience or friendly counsel advised, and all in vain—utterly in vain. It would be impossible to picture a case more utterly hopeless or a woman left in a desolation more pitiable. It seemed as cruel of fate as it appeared in the man himself to have forced such misery on a nature so tender and so pure—a heart so gentle and loving.

And about the doors of her stately mansion crowded the world of fashion and pleasure: that world which is so dangerous and so cruel, which lures without remorse and punishes without mercy—unnatural as the fabled deity that devoured his own offspring, rapacious as the Minotaur of the legend.

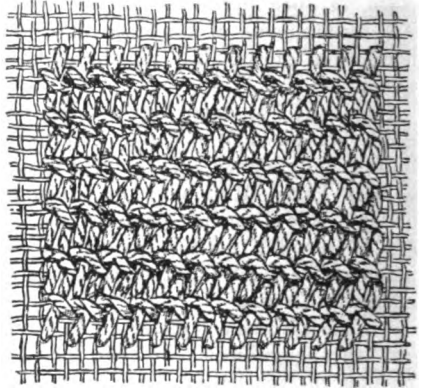
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IVORY-WORK.

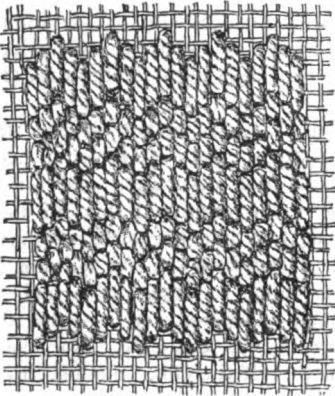
THIS month, we give a continuation of the Ivory-Work which proved so popular in the August number.

A very pretty arrangement of stitches for covering large spaces is given in No. 1. First is worked a zigzag row of upright stitches, each taken over five threads. Three of these are worked in a downward direction, each stitch one thread lower than the last, then two stitches are made, each one thread higher, and two each one thread lower, and so forth. Two rows of upright stitches over two threads are next worked. These follow the zigzag outline formed by the long stitches, which are repeated again in the fourth row. A great many variations of this

which alternate with those of the row immediately preceding it.



NO. 2.—LONG CROSS-STITCH.

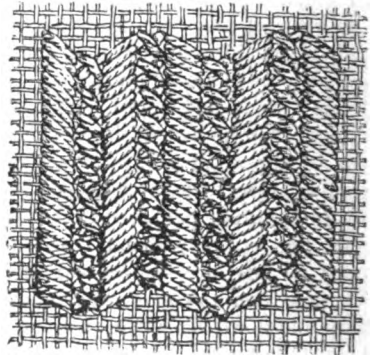


NO. 1.—CHEVRON FILLING.

pattern may be made merely by altering the number of rows of short stitches, and by carrying the long stitches over a larger or smaller number of threads.

The next filling (No. 2) is an easily worked stitch which gives a very good effect at the expense of very little trouble. The stitch is a double one, and consists first of a long slanting stitch carried over six horizontal threads of the canvas, and two upright threads. Across this is laid a short stitch slanting upward from right to left and carried over the two middle threads, over which the first and longer stitch was made. This filling is worked in rows, the stitches in each of

A pretty striped filling is that in No. 3, which is more effective upon a large surface than when the space is small. The first stripe consists of stitches over three threads slanting downward from left to right, each stitch being placed exactly below the preceding one. The second stripe consists merely of cross-stitches, each taken over two threads of canvas. In the third stripe, the slanting stitches are repeated, but are sloped in the opposite direction; the fourth is cross-stitch, and the fifth stripe is like the first.



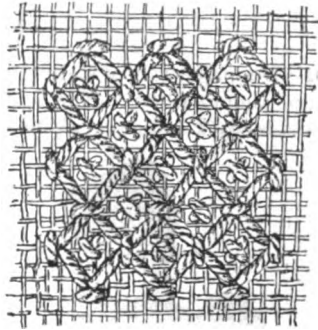
NO. 3.—STRIPED FILLING.

The next pattern (No. 4) is very easily worked. It forms a lattice over the surface

of the canvas, each stitch being taken in a slanting direction over three threads. An ordinary cross-stitch is worked over the two middle stitches of the open squares thus made. At each angle of the lattice is worked a straight stitch over two threads; these are arranged so as to be vertical in one row and horizontal in the next, and cause the lines of the lattice to look as though they were composed each of one long strand of cotton held down by these short stitches.

Most of these twelve fillings lend themselves very well to the curves and slope of an elaborate design, but the worker will find that the shorter the stitches of which any particular filling is composed, the more easily can it be adapted to intricate patterns with many curves and windings. The outlines of Ivory-Work are usually followed with gold thread, or colored silk or cotton, worked in outline, chain, or back stitch, according to

fancy. Chair-backs, tea-cloths, sideboard-slips, doylies of all sizes, and night-dress and brush-and-comb sachets are to be had traced



NO. 4.—LATTICE AND CROSS STITCH.

ready for working, French single-thread canvas or tammy-cloth being the material most generally used as a background.

A FERN TEA.

IF you wish to give a very pretty and unique entertainment, let me suggest a "fern tea."

Of course, to do this, you must have plenty of ferns, and these can usually be secured with little trouble or expense.

I have a rockery which yielded a goodly supply, and I also drove down to some cliffs near by and gathered a large basketful.

The invitations I sent out bore each a small spray of pressed ferns, with the words "Fern Tea" written in rustic letters.

The afternoon of the proposed entertainment, I made my preparations as follows:

I had my whitest linen cloth spread on the table, and then another to protect it laid in the centre, so that this would come out just a little beyond a long, narrow, old-fashioned mirror, when placed on it, with the shining surface upward.

The mirror had a broad and slightly sloping frame, and this was concealed beneath a covering of green moss and ferns, with a frond of the maidenhair sticking in the moss here and there, lifting its delicate plumage over the mirror's gleaming surface, which gave back the reflection like some tranquil lake surrounded by a grove of miniature palms.

About the house were some paper frogs and storks, quaintly picturesque and life-

like, and these I added, standing the birds in the water, or rather on the mirror, and placing the frogs in artistic poses on the green banks under the overhanging ferns, until the scene seemed quite semi-tropical.

Diverging from this centre-piece, I laid the more delicate ferns flat on the table-cloth, until there was a perfect network of them, making an exquisite filigree of green against the white cloth, which served to bring out every detail of the serrated edges of the fronds.

The menu cards had each a dainty branch of fern, fastened with a knot of narrow ribbon, pale-green; and white wax candles, in crystal candelabra, lighted the table.

The effect was certainly very pretty.

To carry out the prevailing "motif" of green and white, the courses were:

Oysters on the half-shell, served with a dressing of grated celery and lemon-juice. Large white crackers.

The white meat of turkey, green catsup, olives, salad served in a lettuce-leaf, beaten biscuit, rolled wafers tied with narrow green ribbon, celery cut in lengths and bound in a bundle with the same narrow ribbon, croquettes dressed with parsley, a spray of the wild peppermint, and green tea.

Vanilla and pistachio cream, with citron-cake. Cheese sticks.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, . Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a pretty way of making a house-dress, and simple withal. The material of our model is black and gray crépon, and the

bow in two loops, with long ends also ending in a large bow. The sleeves are only moderately large, and the upper part is made of the crépon, while the very deep cuffs are pointed at the top and are of black silk.



No. 1.



No. 2.

skirt is perfectly plain. The round waist is draped above from the armholes, having a black silk guimpe which is edged with jet; the ribbon about the waist is tied in a jaunty

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No. 2—Gives us a very stylish gown of thin woollen. The ground is brown, flecked with dark-red, not too heavy in material or color, for these intermediate days when



No. 3.

neither dark nor light things seem quite suitable. The skirt is quite plain, the over-jacket long and untrimmed and opening in front over a dark-red silk skirt. It will be noticed that the sleeves are wider than have been recently worn; but this new fashion will take some little time to adopt, for it gives a broader effect to the figure and



No. 5.



No. 4.

should be used with some reserve by stout women, while it is an improvement to slender ones.

No. 3—Shows a dressy costume for walking. The gown is of dove-gray summer-cloth, trimmed about the bottom with two rows of black velvet. The basque bodice is not very deep, opens low down over a gray



No. 6.



No. 7.

silk full front, and is ornamented with three rows of black velvet brought from under the arms and crossed in front. A similar trimming is on the cuffs.

No. 4—Is the model of a pretty and easily made cape for cool fall days. It can be formed of cloth of any color most liked, and trimmed with narrow fur if it is needed for wear in the latter part of the season, or with quilled ribbon or a broad gimp.

No. 5—Is a pretty dress for the autumn. It is of two shades of brown. In the illus-



No. 8.

tration, the sleeves and neck are ornamented with brown feather-trimming, but a quilling of the darker color would look equally well. The bodice is made bias, the lines meeting exactly in front in points, which gives the distinguishing feature to this simple gown. The sleeves are also bias.

No. 6—Shows a frock of brown velveteen for a young girl. The skirt is plain and full at the back, and the simple girl-like bodice

is slightly full both back and front, is cut square, and worn over a cream-colored India silk guimpe, which is finished with a ruffle about the neck. The long full sleeves are gathered above the wrists and trimmed with bows of "baby ribbon."

No. 7—Gives us a design of a broad belt with bretelles. It may be made of velvet, velveteen, or of the material of which the skirt is composed. It is used especially to wear with a silk or cashmere shirt-waist, and is a dainty addition to a wardrobe for any season of the year, making a variety as the skirt is white, red, blue, or pink, with which colors the belt and bretelles will look well.

No. 8—Is the very newest of the many new models out, for a girl's frock. It is somewhat Russian in style, the bodice and skirt being made apparently in one piece, though of course there is much less fullness on the waist than on the skirt. It is worn with a leather belt, and fastened on the left side with buttons. This frock is more effective if made with white or colored silk



No. 9.

sleeves; but, if they are found too thin or too dressy, the costume looks well if they are made of the material of the garment.

No. 9—Shows a boy's coat, made loose and comfortable and with many pockets, which of themselves are a recommendation to any garment that a boy has to wear. It is of rather heavy cloth and intended especially to slip on over a lighter jacket when going out-of-doors.

No. 10—Is a simple cape of light-gray cloth, made double and pinked at the edges. A collar is formed by strips of gray braid, sewed on lengthwise. As the weather becomes colder, the lower cape may be lined with gray or red flannel lightly stitched in, to be removed again with the return of the warmer spring weather.



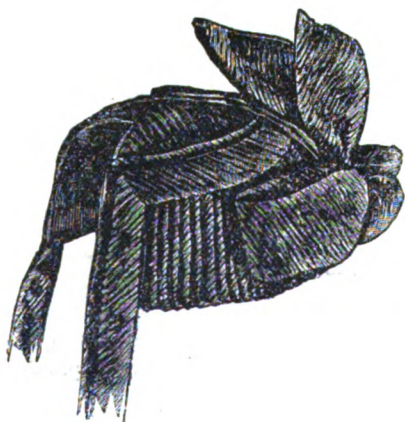
No. 10.

DESIGN FOR BABY'S CARRIAGE-ROBE.

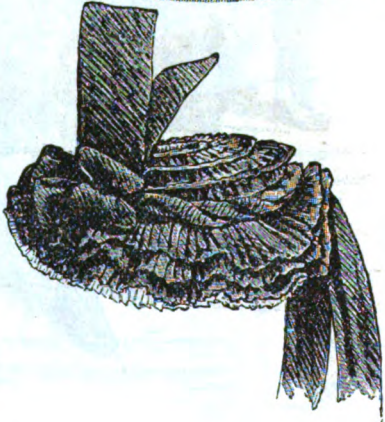
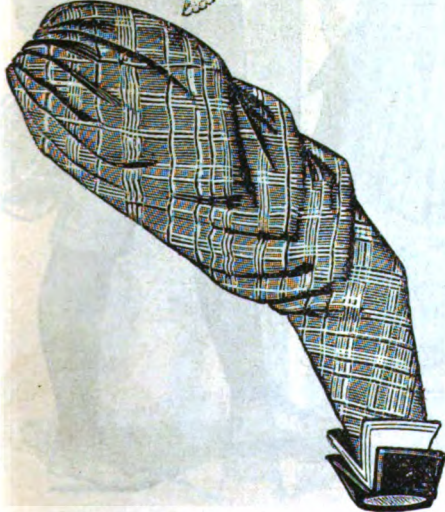
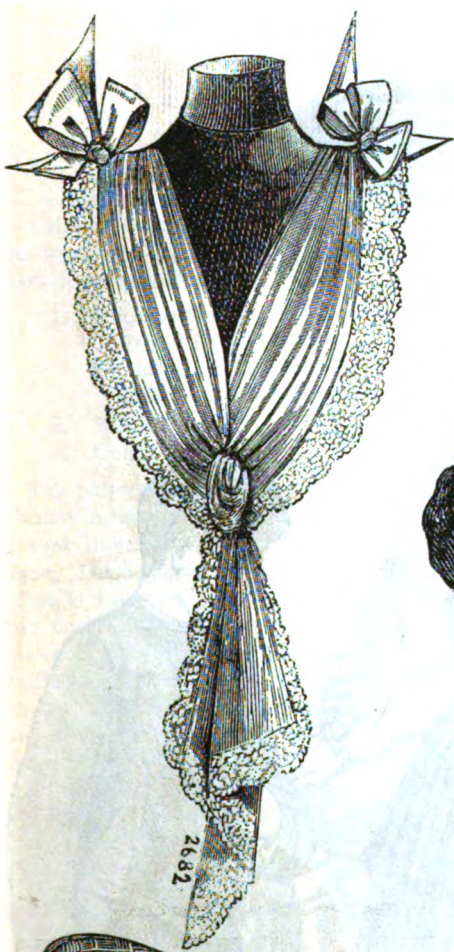
On the Supplement, we give a design for border of a baby's carriage-robe, which should be embroidered in white silk, with the sta-

mens in delicate yellow or pale-green, though any color fancied may be used, provided it is not too deep in tint.

FALL WRAP. BONNETS. HAT.



FICHU. FALL JACKET. SLEEVE. CREPE BONNET.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



PELERINE WATTEAU: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our Supplement pattern for this month gives the half of the entire pattern of this stylish model. We give, in the illustration, the front and back view. The pattern consists of three pieces

1. PELERINE — II — II —
FOR THE BACK SEAM.
PELERINE — III — III —
FOR THE FRONT OF PELERINE.
2. WATTEAU PLAIT.
3. COLLAR.

The pattern is so large, we were obliged to double in half the part marked No. 1. The dotted line shows where the pattern turns over. On the back seam, at C, the Watteau plait is inserted. The long notches around the neck show where the plaits are put to make it fit the neck. The collar and wide ruffle are of heavy lace. The pelerine is of cloth. The Watteau plait may be of velvet, brocade, or lace, like the collar. All to be lined with contrasting silk.

For small diagram, see next page.

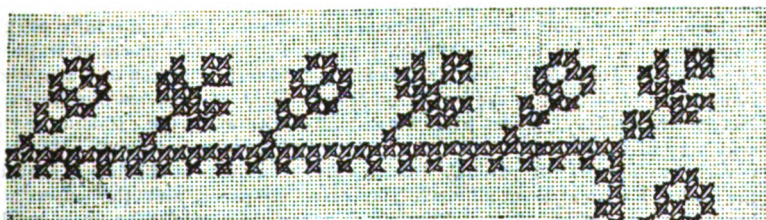


HANGING POCKET FOR DRESSING-ROOM.

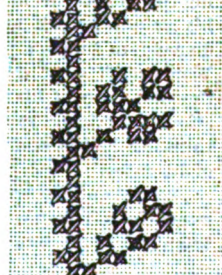
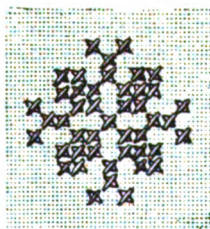


This more than useful, really necessary, and ornamental pocket for the dressing-room is made of Java canvas or coarse butcher's-linen. The border, pockets, etc., are done in cross-stitch with either French working-cottons or rope silk, in colors to suit the room. There are three pockets and a top border. Clothes-brush, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., can be put in such a convenient place, while the lower pocket is for silks, needles, safety-pins, bonnet-pins, etc. Back up on a stiff card-board back, already covered with sateen or linen. Loops of ribbon or braid finish at the top and sides, and furnish the places to hang to the wall.

CROSS-STITCH FOR NAPKIN-BORDER.



This pretty cross-stitch for napkin-border serves as well for towels or for a simple centre-piece for the table; the smaller design is for the corners. To be effective, it should be done in blue or red washing-cottons, or blue and red combined.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

INSPIRATION.—In an article in an old magazine, on Sheridan's "School for Scandal," I read that "all great work is accomplished by a slow laborious process; that no great piece of art was ever struck off in a hurry." Now that, to a large extent, as Charles Lamb would say, "is a popular fallacy." And you will find it usually the opinion of mediocre people who, while they may be appreciative admirers, feel so completely their own inability to produce anything similar that it seems to them a labor of Hercules.

There is, most undisputably, such a thing as inspiration. Shakespeare, Titian, Correggio, Mozart, Handel, Canova, and others of the world's masters, were God-gifted geniuses. And they worked largely by inspiration, and at some moments were more inspired than at others; and you note it in the superior excellence of their work.

There are times when thoughts come with an easy smoothness; apt similes present themselves, and composition is simple. At other times, you might cudgel your poor brains for hours unsuccessfully.

And you will find, as a result of that inspiration, that, as a rule, no second thought can better the first sublime expression, whether it be in literature, music, painting, or sculpture.

Some of the greatest work of the world's noblest laborers was done under the pressure of immediate necessity—there must be an incentive for inspiration—and with no thought or care for revision. Walter Scott poured forth novel after novel from his fertile brain for the sole purpose of redeeming Abbotsford; and his fictions will stand while time lasts, as the purest models of imaginative writing. Mozart wrote his magnificent musical compositions under the stress of poverty, to support his parents. Shakespeare, the noblest Roman of them all, made play-writing the business of his life, and often struck off his grandest work at the immediate pressing demand to supply a play for the Globe Theatre. Wordsworth went carefully over his poems in the later years of his life, and made many alterations—rewriting some portions; but, to my thinking, he has seldom bettered the first fruits of his muse.

The inventions and philosophies may be remodeled; but the masterpieces in tragedy, symphony, and statuary may not be retouched with impunity, even by their creators.

WILLIAM FRANCIS SAGE.

AUTUMN LEAVES.—Oak leaves, beech leaves, blackberry, poplar, and maple leaves should be carefully gathered. Then have a couple of irons ready. Cover a table with newspapers and a cloth; smooth a leaf with the hand, rub one of the irons lightly with beeswax, letting it glide quickly over the leaf on both sides until it is thoroughly dry. Other irons must be rubbed over a bag of resin, and this should be passed over every leaf, which makes them hard and glossy. Let them remain, when done, in an unused room on newspaper, giving them ample space, and cover with more paper, and they will prove a useful store.

TENNIS-CAKES.—Some of these are as elaborately decorated as are wedding-cakes. They are iced and are decorated with a raised wreath composed of preserved fruit, arranged to represent a kind of laurel crown with red berries. Bits of angelica for the leaves, brightened up with glowing cherries and pieces of orange. In the centre, two miniature rackets in ivory sugar and three silvered balls, the whole effectively contrasting with the snowy whiteness of the background. Such ornamentation is eminently suitable for women's deft fingers and artistic tendencies. A good eye for coloring, sure hand for sketching, and plenty of imagination are required to conceive and execute such decorations.

DRIED FLOWERS.—It is easy to make a pretty lamp-shade by carefully sticking dried flowers between two pieces of white tracing-paper, cut to form a portion of a lamp-shade. When about eight of these are finished, sew them together with white silk. Obtain the right shape by buying a wire framework. When the lamp is lighted, the colors of the flowers show distinctly through the paper, and the effect is pretty. Candle-shades can also be made in the same way, only they do not need cutting in more than one place.

WE MUST BE EITHER GOOD OR EVIL.—It is said that there is no vacuum in nature. This is no doubt true: it is equally true when applied to the spirit, for there is no vacuum in the mind of any of us. Our minds are filled with either good or evil. Let every girl then examine herself, and, if she finds evil in possession, turn it out, that truth and purity may enter and take its place.

USEFUL HINTS.—Most of us have little ones round us, and it is always a pleasure to please a child. A dear little cradle can be made from a match-box: the box forms the cradle; the lid, with the top removed, fits on this as a head-piece. It must all be covered inside and out with pink calico gummed on flat; over this, muslin or lace draperies to form valance and curtains. A tiny mattress, pillow, and bedding make this a charming nest for a wee doll in appropriate night-dress!

A useful pocket to hang by the bed is made from a night-light box, the cover cut in triangular form for the back. This can be covered with any bit of material, and finished with bows and a loop of ribbon by which to attach it to the wall; and, when complete, it holds a match-box for use at night. Match-boxes are among those things which should have a fixed place of residence well out of reach of tiny fingers.

Young ladies know how useful is a duster in the drawing-room, which, though not ornamental, is often needful; and this must be hidden from view after it is used. Pretty fanciful duster-bags can be made of any remnants of silk or art muslin; the ever useful palm-leaf fan can be utilized as background, or a bit of black velvet embroidered in gold braid, or, better still, a piece of crazy patchwork.

Shabby little card-board boxes can be beautified by slightly padding the top with rag and covering this with a piece of lint or swan's-cloth firmly glued down; border with a strip of colored paper. On the lint, stick tiny shells and small bright seeds and scraps of dry moss and sea-weed. Such a box, ornamented by loving little fingers, makes a pretty gift; useful, also, for holding buttons or other trifles.

"RARE BEN JONSON" could be very severe on women when he was in the humor—or, perhaps more correctly, out of humor. He once wrote this about housewives: A woman the more curious she is about her face is commonly the more careless about her house.

BICYCLING FOR WOMEN.—Doctor Stella Hunt gives this sensible verdict in regard to the exercise: "If our girls realized the enjoyment, recreation, and health to be derived from the wheel, many more would ride. The pleasure of cycling more than makes up for the criticism of Mrs. Grundy. Girls, if you would be happy and healthful, ride a wheel."

To this we add the opinion of a noted German scientist: "I cannot conceive anything more graceful than a lady riding a bicycle in suitable costume, especially when the trip is made in the country. To the fair sex, any and every health-giving exercise should be recommended; it is for the good of humanity, and is summed up in one word, 'health,' whose natural sequence is happiness."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Lessons Learned from Other Lives. By B. O. Flower. Boston: Arena Publishing Company.

This charming volume contains the biographies of fourteen celebrated men and women of different ages and countries. Seneca and Epictetus represent the Roman philosophers, while our own Henry Clay is presented as a type of a statesman. Joan of Arc's soul-thrilling story is given; Whittier, the Carey sisters, Bryant, Poe, and John Howard Payne have all a place; and then come Alfred Russel Wallace, the scientist, and Victor Hugo, the many-sided man of genius. A recent critic has written so well of this work that we cannot forbear quoting a portion of his review. "There are countless writers," he says, "who are able to write elegantly, whose sentences are faultless in construction, and charm by the rhythm of their cadence; but there are few who combine with beauty and sweetness of diction a thorough and comprehensive knowledge, an earnest and conscientious desire to impart it to others. Mr. Flower has not only a charming style, but his whole soul is engaged in the subject he has under consideration, and he impresses the mind of the reader with his own sympathetic fervor. This series of biographical sketches of representative men and women is especially valuable for young people, as furnishing models for the conduct of life, and encouragement by showing what perseverance under the most adverse circumstances has accomplished.

The Hand of Destiny. By Ossip Schubin. New York: Worthington Co.—A story of life in Rome—the Rome of to-day, filled with wanderers from every clime, who find in Italy Goethe's "home of the soul." It is a story of mingled character and incident, told with a passion which makes it read like a personal experience. The book is translated by Mary A. Robinson, and is printed in good type on excellent paper.

A Daughter's Heart. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Mrs. Cameron has a large circle of admirers in this country, as well as in England, which proves that she has known how to strike the popular taste—so much even those critics who speak disparagingly of her works must needs concede. Her present effort is in her best and most interesting vein. The characters are natural, frequently from the very inconsistency displayed in their actions, the incidents are telling, and the simple plot is well sustained.

Tania's Peril. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This charming story has been added to the publishers' twentyfive-cent series. It is one of its author's most brilliant productions, so overflowing with wit and humor that it might easily be condensed into an effective comedy for the stage. The publishers have also produced, in the same edition, Henry Gréville's novel, "Mam'zelle Eugénie." This is not only

an excellent story, but is valuable for its clear descriptions of many old Muscovite habits and customs.

Lilian De Courcy. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a sequel, or rather a continuation, of the "Household of Bouverie," which appeared a short time ago in the twentyfive-cent series of this house. The two books together make a wonderfully powerful novel which no lover of romance should fail to read.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and cucumbers: *Creme Simon*, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

AMONG the many flattering press notices of "Peterson," we quote the following: "Peterson" for August is as fresh as need be. It is a periodical which the ladies appreciate very highly, and have good reason to.—*Herald*, Clinton, Wis. In the July "Peterson" there are many articles of positive merit, for this popular household magazine more than sustains its reputation by the excellence of the current number.—*Daily Globe*, Chicago, Ill.

RULES OF LIVING.

WHEN we meet a person who has reached advanced age—eighty, ninety, or a greater number of years scored to his credit—we are moved to inquire the secret of such longevity and the good health that usually accompanies length of days.

Simple living, simple habits, abundance of fresh air, regular exercise, form the main part of the answer. But, as a rule, there is an important adjunct to these good ways: it is a vigorous constitution, inherited from some strong ancestor a generation or so back; but, where one is found with such an inheritance, there are many with comparatively no constitutional endurance. To such persons, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." They must husband and build upon what they do possess, or life with its possibilities for pleasure and usefulness will hold little for them. Much may be done in this line by intelligence and patience not mapped out in the school of pharmacy.

Breathing is the fundamental law of existence; hence, if the air inhaled be pure or impure, it is quite worth while to know. Pure air meeting the blood in the lungs is nature's great plan of life.

The good housewife should frequently go to the open door, or out-of-doors, and breathe and breathe for the space of five minutes. The pan-

cakes will slip to the frying-pan easier, and the cooking-machinery move swifter and lighter afterward.

To the teacher in the restless school-room, oftentimes with hot head and weary brain, a deep draught of pure air at the end of each hour is a boon one will not easily relinquish once applied.

If those whose reserve is small do not husband their strength and cling to known health rules and preventives, they must pay the penalty. Even when one acts according to his highest light, there are pains and weaknesses; still, the chances are less.

SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING BABIES.

It is believed by many that, if a child cries at its birth and lifts up only one hand, it is born to command. It is thought very unlucky not to weigh the baby before it is dressed. When first dressed, the clothes should not be put on over the head, but drawn on over the feet, for luck. When first taken from the room in which it was born, it must be carried upstairs, before going down, so that it will rise in the world. In any case, it must be carried upstairs, or up the street, the first time it is taken out. It is also considered in England and Scotland, unlucky, to cut the baby's nails or hair before it is twelve months old. The saying:

Born on Monday, fair in the face;

Born on Tuesday, full of God's grace;

Born on Wednesday, the best to be had;

Born on Thursday, merry and glad;

Born on Friday, worthily given;

Born on Saturday, work hard for a living;

Born on Sunday, shall never know want,

is known with various changes all over the Christian world; one deviation from the original makes Friday's child "free in giving." Thursday has one very lucky hour just before sunrise.

The child that is born on the Sabbath day

Is bonny and good and gay.

While

He who is born on New Year's morn

Will have his own way as sure as you're born.

And

He who is born on Easter morn

Shall never know care, or want, or harm.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

CAKES.

Ginger-Snaps.—Four good cupfuls of flour, one cupful of lard, half a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of cold water, one tablespoonful of ground ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, two small teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water. Put

sugar, molasses, and shortening into a bowl, and set in the oven until the contents are warm enough to mix readily. Stir in the spices and water, soda and flour. Flour thickens so variously that it may be necessary to add more in order to make the dough stiff enough to roll out. Make the cakes very thin and bake quickly. This recipe is for a large quantity.

Chocolate Cake.—Two ounces of chocolate, four eggs, half a cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, half a cupful of butter, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Dissolve the chocolate in five tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Beat the butter to a cream, add gradually the sugar, beating all the while, add the yolks, beat again, then the milk, then the melted chocolate and flour. Give the whole a vigorous beating. Now beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them carefully into the mixture; add the vanilla and baking-powder. Mix quickly and lightly, turn into a greased pan, and bake in a moderate oven fortyfive minutes.

Apple Snowballs.—Boil a quarter-pound of rice in water until perfectly tender. Pare and core a few apples, replace the core by two cloves, brown sugar, and a squeeze of lemon-juice. Cover each apple with a little rice, and tie it up separately in a cloth. Boil for half an hour, and serve with a sweet sauce flavored with lemon.

Apple Compôte.—Pare half a dozen good apples, scoop out the middle without breaking the fruit. Place in a pie-dish, with a quarter of a pint of water, half a pound of sugar, and the rind and juice of half a lemon. Cover the dish, and cook in a hot oven until the fruit is quite tender. When done, pour over the syrup with a dessertspoonful of rum added to it, and serve with cream.

Apple Salad.—Boil some good apples lightly, and then slice them into a salad-bowl, adding half a pint of syrup, the rind and juice of one lemon, two dessertspoonfuls of whisky, and a tablespoonful of blanched grated almonds.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF MAUVE FIGURED INDIA SILK. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two bands of white Irish lace. The waist, with a long basque, is also trimmed with lace. Front and sleeves made of silk. Broad bands of lace on the cuffs.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA NUN'S-VEILING. A plain skirt, made of the nun's-veiling, trimmed with a broad band of silk of a darker shade around the bottom. Loop and long ends of ribbon at the side. Corselet and sleeves made of nun's-veiling. Full front of silk. Bonnet of black straw, trimmed with sprays of black jet and feathers; black velvet strings.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF STRIPED SILK. The skirt and sleeves are made of the striped silk. Bodice of black watered silk; revers on either side of the light-green chiffon jabot. Hat of black straw, trimmed in front with light-green and pink ribbon, cock's-feathers, and buckle.

FIG. IV.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF HEAVY WHITE CORDED SILK. The front of the skirt and bodice is cut in one. The bodice is gathered from the shoulders, joined in front under a bunch of orange-blossoms. Plastron of the silk. The skirt is festooned with bunches of orange-blossoms. Long coat-bodice, with trails of orange-blossoms. Long veil, fastened with a bunch of the same flowers.

FIG. V.—CHILD'S DRESS, OF PINK INDIA SILK. The skirt and waist are made in one, fastened at the side with a rosette made of white ribbon. Yoke of white embroidery. Hat of black straw, with a bunch of pink feathers in front.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED CHALLIS, figured with dark-blue. The skirt is ornamented with four rows of very narrow dark-blue ribbon. The sleeves, bottom, and front of the basque-bodice are edged with the blue ribbon. This bodice is full in front on the right side, and buttons on the left side below a collar of blue and white silk. Sleeves tight to the elbow, and full above. Hat of black lace, with cream-colored ribbon bows.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HEATHER PLAID. The skirt is quite plain. The deep coat or blazer is lined, and the revers are faced with changeable brown and purple silk. The under-bodice is made of the same silk, belted at the waist and laid in deep tucks on the upper part. Brown straw hat, with open-work brim, trimmed with brown ribbon.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF TWO SHADES OF CRÉPON AND WHITE. The spots are brocaded with a dark violet tint like a pansy. The bottom is trimmed with a deep ruffle in front. At the back, the short train is plain. The full bodice is worn under a wide wrinkled band of the material. The velvet cuffs and collar are of the violet color of the spots, and the full cape is removable. Jabot of white dotted net. Small bonnet of heliotrope-colored velvet, trimmed with violet ribbon and feather.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY AND BLACK STRIPED WOOLEN. The skirt is slightly trained and opens over a narrow front of black velvet. The jacket-waist has a plastron of the velvet, and the whole is trimmed with a narrow black gimp.

FIG. X.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN CHINA SILK. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a rose quilling of black lace. The pointed bodice has a basque formed of wide lace. A col-

lar and jabot of the same, only narrower. Moderately full sleeves, buttoned on the inside of the arms.

FIG. XI.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is edged by a row of dark-brown velveteen, above which are placed groups of buttons. The bodice, which is cut somewhat like a man's coat, is of dark-brown velveteen. The front is shown in the small pattern on the upper right side of the fashion-plate, opens over a plain plastron of the tan-color, has revers, and the plastron is ornamented with buttons.

FIG. XII.—FALL WRAP, made of a shawl. This is an excellent fashion for putting to use an old-style shawl. The border and fringe can be adapted in the way seen in the plate. The cape may be made of some plain material, of a color of the ground of the shawl, and the ribbon should correspond.

FIG. XIII.—STRAW HAT, ornamented with velvet and stiff feathers.

FIG. XIV.—MOURNING BONNET, OF BLACK CRÈPE, especially suited for an elderly woman. The trimming is a wide Alsatian bow of crêpe.

FIG. XV.—BLACK STRAW BONNET, faced with cream-colored silk, and having a row of narrow black lace around the brim. Bow of cream muslin and aigrette.

FIG. XVI.—FICHU, OF SOFT THIN WHITE MUSLIN, edged with lace, ornamented with bows of ribbon on the shoulders, and worn over a green velvet plastron. This very pretty addition to the toilette may be used over any kind of bodice which it will fit.

FIG. XVII.—FALL JACKET, OF SMOKE-GRAY BEDFORD CLOTH. It is rather full in the skirt at the back, open in front, with revers faced with gray silk. Silver buttons on each side. Long tight cuffs, fastened with small silver buttons, with full upper sleeves. Sailor-hat of white straw, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. XVIII.—SLEEVE, OF SCOTCH PLAID CHEVIOT, full on the upper part, with double cuffs in dark plush and light silk.

FIG. XIX.—HAT, OF ENGLISH CRÈPE, for mourning. The brim is composed of three plaited frills of the crêpe, and the crown of shirred crêpe, with a roll of the same at the bottom. Bow, with standing ends, in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—For street-wear, the tailor-made dress is in greatest favor; the skirt is still too long at the back, but some slight change for the better is to be observed in this respect. The very tight skirt has also given way just a little to the suspicion of drapery about the hips, the plaits there producing an easier and more graceful effect. Narrow bands of ribbon, braid, or gimp—which will be replaced by other narrow bands of fur, later in the season—are the principal trimmings. The bodices of these gowns are usually tight-fitting, with vests of

different styles: sometimes quite plain, opening over a shirt-front with a tie; sometimes made of silk, and full. The bodice may be cut in points or with basques, and be equally fashionable.

For house-dresses, greater liberty is taken with the bodice, as it is more ornamented with lace, ribbons, and chiffon, and it is usually full in some way. Sleeves, too, are large, not too high; and they, as well as house-bodices, are very much left to the fancy of the maker: no law is to be laid down with regard to them, provided they are not stiff. Skirts of house-dresses are comparatively plain.

Alpacas and mohairs are used for the early fall; they are of all colors, and make most serviceable costumes.

All sorts of light woolen materials are to be seen for this season's fall wear, and also all the colors so long worn, with new tints of the same colors added to the list. No wardrobe is considered complete without a black dress. If for the street, it should be of some woolen stuff; silk, except surah or the India silk, is not used for out-of-door wear, but, for the house, black silk is always elegant. To make a change, a black net over-dress may be added if necessary, with rose-colored, primrose, blue, willow-green, or poppy-red trimmings of various sorts.

More jackets appear as the season advances, but the comfortable loose cloak and long cape ear by no means abolished; they are too convenient.

Bonnets are still small—a little too small to be becoming, we think, as they are frequently put on the top of the head like a plate; but they are perhaps preferable to the big bonnets like those of the early part of the century, which look well on quite young people or on women with picturesque faces, but only accentuate middle age and plain features.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS. The yoke and sleeves are made of blue cashmere. Apron made of a plaid gingham. Belt, cuffs, and collar embroidered in cross-stitch, Russian pattern.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS. Guimpe of white India silk, trimmed with bows of white ribbon. Brown challis covered with white flowers. Bodice pointed in front and gathered at the waist. Skirt plain, plaited at the side. Ribbon around the waist, the color of material of the dress.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, for gymnasium or athletic sports. This suit is of flannel and is made to save more expensive clothes in the gymnasium, base-ball or tennis field. It has the great advantage of giving free use to all the limbs, and a loose fit is an essential part of its convenience.

FIG. IV.—SCOTCH CAP, for a boy, with plumes stuck through with a metal ornament.



CALLED TO ACCOUNT.





DESIGN FOR A LINEN-TRAY



THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 4.

LAKE OF THE GREAT WHITE BEAR.

A LEGEND OF MINNESOTA

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

MANY of our northern lakes and streams have been the scenes of incidents as thrilling and adventures as romantic as were ever told in ancient chronicle or song of Troubadour. Long before the white man had set foot on the soil of the northwest country it was the home of two great and warlike tribes, the Chippewas and Winnebagoes. The smoke of their camp-fires stole upwards through the boughs of the forest-trees, and the sweet incense of the pipe of peace mingled with the perfumes of the wildwood flowers.

The region had not always been so peaceful. The fathers of the tribes remembered when a bitter feud reigned between the Chippewas and Winnebagoes: when the war-whoop and the death-song had rung through the forests and stilled for a time the glad voices of nature. The lake now called White Bear was in the very centre of the choicest hunting-grounds, and the game on its shores and fish in its waters made it a bone of contention between the tribes. Fierce and bloody were the battles fought along those shores, and terrible were the scenes of carnage and torture.

All these things had happened in the past, and the time had come when the two nations dwelt side by side in outward harmony. The lake was divided so that the northern half belonged to the Winnebagoes and the southern to the Chippewas, while the large island was neutral ground. Woe to the brave who ventured to trespass on either side. Bitter and terrible was the revenge that followed any violation of the tribal contract.

The island was shaded by noble trees, and carpeted with flowers and grass, while all kinds of wild berries and fruit flourished there.

The early strawberries covered the ground in spring, the red raspberry blushed among the dark-green leaves of midsummer, and the wild grapes hung in ripened sweetness until the ice-king blighted them. The island abounded in game; birds, deer, hare, and all the animals so prized by hunters, were at home in the quiet retreat—and surely never was there such a paradise for the fisherman.

But a strange mystery hung over the place, and no red man would ever willingly set foot on its shores. On dark and stormy nights prolonged shrieks of agony could be heard, and, high above the roar of tempest and the crash and dash of waves, a sad, unearthly wail would appall the trembling hearer and chill his heart with horror. Even the boldest feared to venture on this haunted spot, for those who dared to do so were never seen again by mortal eyes.

So both tribes were awed by the spirit of the island, and its influence helped for many years to keep them at peace with each other. But, alas, this happy period came suddenly to an end. One day in early spring a messenger rushed breathless into the camp of the Chippewas with the news that two braves of the Winnebagoes had chased a deer across the boundary line, and, following it far into the Chippewa country, had killed it in the very presence of their women and children!

Instantly the warriors sprang to arms and vowed vengeance on the insulting intruders. Nothing save warm heart's blood could wash out such a stain on their honor.

Very soon began the war-dance, and all the other dreadful preparations. Then a long line of painted braves stole quietly forth

to waylay the enemy. But the Winnebagoes, ready likewise and anxious to strike the first blow, were already gathered near the fatal boundary line. Along this border there had been, for many years, an open place in which friendly red men of all tribes could meet and smoke the pipe of peace. Here it was that on a bright spring day the warriors of both tribes hastened, and, taken by surprise, stood gazing at each other with looks of hatred, and, waiting only for their leaders' word, to fight to the bitter end.

Just then a wise man called "the Prophet," famed among his people for his experience and good counsel, stepped forth from the ranks of the Winnebagoes, and lifted his hand to demand attention. Many and eloquent were the old man's words. He recalled the long years of peace and the ties of friendship which had grown strong between the tribes; he acknowledged the fault of the two Winnebago hunters, and then proposed a plan whereby the trouble might be settled and the kindly relations between them once more restored.

"Let two of the bravest warriors of each nation go forth, in turn, to slay the monster—the evil spirit that rules the island, and keeps both tribes alike from enjoying its delights. If the Winnebago braves shall slay him, then no hostages need be paid for the recent invasion; but if the Chippewas prove the victors, then shall the hunters be given into their hands to do with as they may see fit."

The words of the Prophet were welcomed with joy, and soon the people all gathered on the shores of the lake to witness the contest.

Out from the camp of the Winnebagoes strode a noble young warrior, resplendent with paint and feathers. In silence the

crowds watched as he stepped into his canoe and pushed forth from the shore.

The barque shot like an arrow over the water, and when the island was reached the brave plunged into the impenetrable gloom of the forest. Suddenly there rose a terrible roar, a wild shriek of anguish, a confused sound of contest, and then all was silent.

In vain the awe-stricken listeners waited the youth's return—the gallant warrior was seen no more alive.

Soon, out from the shore on the Chippewa side, a light canoe darted swiftly, and a young chief, the hero of his tribe, leaped gayly from the boat and disappeared among the black shadows of the fatal island.

A brief space of breathless anxiety followed, then again were heard the blood-curdling shrieks, the growls of rage, and groans of despair. Once more the awful silence succeeded, but the bravest of the Chippewas returned no more.

A panic seized the two tribes, and fear made them tremble, but the hearts of the red men soon rallied. In company the warriors of both nations invaded the mysterious place, and there, amid a wreck of crushed bushes, broken trees, and upturned ground, they found the bodies of the braves.

Side by side lay the pair, and near them, cut and hacked literally into pieces, was stretched an enormous white bear. The evil spirit of the island had assumed that awful shape, and had ruled there for ages in triumph. But his sway was over, thanks to the courage of the young braves, for whom as was to be expected, both tribes fitly mourned; and now the island was their own.

From that time forth the nations dwelt in peace on the shores of the blue waters which they named henceforth the Lake of the Great White Bear.

MY LOVE.

• BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

WHEN first I heard her name,
Love's feeling filled my breast,
Its glorious gladness came,
A pure, bright angel guest.

I saw her in her pride,
All beautiful as day;

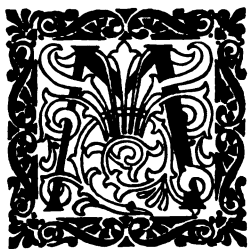
Ah! then I knew my bride,
By love's o'ermastering sway.

She was my dream of life,
In every gift and grace;
And in my faithful wife,
I see love's angel face!

SOME NOTED WASHINGTON WOMEN.

BY GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.

II.



MODERN inventions have annihilated space in "the city of magnificent distances," and city railways, telephonic wires, and other contrivances bind in closest communication the

remotest parts of our national capital. Streets in which long lines of enthusiastic citizens waded ankle deep in mud to listen to the inaugural addresses of our early presidents are now as smooth as glass and as hard as adamant; and innumerable bicycles—those phantom-like vehicles—flash to and fro like meteors. A brilliant contrast to that gloomy period when fish-oil lamps served only to make darkness visible must the avenues now present at night with their glittering lines of electric-lights, silhouetting each leaf and twig upon the shining white pavement below and lending a weird enchantment to the scene. The magnetic telegraph and steam-cars were also then unknown luxuries. The mail was conveyed across the country on horseback, the carrier following narrow bridle-paths in his route. Those were the days, too, of lumbering stage-coaches, when daring robberies were not infrequent, and travelers were protected by a guard perched upon the back of the coach, and armed with a blunderbuss. If the age of chivalry and knight-errantry no longer existed the memory of it still lingered. A courtly deference marked the manners of the gentlemen toward the opposite sex. The german was unknown, and bewigged and bepowdered gallants, in gay-colored Bolivar coats, pumps, and silk stockings, scarcely touching their fair partner's finger tips, led them through the stately quadrille or the mazes of the "minuet de la cœur." A high code of honor, too, prevailed. Gentlemen were tenacious of their rights, and shed their blood unhesitatingly in defense of them.

Duels were by no means uncommon, and the outfit of a Southern or Western congressman was considered incomplete without a case of dueling-pistols. At Christmas, pretty customs, borrowed from the mother country, were still kept up. The yule-log was burned in those houses where the open fireplace had been retained, and a band of young negroes sang carols from house to house on Christmas eve. The age, in truth, was a more romantic, more poetic one than ours, but we whose lots are cast in this era, who possess as an inheritance the result of the wisdom, enterprise, and patient industry of our ancestors, have much cause for thankfulness that so "goodly a heritage" is ours.

Although the code of etiquette in official circles was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the lady of the White House invested the entertainments at which she presided with more or less of her own individuality; and thus we read of the stiff formality of the drawing-rooms during one administration, and the easy grace which characterized those of another. The simple and unostentatious elegance of those native and to the manor born distinguishes the present inmates of the executive mansion, and conspicuous for her many personal attractions among the charming coterie is Mrs. Russell Harrison, the daughter-in-law of the President. Mrs. Harrison's beauty is of the purest Saxon type, and so youthful is she in appearance that one hears with surprise that she is a matron of eight years' standing. Her hair is of infantile blondness, her eyes of the opalescent hue of summer skies, and her complexion exquisitely fair and delicately tinted. Though petite in figure there is a graceful dignity in her carriage which gives one the impression of greater height than she possesses—a quality noticeable, too, in her manner, despite its child-like simplicity and freedom from affectation. Her father, Hon. Alvin Saunders, although a Kentuckian by birth, comes of Virginia stock, both of his parents being natives of that State. Her mother is from Frederick,

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Maryland. Mrs. Harrison was born in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, but removed to Omaha when her father was appointed Governor of the Territory of Nebraska. In 1877 he was elected as the representative of that State to the United States Senate, and in the following September his daughter accompanied him to Washington, and entered the Convent of Visitation in Georgetown, where she remained some years, graduating later at the Archer Institute, in Washington. The February after her graduation, she met Mr. Harrison, who had gone to Washington to see his father sworn in as United States Senator from Indiana.

She was married the following January, and afterwards made her home in Helena, Montana, where her husband was in charge of the United States assay office. Mrs. Harrison has traveled extensively in the United States, and is particularly familiar

with the western portion of the country, but her trip abroad last summer was her first experience in foreign travel. She has recently been appointed one of the eight commissioners-at-large for the World's Fair, a position which she will doubtless fill with credit. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have only one child, a little girl four years old, called Marthina, in honor of Mrs. Harrison's mother.

Another striking figure upon the social canvas in Washington is Mrs. William Mathews Lay, formerly Miss May Loney of Baltimore. Mrs. Lay's charm and beauty are hers by inheritance, her mother, a Miss Poindexter, and a descendant of the governor of that name, being a wonderfully beautiful and attractive woman. Her father, Mr. Thomas D. Loney, a prominent grain broker in the city of Baltimore, was a grandson of Richard Stockton, one of the signers

of the Declaration of Independence, and a judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in 1774. He was actively engaged throughout the revolutionary war in the defense of his country, and the sad termination of his life forms one of the most pathetic pages in American history. Mrs. Lay is a native of Baltimore, and was educated in that city. While traveling south for her mother's health, she stopped for some weeks in Savannah, Georgia, and there made the acquaintance of Mr. William Mathews Lay, who was representing the Peruvian government in commercial matters. Fascinated by her beauty and the wonderful witchery of her manner, he followed her to her own home, and at the early age of seventeen she became his wife. Since her marriage she has made her home in Washington, spending her summers at Elberon, Bar Harbor, Newport, and other



MRS. MARY S. HARRISON.

resorts, being everywhere the centre of a brilliant coterie, and drawing about her, apparently without an effort, the old and young of both sexes. Mrs. Lay is not only a beautiful but a distinguished looking woman, and her attractions are heightened by the most becoming toilettes. She is tall and splendidly proportioned, with a graceful celerity of movement, and a spirited carriage. Her features are regular, and her complexion of dazzling brilliancy. Her eyes are a dark hazel, and her hair luxuriant and richly tinted. Her conversational powers are phenomenal, and her adaptability such that she fascinates not only her young companions but grave statesmen and brilliant diplomats. She is frequently the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and accompanied them upon a western tour which they made in the early spring, stopping with them at the various points of interest, and making a protracted stay in California. Mrs. Lay has decided musical abilities, and her only son has inherited her talents in a remarkable degree.

It is perhaps the presence of the foreign element in official society at the national capital which gives to it its peculiar zest and flavor, and a more charming representative of the Diplomatic Corps can scarcely be selected than Miss Amelia Paulina de Mendonça, daughter of the Brazilian minister. Miss Mendonça's mother, Dofia Amelia Clemencia Lucia Louisa de Lemos, although descended from an ancient Brazilian family, being a granddaughter of Baron de Rio Verde, was born at the French capital. Her paternal ancestors were the Furtados and Mendonças of Portugal, and the Drummonds of Scotland, of whom the Earl of Perth is the head. Her father was born in Rio, Brazil, where he afterwards graduated in law. During his career he has filled many positions of honor and importance. He was consul-general in the United States from 1875 to 1889; minister on special missions from 1889 to 1890; and minister plenipotentiary and envoy-extraordinary since January, 1891. Miss Mendonça was born in San Paulo, Brazil, and received her



MRS. WILLIAM MATHEWS LAY.

education in a French school in New York City, studying painting, for which she has a decided taste, from the famous Greateorexs at the Sherwood studio. Her native tongue is Portuguese, Brazil being the only country in South America where Spanish is not the language of the people. She is a young lady of many accomplishments and fine natural abilities, and one of her regrets is that her social duties in Washington leave her so little time for reading and study, of which she is so fond. She is the mistress of several languages, and her English, both spoken and written, is absolutely flawless. Miss Mendonça made her début in society during her father's first winter in Washington, where she has made a most charming impression. A portion of each of her summers is spent at the various summer resorts from New York to the New England States, but the greater part of the heated term is passed by her at the lovely summer home of her parents in Keene Valley, in the Adirondack Mountains. Here she has an opportunity of indulging her fondness for out-of-door amusements, driving, riding, lawn tennis, and the like, and much of her time is spent in the open air. A pretty studio is attached to her father's residence,

and here, when the weather will not permit her to paint out of doors, her sisters and herself pursue their favorite occupation. The scenery about her mountain-home is charmingly picturesque, and the artist, Max Weyl, who has spent several summers with the Mendonças, declares that there is sufficient material immediately about them to keep him employed for an unlimited time. Their house overflows with guests during the summer season, and, despite the quietness of their surroundings, they are very gay among themselves. Miss Mendonça's patrician ancestry asserts itself in a certain high-bred air, and the extreme refinement of her appearance. In manner she possesses that exquisite tact and charming suavity for which the natives of South America are distinguished, and which a modern writer describes as a beautiful deference, which leads one to wonder, after conversing with a native of that country, whether he be really but dust and ashes. In stature she is rather below medium height, with a graceful sylph-like figure, and, with her dark eyes, which are large and handsome, Dame Nature, in a moment of caprice, has combined a blonde complexion and lovely sunlit hair.



MISS AMELIA PAULINA DE MENDONÇA.

During the winter the Mendonças entertain most charmingly in their Washington home, and the "Mendonça ball," which occurred just before Lent, was one of the most brilliant social events of the season.

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety."

The quotation comes spontaneously into the mind in describing Miss Vilas' charm. There is such a sparkle in her manner, such a spicy raciness in her conversation. Then, too, she possesses the rarer quality, classed by a modern writer among the lost arts, of being a good listener, endowed with that ready sympathy and quickness of apprehension which is like an inspiration to a speaker.

It was of beauty such as this that Keats wrote when he said "Its loveliness increases," for mere physical beauty, despite its potency, must, alas! "decrease." It "takes cold," is subject to a thousand accidents. It is only the beauty of the inner man—of the spiritual and intellectual nature—which, triumphing over the ravages of time and ill-health, photographs itself with more and more distinctness upon the outward appearance, and is indestructible. Although a native of Madison, Wisconsin, much of Miss Vilas' life has been spent in Washington, to which city she removed during Cleveland's administration. She is a daughter of Hon. William F. Vilas, formerly Postmaster-General of the United States, afterwards Secretary of the Interior, and now United States Senator from Wisconsin. The gods, it is said, give the gifts in solitaires, but a cluster of the most brilliant talents have been bestowed upon Senator Vilas. He is a strong writer, a charming conversationalist, and possessed of decided oratorical powers. He is also a very handsome man, with a wonderful fascination of manner, and was said to be better versed in the machinery of American politics than any member of the Cabinet during Cleveland's administration. He is a native of Vermont, but went to Wisconsin when a boy, and, studying law, became a successful practitioner of the bar of that State. Miss Vilas' mother, formerly Miss

Anna Fox, was born in Wisconsin, eighteen miles from the capital of the State. There is a gentle dignity in her manner that harmonizes well with the refinement of her appearance. During Cleveland's administration she received prominent mention in the accounts of the State dinners and other entertainments given at the executive mansion, and her daughter, then a very little girl, was one of Mrs. Cleveland's most enthusiastic admirers. About this time, also, she was elected president of the Children's Christmas Club, which had, as its object, the giving of a dinner at Christmas for poor children, and this position she retained for four years. When old enough to be sent from home to school she was placed under the care of Mrs. Lefebvre, in Baltimore. Here she graduated with distinguished honors, carrying off six gold medals—two class medals, one for music, one for German, and two for French. In the latter languages, by the way, she is proficient, conversing fluently in both. Miss Vilas is as blonde as Rowena, with masses of flaxen hair, and brilliant blue eyes. Her features are piquante, and charming in their very irregularity, reminding one of Amelie Rives' description of one of her heroines—"She was not perfectly beautiful, she was imperfectly beautiful, which is so much more attractive." Her face glows with intel-



MISS MARY E. VILAS.

ligence and animation, and through her transparently delicate complexion the color comes and goes in pretty crimson flashes.

Miss Vilas has as yet scarcely buckled on her armor. Life is before her, but one's childhood has in it a prophecy; and, prominent in her own small world, holding, indeed, the first place among her school-mates and young companions, it needs no seer's gift to predict for her supremacy in the wider arena upon which she has now entered.

But now, that the smile of Good Fortune Has lit up the gloom of my night, I see loving friends all around me That I never saw, but for her light. Ah, false friends! ah, summer friends, falling When adversity's hand lays me low! I value your friendship but lightly; I weep o'er the change—then and now!

THEN AND NOW.

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

ALAS, how the changes of fortune
Bring with them the homage of men!
I count my friends now by the hundred
Where once I could count them by ten.
When poverty's pall was around me,
And life was enshrouded in gloom,
Then none wept with me tears of sorrow—
None sought me in my humble home.

But now, that the smile of Good Fortune
Has lit up the gloom of my night,
I see loving friends all around me
That I never saw, but for her light.
Ah, false friends! ah, summer friends, falling
When adversity's hand lays me low!
I value your friendship but lightly;
I weep o'er the change—then and now!

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.



THE incident that forms the groundwork of my story occurred to me a good many years ago, when I, Clement Ross, of Newlands, Netherstone County,

New York State, was sent abroad by my parents to complete my medical education by studying in the hospitals of Paris, and by walking warily in the footsteps of the great French doctors.

Paris was then, as it still is to a certain extent, considered as the centre of medical science, and less was thought on our side of the water of the art—education and art—influences that are now looked upon as all-important in the moulding of the talent of American painters and sculptors. I was not turned loose to shift for myself amongst the students of the Latin Quarter. Bohemia was not to claim me as one of its adopted citizens. My parents were in comfortable circumstances, so I was not to pursue my studies under the pressure of the trials and privations that too often fall to the lot of the young transatlantic dweller in the great city. My mother's brother and only surviving relative, Doctor Thomas Archer, had resided for many years in Paris, and he and his wife had grown gray and middle-aged in the gay capital. Indeed, he was one of the pioneers of the so-called American colony, having taken up his abode there some time in the reign of Louis Philippe, before the colony in question had ever been founded. He was a physician of considerable attainments, and had managed to establish himself in quite an extensive practice, few as were his countrypeople that were then living permanently in Paris. But he contrived to get into relations with the proprietors of most of the principal hotels, where an English-speaking practitioner was always in demand for English tourists as well as for American ones.

My aunt, who had been a Miss Meadows, of Massachusetts, had a small fortune of her own, and as their family consisted of an only child, a young daughter, and as Paris in those days was quite remarkable for cheapness, they lived not only respectably but comfortably. They resided in a spacious flat on the Rue de Rivoli. To be sure, it was on the fourth floor, but then from their windows what a glorious view was to be obtained of the garden of the Tuileries, and the Seine, and the distant buildings on the left bank of the river. And the air at that height was always pure and cool, even in midsummer.

It was under the hospitable roof of Dr. and Mrs. Archer that I was invited to take up my residence when I came to Paris to study. It was, as I have said, a long time ago. The Second Empire was in the height of its glory. Napoleon III. was universally considered as the greatest and wisest monarch of the age. The works on the Louvre were being pushed to their completion. New boulevards were being opened on all sides. Old streets, long left incomplete, were being extended to their destined termination. Everywhere there were houses being torn down to make way for new edifices of surpassing splendor. The lakes and the cascade of the Bois de Boulogne were being planned out, but had not yet been begun. The Prince Imperial was a chubby little boy, and his beautiful mother was in the full perfection of her dazzling loveliness. In fact, the first thing I did after my arrival in Paris was to fall madly in love with the Empress. I spent all my spare francs in purchasing pictures of her; and, indeed, to this day I cherish a copy of the lithographic reproduction of her portrait by Winterhalter. I used to dash into the middle of the roadway whenever I descried the imperial carriage coming down the Champs Elysées, and I would wave my hat and shout "Long live the Empress!" with a fervor that never failed to win me the reward of a gracious inclination of the head

and one of the faint half-melancholy smiles that used to light her fair features with a gleam as of autumnal sunshine. That sweet sadness of expression then seemed strangely in contrast with the brilliancy of her lot, but the sadness was prophetic of the days that were to come. As wife, as mother, and as queen, how perfect then seemed her happiness! How tragic has been the accumulation of her sorrows!

A year or two ago, whilst traveling with my wife and my eldest daughter in Holland, I caught sight, on arriving at the Hague, of my former radiant idol. Pale and wan, with snowy hair and enfeebled gait, no one could ever have imagined that the pallid aged invalid I then beheld had ever been the most famous beauty in all the world.

But I am straying far from the original theme of my history in calling up these reminiscences of the past. It was the summoning back of the curious experience of my student-days that brought these crowding recollections to my mind. Let me return, therefore, to the days when I first arrived in the great city, of which I had but a vague idea, as a trip to Europe was at that time almost as rare an experience to a resident of the United States as a tour around the world is to-day. Paris was not then the dream of beauty and splendor that she afterwards became. There were no huge hotels, no Grand Opera House, no new boulevards like the Boulevard Haussman and the Boulevard Molesherbes. But I have a vivid recollection of the obelisk, and the leaping fountains, all-bronze tritons, and sea-nymphs on the Place de la Concorde, and the great bronze column on the Place Vendome, and the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, stretching, a mass of trees and statues and flower-beds before the emperor's palace. Then the cab stopped at a doorway on the Rue de Rivoli, and I toiled my way up to the fourth floor and rang at the door-bell. A dog barked shrilly within, and a neat maid-servant opened the door, but as she could not understand one word of English, I was gradually getting myself into a state of utter bewilderment, when, to my relief, a merry voice sounded from some inner room.

"Is that you, Cousin Clement? Come right in. Your room is all ready, and I will give directions for having your cab paid off and your trunk brought upstairs."

And a bright, fairy-like little creature came swiftly forward to greet me, and gave a series of voluble directions to the servant in that unknown tongue which was to me as heathen Greek.

"Come into the parlor, cousin. Father and mother have gone to a reception at the American Minister's, but they will be home in an hour or two. You see, you were not expected till to-morrow. You must have had a very favorable voyage to get here so soon. Ah, there comes your trunk—all right, isn't it? Now, will you go to your own room to wash your hands and get ready for dinner? Or will you have some refreshment first—a glass of wine and a biscuit—what you call a cracker at home? No? Well, then, come this way. Here's your room, and I'll see that you have plenty of hot water and clean towels. But I suppose you are wondering as to who on earth I can be. You've heard of your Cousin Lizzie, haven't you?—little Miss Liz, as everybody calls me; that is to say, everybody that I know who speaks English."

So this was my young cousin, Miss Elizabeth Archer, my junior by several years, the youngest and sole survivor of the once numerous family that had blessed the good doctor and his wife in by-gone years. She was a pretty, vivacious brunette, small of stature, and with delicate, piquante features, sixteen years old, but looking twelve at the most, and just the ideal to be called up by her pet name, "Little Miss Liz."

Such was my first introduction to the household of Doctor Archer, as a member of which I was destined to spend some of the happiest years of my life. My good uncle and his cheery, genial wife soon made me feel at home, and in fact they seemed to adopt me at once as a substitute for their two promising boys that were taken from them in an outbreak of the cholera before they had attained to manhood. I soon learned to chatter French as volubly, if not as correctly, as little Miss Liz herself, and I was speedily plunged into the course of studies and of lectures that were destined to make of me an accomplished physician. The influence of my uncle with the leading doctors and medical professors of the day facilitated my studies greatly, and I soon settled down into a course of life which combined the rare felicity of a comfortable home

joined to the advantages of a Parisian medical education. I was not compelled to seek for my meals at the cheap restaurants, and my lodgings in the dingy hotels and boarding-houses, of the Latin Quarter. I had a charming home, and the kindest of relations to look after me. And, above all, there was little Miss Liz. We were always laughing and joking together, and teasing each other like a pair of children as we then were. Also, I much enjoyed the sociable Thursday evening receptions that formed my aunt's method of entertaining. They were very informal, genial little gatherings, with a whist-table set out for the elder visitors, and a space cleared in the back-parlor where the piano stood, so that any one that liked might indulge in a waltz, for Miss Black, my cousin's governess, was always at hand to play for us. Many a merry whirl did I enjoy with little Miss Liz, who used to pay me the compliment of declaring that I was not half a bad dancer—for a Yankee.

It was at one of these reunions that I first formed the acquaintance of young Franklin Tracy, a student of architecture, who was finishing off his professional studies at the Academy of Fine Arts. He was a pleasant, intelligent young fellow, and we soon became fast friends, spending thereafter a good deal of time together. He had pleasant quarters in a sunny house on the Champs Elysées, not far from where the present Palace of Industry now stands. So, when I wanted to visit him, I was in the habit of taking a short cut, by going through a bright, charming little street that extended just one block, namely, from the Rue St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées. It was called by a name which I can best translate by calling it Palace Row. Its situation was delightful, skirting, as it did, the massive wall that formed on that side the termination of the extensive grounds of one of the minor imperial palaces. This wall took up all one side of the street. The other side was composed of a row of very elegant houses—private hotels, as they are called in Paris—with a front door and steps leading to each, and with a small well-laid-out garden in front separating each house from the street. These dainty dwellings resembled more in their build and style the private houses of America than did any other edifices of the kind in Paris. So I got into the habit of stroll-

ing through Palace Row, and of looking at these buildings, pleasing myself, meanwhile, by picturing to myself that I was back in my native land.

But after awhile I never passed through my favorite little street without experiencing a vague impression, of what kind I could scarcely define, but certainly a disagreeable one. I was at that epoch a tall, overgrown lad, who had run more to nerves than to muscle, and, looking back on myself by the light of the psychological and hypnotic researches of the present day, I am inclined to think that I was then what the learned in nervous impressionism would now call "a sensitive." Nobody had ever tried even to mesmerize me, it is true, but I am positive that if the attempt had been made at that time it would have succeeded. At all events, I soon found myself wondering at the effect that a stroll through Palace Row was almost certain to produce upon me. It was, as I have said before, a vague and undefined impression, not fear or disgust, but something like a creeping sense of horror, as though I were about to witness some dreadful sight or to be called upon to hearken to the telling of some horrible story. I became curious respecting this feeling after awhile, and used to traverse Palace Row continually in order to try to analyze it. But it remained as inexplicable as it was causeless. The cheery little street, with its rows of tasteful houses in the whitest of white freestone on one side, with the plants and flowers and turf of their little front-gardens making quite a feast for the eye, and on the other side the high stone-wall and great lofty trees of the palace gardens, made up as pleasant a spectacle as could be found within the fortifications of Paris. But always when I trod the wide asphalt-pavements of Palace Row there stole over me that shivering sense of horror, all the more alarming because it was so causeless and so undefinable. I never spoke to anyone on the subject, having a natural distaste for revealing any of my own ideas and sensations. But from the moment that I set foot on the pavement at one end of the street till I emerged from it at the other, that strange thrill held me, and caused my heart to sink with a dread of I knew not what.

The second year of my residence with my uncle and aunt, and of my medical studies

at the chief hospitals of Paris, was well advanced, when, one morning, my aunt received a letter from America that seemed greatly to perturb her. We were seated at the breakfast-table when the letter arrived, and my uncle, who had been detained out till late by a bad case of pneumonia, had not yet made his appearance when it was handed to her. As soon as he entered she proffered him the open sheet with the request, "Do read that, Thomas."

"My dear," said the good doctor, putting an extra lump of sugar into his coffee as he spoke, "I have left my spectacles in my other coat. Just read the letter aloud to me while I drink my coffee, won't you?"

But my aunt shook her head, and glanced at little Miss Liz and me in a warning sort of way.

"At least, you can tell me who it is from, and what the writer wants," pursued Uncle Thomas, as he broke the shell of his egg and proceeded to cut himself a bountiful slice of bread from the household loaf.

"It is from my sister-in-law—from that Frenchwoman that my brother James married in New York some five years ago."

"Ah, yes, the Reverend James Meadows—I remember receiving the wedding-cards. Also, I recollect the talk—"

"Please be more prudent, Thomas. See, the children are still within ear-shot."

"Well, well, I'll say no more. But what does Mrs. James want?"

"Of all things in the world: she wants to come to stay with us for a month or six weeks."

"What—Caroline—m—m—" My uncle's utterance of the lady's name went off in an inarticulate murmur. "I should have thought she would never have cared to set her foot in Paris again."

"She has some business to transact—a distant relative has died and has left her quite a considerable legacy, and it is necessary for her to come to Europe to settle certain legal details. Now what am I to do about it, Thomas? Of course, if you dislike the idea of receiving her, I can manage to put her off somehow."

"Oh, let her come! I have always been rather curious to see your sister Caroline, and—"

"I beg that you will not call her my sister, Thomas. But I confess I should like to

make her acquaintance, if only to find out what could have possessed James to marry her."

So, with the memory of this brief conversation fresh in my mind, I was not at all surprised to note, a few weeks later, a considerable and unwonted degree of bustle in the usually tranquil household. New curtains were put up, and all the carpets were taken up and thoroughly beaten before they were nailed down again. A few new articles of furniture made their appearance in the spare bedroom. And, finally, little Miss Liz was despatched, under the care of an old servant of my aunt's, to make a long-promised visit to her school-friend, Gertrude Waring, who lived with her parents at Versailles. But, at last, about six weeks after the arrival of the mysterious letter, the long-expected guest put in an appearance.

I must say that I was quite disappointed in the aspect and personality of Mrs. James Meadows. The French wife of the American clergyman was not even handsome. On the contrary, I thought her rather plain than otherwise. Her features were irregular, and her figure, though stylish, was exceedingly thin. She was very graceful, however, in spite of her height, which was above the average. Her complexion was pale and sallow, and her eyes were of a peculiar light gray, not brilliant, but singularly expressive. Her hair was soft and fluffy, and of a dull brown color. In fact, she possessed only one real point of attraction, and that was her voice, whose liquid contralto tones were remarkably sweet and winning. And, in fact, before this tall plain gray-eyed woman had spent a week under my uncle's roof, we realized the fact that she was one of the most fascinating of human beings.

Wherein lay the secret of her fascination? I do not know, long and often as I have meditated upon that question. She talked well, and it was evident that she was highly instructed and deeply read, especially in history and general literature, but she was by no means what might be termed a brilliant conversationalist. Yet somehow we all more or less fell under the spell of the enchantress. My aunt was quite as much bewitched by her as were my uncle and I.

"I do not wonder at James any longer—do you?" I heard my aunt remark to my uncle only three days after the arrival of her

sister-in-law. Even now I cannot call up before my mental vision the tall swaying form, the dainty grace of every movement, the soft glances of those weird, pale eyes, and bring back to memory those deep-toned melodious accents, without realizing the magnetic powers of attraction possessed by that plain middle-aged woman. She was pleased to talk a good deal with me on such topics as the news of the day, the comparative merits of France and the United States as places of residence, etc. But she never spoke of her former life in Paris, nor ever made the slightest allusion to any of her friends or acquaintances in those by-gone days. And my aunt and uncle both checked me so sharply on the few occasions that I ventured upon discussing the new guest with them, that I discreetly abandoned the topic for good and all.

Now I come to a very strange experience that befell me while Mrs. Meadows was still an inmate of my uncle's household. It was only a dream, it is true, but it was a dream that was so vivid in its details, and so unpleasant in its character, that it made a profound and painful impression on my mind.

I dreamed that I had set forth to pay a visit to Franklin Tracy. The time was night, and the full moon rode high in the heavens, bathing all objects, far and near, in a pallid lustre more weird than total darkness. I bent my steps as usual towards Palace Row, but when I arrived at the end of the street I found, with that calm acceptance of impossibilities which is an ordinary feature of dreams, that the street had disappeared. In its stead there rose before me a stately mansion, which showed dark and seemingly deserted in the moonlight. There was a coat-of-arms carved in stone in high relief over the door, and the door itself, with its elaborately-wrought panels in iron open-work, stood wide open. I entered, impelled by some irresistible influence, and found myself at the foot of a stately staircase, lighted by a single lamp, whose flame wavered and quivered in the grasp of a winged Mercury in bronze. I ascended the stairs, and on the first landing I saw two doors facing each other. The one to the left was closed, but the other was wide open. I passed through the latter, and found myself in an elegantly-furnished boudoir, unlighted

save by the rays of the moon, but the pale lustre that streamed through the open casements revealed to me every detail of the ghastly confusion that reigned in the beautiful room. Chairs were overthrown, the bell-rope had been torn down, a dainty little writing-table that stood near the window had been upset, and the toys in Sevres china and in carved ivory that had adorned it were strewn over the carpet. But the dreadful part of this sight lay in the fact that the whole room was literally deluged with blood. There were bloody footsteps on the white-grounded carpet, and the marks of bloody hands on the mantelpiece of carved Carrara marble, and right in front of the fireplace there was a huge red stain as of a crimson pool that had soaked its way into the hearth of snowy stone. Everywhere there were traces of a mortal struggle, the struggle of a helpless victim against the unrelenting assault of a pitiless murderer.

It seemed to me, in my dream, that I was so horrified by what I beheld in that moonlit room that I hastened to get out of it as fast as possible. But, strange to say, instead of descending the stairs and escaping from the house, I went up a flight higher. Something seemed to whisper to me, "Go on, and you will find a friend—Mrs. Meadows." What had my aunt's silent guest to do with the mystery of that vision of bloodshed? But on I went, and on the upper landing, as on the lower one, I found two doors, one of which was wide open. It gave access to a room superbly furnished as a gentleman's library, or rather general living-room, for the bookcases and bronze busts against the walls alternated with trophies of the chase and panoplies formed of hunting-weapons. On the table, amidst the elegant fittings of a handsome writing-set in ivory and enamel, lay two incongruous objects; a long pointed hunting-knife, stained with blood throughout the whole length of the blade, and a small phial labeled "Poison." A dressing-gown in purple brocade and satin had been flung over the back of one of the chairs.

That was all that I saw, for the oppression of my dream had become too great for me to endure, and I struggled against it till I awoke. I started into wakefulness with a cold dew breaking out upon my forehead, and with my heart throbbing madly. Nor could I compose myself to sleep again, but I

lay, wide-eyed and depressed with an indefinable dread and horror, till the dawn brought the welcome daylight to guard me from any further visions. Yet I could not shake off the influence of my dream throughout the entire day.

After dinner, to dispel the clouds that hung about my brain, I concluded that I would go out for a walk, and afterwards would spend the evening with Franklin Tracy. I instinctively chose another route to gain his dwelling than that which led through Palace Row, and I was well pleased, on my arrival, to find another visitor there before me. This was an elderly and rather eccentric gentleman, who had been for over twenty years the Paris correspondent of a prominent New York paper. Mr. Hollis was a brilliant conversationalist, and from his long residence in the French capital, and his familiarity with all the different topics, literary, social, and artistic, of so many years past, was always very delightful to listen to. Tracy and I had spent some time in talk with him respecting the events of the day, when suddenly it occurred to me that perhaps Mr. Hollis might be able to give me some information respecting the strange influences that hovered about Palace Row. So I asked him if he was familiar with that street.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I pass through it often on my way from the Rue St. Honoré to the Champs Elysées."

"And what is its history?—though, to be sure, it looks as though it had none, so cheerful and handsome and modern are all the houses."

"I should say that it had a history. But why do you ask?"

I took heart of grace, and told the old gentleman the impressions that Palace Row had always produced on me, and the story as well of my dream, to which he listened intently. When I had brought my narrative to a conclusion, he asked: "Had no one ever told you of the Vivonne murder, the ghastliest tragedy that ever disfigured the annals of the French aristocracy in modern days?"

"I have never heard one word about it."

"Well, you must have been quite a boy when it took place, for some fifteen years, at least, have elapsed since then."

"Do tell us the story, Mr. Hollis,"

remarked Franklin Tracy. "I have heard something about it, but I confess that my memory concerning the details of that astounding crime has become decidedly hazy."

"The facts of the case are simply as follows: The Prince de Vivonne, the head of one of the greatest families of the French nobility, married while still quite young the daughter and only child of General de Craon, a match that was altogether suitable in point of family, and as M^{lle} Anna de Craon was her father's sole heiress, it was a no less satisfactory union from a pecuniary point of view. The Princess passionately loved her husband, who was a man of a sullen disposition and a violent temper, but who was always looked upon as a devoted husband and father. There were five children born of the marriage, three daughters and two sons, the two latter being younger than their sisters. When the young Demoiselles de Vivonne attained an age to profit by the instructions of a governess, the Princess engaged a very highly recommended lady, whose talents and accomplishments were said to be quite extraordinary. She was not in the least good-looking, was this Mademoiselle Caroline Demarsy, but she was a brilliant talker and a very fascinating personage in general.

"Now the Princess Anna, though one of the best of women, had one serious defect in her character; she was possessed by the demon of jealousy, not only as regarded her husband, but also concerning her children. She could not endure that her daughters should give their affection and confidence to anyone in the world besides herself. The influence over them, rapidly acquired by their governess, was looked upon by their mother with intense displeasure, though, in view of the admirable instruction and general training bestowed upon the young ladies by Mademoiselle Demarsy, the Princess contrived to stifle for awhile her jealous dissatisfaction.

"Finally, however, the Prince de Vivonne himself began to display a marked partiality for the society and conversation of the accomplished governess. He liked to talk with her, and would often join his daughters in their daily promenades to discuss literary and political topics with Mademoiselle Demarsy. Nothing more natural, nothing

more innocent than this enjoyment by an intellectual gentleman of the intelligence of a cultivated woman, can well be imagined. But the Princess, still madly in love with her husband, accused the governess of having stolen his affections from her, as well as those of her daughters, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Prince, and the tears and supplications of the girls, she insisted upon dismissing Mademoiselle Demarsy. And not only did she give her notice to leave, but she positively refused to grant to her such letters of recommendation as would enable her to obtain another situation. 'She has destroyed my happiness, and has broken up the peace of my household,' she vehemently declared, 'shall I be the means of introducing so venomous a serpent into the home of another wife and mother, so that she may poison that woman's life as she has done my own? Never!'

"In this dilemma, M^{lle} Demarsy resolved upon a very natural but most injudicious act; she wrote a letter to the Prince de Vivonne, imploring him to use his influence with his wife to procure from her the recommendation in question. The fact of the matter was that she had the chance of obtaining a very advantageous position as governess to the children of one of the royal princes, and it was impossible for her to secure it without a certificate from the Princess. The Prince, urged by his daughters as well as by M^{lle} Demarsy herself, tried his best to persuade his wife into granting the desired favor, but in vain. She passionately reproached him with the interest he manifested in the welfare of the governess, and, as was afterwards proved by the servants, the quarrels between the unhappy pair became constant and violent.

"What really happened on the fatal night of the 29th of September, 1847, in the Hotel de Vivonne, will never be known by mortal man. The Prince returned home rather later than usual that evening, and went at once to his wife's apartments. It was conjectured that he had received a second letter from M^{lle} Demarsy, urging him to fresh efforts in her behalf, but that detail is a mere matter of conjecture, as no such letter was found after the catastrophe, if indeed it had ever existed. But, at all events, the voices of the husband and wife, in tones of violent altercation, were heard by more than

one of the servants. Later in the night the shrieks, as of someone in mortal agony, were audible, and the Princess's maid, as well as her husband's valet, hastened to find out what was the matter. By the time they reached the room from which the cries had proceeded, an ominous silence was reigning within. They knocked and called for admission in vain. There was no reply; and, the door being locked, the man-servant was compelled to break it open.

"They were greeted on entering by a shocking sight. The corpse of their mistress lay in a pool of blood in front of the fireplace. The whole room bore evidence of the terrible struggle that had taken place before the consummation of the crime. The body of the unfortunate lady was covered with wounds, half a dozen of which at least were sufficient to have caused death.

"Suspicion at once fell upon Monsieur de Vivonne. The police, summoned in haste, proceeded to his rooms to arrest him, or at least to interrogate him respecting the events of the night. They found him suffering from the effects of a large quantity of arsenic that he had swallowed; and, in fact, he was too far gone to respond to any questions. Before the day dawned he was dead, taking to the grave with him the secret and the solution of his awful crime."

"And Mademoiselle Demarsy—what became of her?" asked Franklin Tracy.

"She went to America, and under a feigned name she obtained a position as French teacher in one of the fashionable schools of New York. Her powers of irresistible fascination had not deserted her, and she was as fondly loved by her American pupils as she had been by the Demoiselles de Vivonne. Finally, a clergyman of high standing, and an old friend of my own, the Reverend James Meadows, offered her his hand. She told him, in very honorable fashion, whom she really was; but she had enchanted him as she did everybody that knew her, and he persisted in his suit. They were married some five or six years ago; and, so far as I know, they have lived, like the hero and heroine of a fairy tale—happy ever since."

"But what had Palace Row to do with this tragic story, Mr. Hollis?" I queried.

"I had forgotten that point. The Hotel de Craon, a wedding-gift from the old general to his daughter, was torn down after the

catastrophe, and the street in question was laid out over its site."

Two days later Mrs. James Meadows took her departure for the United States, to my great relief, for I could not but shrink from all intercourse with a woman who, however innocently, had been the cause of so terrible a crime. But I comprehended, none the less, the potent charm that had led the Reverend James Meadows to make her his wife. I never saw her again. She died many years ago, and I have stood by her grave in the cemetery of the town in which she had passed her married life, and asked of myself if the clay and the turf above her did not perhaps shroud the solution of the mystery of the Vivonne murder.

And what of little Miss Liz? I can best answer that question by relating a little scene that took place during my last visit, with my wife and children, to Paris. Our youngest girl, Bessie, was made supremely happy one day by a gift from her mother of a very handsome French doll, which our little one had seen and coveted for weeks past in one of the windows on the Rue de Rivoli.

"I shall call her E—liz—a—beth, after mamma," said the child, fondly embracing her new treasure.

"Best give her the name that was bestowed upon me when I was quite a small girl, Bessie," responded her mother. "Call her little Miss Liz."

DAILY DUTY.

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

If another man is bad,
And with rough behavior treats you,
There's no need of getting mad
And not speaking when he meets you.

Shun him not, although he hath
Filled you with a mighty scorning;
He will triumph if your wrath
Burns until to-morrow morning.

'Tis a waste of life to live
In the heat of passion boiling;
It is cheaper to forgive
Than to be forever broiling.

Of great conquerors, not one,
Followed by his trooping minions,

Ever yet with sword and gun
Drove a man from his opinions.

To subdue the human will
More than human might is needed,
And is never done until
Human sympathies are heeded.

Recognize your neighbor's right,
Whether he be friend or foeman;
Do him good with all your might,
Loving all, and hating no man.

Strive with meekness of the dove
Not to humble, but to win him;
And you'll conquer him by love,
Breaking every bone that's in him.

MY ANSWER.

BY ELIZABETH HOWE.

I LOVE my love.
I hear you ask the question.
"How is it she appears?"
Well, she has blue eyes, true and tender,
That sometimes are diffused with tears,
And yet—I love my love.

I love my love.
Her dimpled little hands and feet,
Her rosy cheeks and shell-like ears;
Her rosebud mouth is ripe for kisses,
Nor often is it one she misses,
And so—I love my love.

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I love my love.
Her voice makes sweeter music
Than that one often hears,
Ah, when I see her laughing eyes,
And when into my arms she flies,
Ah, then—I love my love!

I love my love.
For me she keeps her fondest glance,
With me shares her joys and fears,
And as I brush each soft brown curl
(For she is my own sweet baby girl)
I know—I love my love.

THE AGENT'S DOG.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

MISS HERNDON was one of those pests of humanity—a book-agent. But there are two sides to every story, and perhaps the busy people who grudged the few moments necessary to “send her about her business” would have spoken in a more civil manner—they might even have pitied her—if they had known of the sickly mother and the three younger sisters at home. Very often the eldest daughter's earnings were all that kept them from absolute starvation.

They never actually suffered from hunger, for she was such a faithful worker; but her book-canvassing was no gold mine. It yielded her a fair income, but she had to work hard for every cent. There were grim faces and curt words to be met, and long weary tramps to be taken early and late, through rain, wind, and snow, mud and frost. These long lonely roads were sometimes dangerous, but the hungry mouths at home needed bread, so she toiled on bravely; and, being cool and courageous, she had so far passed through every danger unscathed.

At one time, however, she had gone several miles out in the country, and sunset found her delivering the last of her parcel of books at least two miles from the station where she must take the train for home.

“Couldn't you stay over night?” asked her friendly customer, after paying for her books. “It's a long, cold walk back to town.”

Miss Herndon laughed. “Mother would be anxious if I did not come on time, and I have taken so many long, cold walks that I don't mind one more in clear weather.”

The good woman looked troubled. “I can't bear to have you go; indeed, I can't! You must stay.”

“But I mustn't,” Miss Herndon answered, smiling.

“If you will stay till after supper, Jack will drive you over,” Mrs. Brunson proposed, earnestly. “You must stay that long, indeed.”

“I should miss the train,” Miss Herndon objected; but, impressed by the anxiety on

the good woman's face, she asked, “Why, is there any danger on the road?”

“Well, I don't really know of any there now—except the agent's dog. But it makes my flesh creep to think of your going along that road to-night. I'd almost rather go with you than have you go alone, and I wouldn't do that for a thousand dollars. Sit down again, and I'll tell you, and then you won't want to go. He was a book-agent, too, and came around here last winter with the ‘Lives of the Presidents.’ We ordered one, and so did lots of the neighbors. I remember so well the day he came around to deliver the books and collect the money, a clear, cold winter's day just like this. His dog was with him, a big curly black dog that he had raised from a puppy, and he seemed to think the world of him. He was full of jokes, and he played with the baby quite a while. It was just sunset when he started down the snowy road, whistling, and the dog frisking around him so gay and fearlessly; and from that day to this nobody knows what became of him. He was seen going down into Murderer's Hollow, and he never came out again.”

“Murderer's Hollow!” Miss Herndon repeated, shivering slightly at the awe-struck tones.

“That is what we call it around here. It's the creek valley, you know. The road runs through it, but when you go down the hill, you are as much out of sight as if you were in a desert. A man killed a neighbor there twenty years ago, and it has been called Murderer's Hollow ever since. Some said it was haunted, but that had mostly worn off when this happened.”

“Perhaps he slipped off the foot-log into the creek,” Miss Herndon suggested, as coolly as she could.

“No, he didn't. The creek was frozen solid. Besides, when people went through the hollow next day, they found the snow all trampled and blood-stained. They didn't pay any attention, at first. Boys go out hunting so often, you know. But, after a

day or two, they noticed the agent's dog prowling around the Hollow, looking wild and savage. Sometimes he would stop people on the road, and he would howl so dismally it made one shiver. I've heard him clear up here on a still night; such a lonesome, awful howl that he made my blood run cold. By-and-by the agent's friends wrote to find out about him, and then came themselves, but they couldn't find out anything. They got the dog, and took him away, and people breathed easier. But in less than a week he was back, haunting and howling again. He's been around there ever since, and he's there now. There's not a woman in the neighborhood would dare to go through that Hollow alone."

"I did not see him when I came through," Miss Herndon said; then, more curiously, "How does he live?"

"Nobody knows. There are rabbits and squirrels in the woods, and maybe he helps himself from the slaughter-house, but he doesn't fare any too well. Such a lean, gaunt, half-starved brute, you never saw."

"I'm not much afraid of dogs," Miss Herndon returned, rising to go.

"But it isn't safe. It's not altogether the dog, but just such a day as he went away. And you a book-agent, too—and with quite a little sum of money about you—I can't bear to think of your going."

Miss Herndon shivered, more impressed than she cared to show. She even hesitated; but, remembering her mother's anxiety whenever she was delayed, grew firm again.

"The bullet never goes twice through the same hole," she quoted, with a forced laugh; "and it won't help matters, anyway, to wait till dark."

Mrs. Brunson, looking utterly dismayed, once more begged her to remain; but, finding her resolute, took down a small revolver, and thrust it into her hands.

"Then, at least, take this with you. It may stand you in good stead, and you can leave it with the station-master. It is loaded. Oh, but indeed you must take it. I shall feel easier."

Miss Herndon protested but faintly. The story had made her nervous enough to be glad of a weapon. She took it with thanks, and started.

The sun was sinking. Cold and lonesome, the road stretched before her, a beaten track

through frozen snow. Clear and cold the sky stretched above. The snow crunched dismally under foot, the leafless trees seemed to stretch out their bare branches warningly, and the windows of the few houses in sight to glare at her in horror. She shivered, drew her cloak closer, and hastened her steps, to pass through the Hollow before the sunset faded. True, the moon high in the east would soon brighten her path, but she rather dreaded its uncanny glory.

Nevertheless, the way was long, the footing slippery, and the sunset was fast fading, when she paused on the brow of the bluff and looked down into Murderer's Hollow. It was not wide—perhaps a quarter of a mile from crest to crest of the bluff, with the ice-locked creek half-way between—but, with Mrs. Brunson's story sounding in her ears, it looked very dismal. The bluffs were steep and precipitous, save where the road cut through them. It was almost dark in their shadows, and the naked trees and bushes looked spectral and skeleton-like against the snow-drifts. The foot-log, spanning the frozen stream at the road-side, looked to her excited fancy like an ambushed foe, but she only touched the revolver to reassure herself, and with quicker breath commenced the descent.

The bluff rose behind her, shutting out the sunset and shutting her from human sight. The faint moonlight shone down on her path, and she was half-way between the bluff and the creek when—Miss Herndon stopped suddenly, and listened.

The evening was preternaturally calm. When the snow ceased crunching beneath her feet, she could almost hear her heart's frightened throbbing. Yes, there a twig snapped with a sharp crack. She looked around keenly, but could make out nothing among the weird shadows. Hark! Surely the snow was crunching softly ahead?

Terrified, yet unwilling to fly, Miss Herndon stood her ground, clutching the revolver nervously. It was a positive relief when a dark form came out of the bushes, and stood in the path a rod ahead, though that form would have terrified most women.

It was the dog—tall, gaunt, his hair and tail matted with burrs and frozen snow, his eyes and manner fierce and wolfish. Yet, oddly enough, Miss Herndon's first feeling was one of pity.

Poor, faithful beast! For twelve long dreary months he had haunted the spot where his beloved master had met with foul play, sleeping perhaps on that master's unsuspected grave, homeless, friendless, and half-starved, every man's hand against him for his very loyalty. The next thought was more practical. Would he allow her to pass? For all his neglected condition, he would prove no mean antagonist. Should she shoot him? No, she never could bear to hurt the loyal beast unless in absolute self-defense. What then? She carried a substantial lunch of crackers and cheese in her satchel. Opening it, she tossed him a cracker, with a pacifying "Poor doggy!"

It was snapped up in a twinkling, and the dog came closer. Miss Herndon threw him another, and moved forward. That was also devoured, and he came up to her side; but she fancied his looks were not so furious. Another and another she threw him, moving forward, meantime, with less fearful steps, though he kept close beside her, with his wolfish nose close to her hand. But she had more than enough to take her through the Hollow, she rapidly calculated, and he would hardly follow her further.

But, just as she gave him the seventh, there came another crunching step from the shadows, and another form—a man's, this time—stood before her. Miss Herndon stopped suddenly, not knowing whether to be relieved or still more terrified. Her uncertainty was quickly dispelled.

"I'm a poor man, Miss," said a painfully-disguised voice, "and I've a wife and seven small children dying of cold and hunger. You've been collecting heaps of money, till you've more than you know what to do with. You'd never have the heart to refuse them bread and butter now, would you, Miss?"

Miss Herndon shrank back, forgetting her fear of the dog in the greater fear for the money that meant so much to the dear ones at home.

"You are mistaken," she said, as coolly as possible; "I, too, have helpless ones depending on me, and need every cent I have to carry on my work, and keep them from suffering. I can give you something," with a gulp, for every surrender meant some needed comfort denied. "But I am only a working-woman, and cannot afford much."

She took out a small purse, which held

little more than her expenses home. A larger one, wherein lay the money she had collected, was safe in an inner pocket, where pickpockets would not be apt to search. The man snatched it from her hand before she could open it, seized her satchel, and vanished into the shadows. Miss Herndon shivered from head to foot, and hurried on. The dog kept at her side, increasing her terror now that she had nothing to give him. How slippery was the frozen snow! It seemed as if her trembling feet could never carry her through the dreadful Hollow. She had barely reached the glistening ice of the creek, when a fierce voice from behind called to her to halt. She hastened her steps to a run, but her foot slipped, and she fell headlong. Before she could scramble to her feet, bruised and bewildered, the robber had overtaken her.

"You needn't try to fool us," he exclaimed, with a torrent of oaths and foul language that made Miss Herndon shiver worse than the cold. "Where is the money you've collected to-day? More than thirty dollars, I know; and you mean to put us off with this trifle! Where's that money?"

Miss Herndon trembled violently. Surrender the money so necessary to the loved ones at home! Her fingers under the muffling-cloak closed desperately on the revolver. Dared she use it? If only she could frighten the man away! But he looked too strong and wicked to be easily frightened. If she showed her weapon she must be prepared to use it, and could she? To risk human life—to see the dear ones at home suffer for the comforts of life—which alternative was the most painful? She was torn by conflicting fears and horrors. But suddenly a dark, gaunt shape stood on the glistening ice between her and the robber, facing him, and the moon shone on white fangs and glaring wolfish eyes. The man started back with an oath.

"Is that your dog?"

Miss Herndon made no reply. Little as she liked the savage-looking apparition, she would not refuse any protection the dog was inclined to give. But a gruff voice from back among the shadows called fiercely:

"Blast your dilly-dallying, Jake. Do you mean to get that money to-night, or not?"

The effect was sudden and terrific. The dog fairly leaped into the air, and tore madly

in the direction of the voice, with a cry that rang in Miss Herndon's ears for months afterward—a deep wild cry, half-howl, half-bark, half of rage and agony, and half of triumph. There was a crash of boughs, and then a single scream of mortal agony suddenly stifled. Forgetting everything else, robber and robbed rushed in pursuit. In the centre of a tiny glade beyond the shadows they came upon a terrible sight. A man was prostrate on the ground, still struggling for life, while the great gaunt beast above him, an incarnation of savage fury now, tore fiercely at his throat.

The robber, Jake, cowered away in terror, muttering faintly, "That agent's dog! It's all up with Tom."

Miss Herndon made one frantic effort to tear the dog from his victim, but his wolfish eyes and ferocious growl turned her heart-sick, and his strength overpowered hers. She dared not use her revolver now. If she failed to kill him instantly, what would her own life be worth? And the victim's decreasing struggles, the crimson fast staining the snow, told her only too plainly that she would run the risk in vain.

Sick and faint, she turned to hurry from the Hollow, catching sight of her satchel as she did so. It was half-buried in the snow, its contents scattered around, and her purse beside it. Instinctively, she snatched them up and fled, unmolested, for Jake, horrified at his comrade's fate, had taken to his heels.

With feet winged by terror, Miss Herndon crossed the frozen creek, hurried across the bottom-land, and had commenced the upward slope, when, with a rush and a bound, the dog stood before her, his jaw dropping a crimson stain on the white snow. She fell back with a shriek of terror. The gaunt animal responded with a bark that sounded reassuring, but seized a corner of her cloak in his bloody jaws, and attempted to pull her back towards the creek. She resisted. She tried to pull away from his hold, but she dared not strike him, and when she proffered the old bribe, a cracker, he would not even smell it. He had tasted blood, and nothing would tempt him now. He made no move to harm her, but tugged at her cloak, and uttered pitiful whines so unlike his first enraged howls that her fears were somewhat lessened. She yielded to his tugging, for two or three steps, when he released

his hold and trotted on ahead. But turning, a rod further on, he discovered that Miss Herndon was hurrying away from him. He gave a pitiful howl, and, once more leaping after her, caught her cloak, and tugged at it more violently than ever, without offering her the slightest harm.

"It is useless to resist," she muttered, helplessly. "He means to drag me back to the creek. Can't the beast be satisfied with the man he has already killed? What can he want of me?"

She followed slowly, clasping the revolver tightly, and prepared for any emergency. At first the dog clung to her cloak and pulled her on, but when they reached the frozen creek, seeing how unresistingly she came, he released the cloak, only looking back, and whining pitifully as he led on. Miss Herndon shivered with terror even now. It was all so strange and ghastly and mysterious. Over head the stars shone in frosty splendor through the leafless branches, and the moonlight sparkled from a thousand snow-crystals. There she stood, on the frozen creek, far from human aid, the dark form of the man she had seen killed lying upon the sand near her, and the gaunt wolfish-looking dog that had killed him urging her on she knew not for what purpose.

His pitiful whine appealed to her so deeply that she followed along the creek, only swerving at times to avoid the ice. Where was he taking her? Suddenly he stopped at the foot of a towering oak, and emitted a long, mournful howl. Miss Herndon scanned the tree curiously. It stood several feet from the creek bank, completely surrounded by ice. It was dead, but a mass of wild grape-vine clung about the naked limbs, looking now, in the depth of winter, like a mass of knotted ropes. What was there here to explain the dog's movements? It was evidently his destination, for he sat down upon his haunches, and looked up into her face expectantly. Miss Herndon looked about her in every direction. There was nothing unusual to be seen. She looked again at the tree, and, putting out her hand to draw the grape-vines aside, saw that the trunk was hollow. The dog leaped forward, thrust his nose in, then withdrew it with a wail. With her heart beating wildly, Miss Herndon pushed her hand underneath the

vines a little further. Something was there. Her hand touched something metallic. She looked closer, and recoiled with a scream, for a skeleton face met her gaze, and a skeleton hand held out a pistol. For some moments she stood trembling, almost ready for flight, then summoning all her courage she made a closer investigation. It was a skeleton, well-dressed, and standing in the hollow oak, the space being too contracted to admit of its falling. It faced the entrance, and the skeleton fingers held the pistol resting upon a knotty branch. At the foot of the tree lay an open satchel, from which a once elegant book had fallen. The rains and snows of twelve months had blistered and ruined it, but Miss Herndon could make out enough of the half-effaced gilt lettering to see that it was "The Lives of the Presidents." So she stood face to face with all that remained of the agent murdered in this Hollow a year before—the hapless dog's more hapless master. She understood now why she had been led here, and saw plainly the dog's motive for stopping everyone who passed by on that road.

She turned away with a thrill of horror, only pausing to caress the loyal dog's head a moment. "Poor old fellow! So you have been trying for a whole year to bring someone to your master's aid. Oh, if you could only talk!" She went quickly on her way, the dog offering no opposition. He had shown her what he wanted her to see. He sat there until she turned a bend in the stream, then rose, and uttering one long, mournful howl that made the woods ring he trotted after her. He had fulfilled his duty to the dead—had perhaps obeyed some dying command to bring help, who knows?—and felt himself free to follow the only person among so many who had fed him or spoken kindly to him since his master's death.

Miss Herndon paused one moment beside the dead tramp. He lay stiff and bloody, but she could not pity him, for she felt that he was one of the agent's murderers. She fairly flew on to the station, the dog trotting quietly at her heels, and once or twice coming up to lick her hand and receive a caress in return.

At the station she told her story. It excited intense interest, and a searching-party at once set out to find the skeleton and fetch it away. On the road they captured Jake, who, not anticipating any trouble, had taken no pains to conceal himself. He and his dead companion were soon identified as tramps who had been in the county for some days. Hoping to better his own condition, and not having been directly concerned in the agent's murder, Jake freely told the story.

"Tom told me only yesterday, that he and a chum was hereabouts a year ago. They saw a book-agent collecting money, and ambushed him in the Hollow, but you bet he showed fight. Tom put a ball into him, but his dog fought like a tiger, and the man got away, and took his stand in a hollow tree, where his pistol kept them off till they thought they heard somebody coming and skedaddled without the money. Tom never knew but what the feller got away, for he didn't dare to show up again till lately. He said yesterday, that a woman wouldn't slip through his fingers so easily. But that durned dog was there, and knew his voice, and that was the end of him."

Always after that the dog was Miss Herndon's constant companion. At first, she was more alarmed than pleased, but she soon came to lean upon his loyalty and courage, and his devotion spared her from many a fright in her lonely walks over desolate country roads.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

BY JOSEPHINE PUETT SPOONTS.

WHEN thou art near my glad heart sings

In sweet content as mated bird;

From thy fond glance my sunshine springs—

Sweet music sounds thy lightest word.

Clasped in thy arms, no future feared,

Life's promise to the present clings;

When thou art near my glad heart sings

In sweet content as mated bird.

Far from thy side the bright day wings

Its flight, or if by storm-clouds blurred

I care not, see not what it brings,

But pine apart, unblessed, uncheered—

When thou art near my glad heart sings

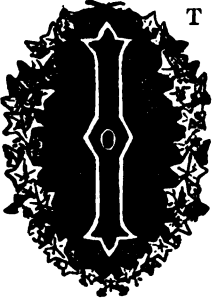
In sweet content as mated bird.

UNDER THE ROSE.

BY MISS KENT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 230.

PART II. CHAPTER III.



It was a cold, dreary, wet day, and Winifred sat in the corner, by courtesy called her room, and shed tears of disappointment because the neighbor who had promised to take her home that evening had thoughtlessly left her behind.

It was Friday, and she had dismissed school early, expecting to go home. She deeply loathed to spend Sunday with the Parkers, but on this occasion her father had been unable to send for her. She had a still more bitter cause for resentment; the youngest Parker—christened Finis—had stolen her new hat, and eaten the flowers which adorned it. Winifred was almost ready to wish that the spray of blossoms had contained Paris-green enough on it to translate Finis to another sphere.

As she sat there dismally, she heard Sherman Parker open the front door, and then heard Tom Lester and Leslie Fields ask to see the Squire, Sherman's father.

"He's gone down to gran'pap's," said Sherman. "Ther' ain't nobody inside but me an' granny."

"Miss Allwyn went home, I suppose?" questioned Fields.

"Yes; she went with Smiths."

Winifred could hear every word that was said, for her room was separated from the other only by a lath partition, covered on one side with cotton-cloth and wall-paper, but she did not choose to correct Sherman's mistake. Her eyes were red, her mood was blue; so she had no mind to meet the young gentlemen.

One of the pair she had seen once or twice already in the course of the week; for Fields had come to the school-house in

spite of her warning, and she was meditating the mitten direct, since no hint could check him in his mad career.

Sherman volunteered to go for her father, and as she was evidently eager for the errand, the two men let her depart, and sat down to wait.

"Say, Les," said Tom Lester, "you seem to take an awful sight of interest in Winifred Allwyn!"

"And what if I do?" asked his cousin, haughtily.

"Oh, nothing," rejoined Tom, mirthfully, "only 'I wouldn't advise any friend of mine to marry a school-teacher.'"

"Oh, dry up, Tom!" said Fields, evidently provoked. "The foolish things that I said last Friday were said once too often. And it sounds uncommonly well for you to preach consistency! You were raving about her yourself last week—"

"That was before I had seen Lina," interrupted Tom.

"And about next week you'll see some other 'prettiest girl,'" replied Fields, who seemed disposed to play the Friar Laurence to his Romeo of a cousin.

"No, sir," protested Tom; but here, Winifred, horrified by the turn which the conversation had taken, rose and moved about, to apprise the gentlemen of her proximity.

"That's just Granny Parker," said Tom. "She's as deaf as a door-nail. So you are going to take back all that disgusting stuff about school-teachers, Les?"

"If only I'm allowed to do so," said Fields, gloomily; adding, irrelevantly, "I suppose there's not a shadow of a chance for me."

"Why?" asked Tom, showing a degree of sympathy which plainly proved that the "shivering ghost" of his own affections had been successfully transferred from the fair one under discussion. "What was that speech of yours about 'faint heart'?"

Fields laughed slightly.

"Tom," said he, "I think I hit it pretty well about her 'eyes,' considering that I had never seen her. If ever the 'summer heaven's delicious blue' got into a pair of eyes, it is in hers! And her complexion—no wonder you talked about it—it's dazzling! Such a color, too; always bright, but changing often enough to show that it's a glow not a bloom!"

"Lina's complexion is the prettiest," said Tom. "It makes me think of one of these summer peaches—dead-ripe."

This eclogue was interrupted by Mr. Parker's entrance, which Winifred felt to be a pity.

The young men transacted their business with the Squire, and went their way unconscious of the disdainful beauty who peeped at them through a rent in the green paper window-shade.

She ought to have been grateful to them; they had effectually dried her tears and banished her blues, but all the thanks they got was the quotation: "Men are deceivers ever."

When Mrs. Parker returned that evening, she was surprised to find that Winifred had not gone home; and Winifred was surprised to hear that she must seek a new boarding-place.

The Oklahoma fever had seized Mr. Parker; he had sold his farm, and intended to emigrate immediately.

Winifred did not know where to go; she mentioned the matter to Mrs. Lester, whom she met the next day, and was cordially invited to stay with that lady for the rest of the term.

Winifred had not thought of boarding with Mrs. Lester. She entertained the thought now with great reluctance; but no other place offered itself, and the following Tuesday found her established in one of Mrs. Lester's large, comfortably-furnished rooms, which seemed inexpressibly pleasant after the Parker "cubby-holes."

Winifred wondered, as she prepared to go down to dinner, whether she could meet Tom Lester and his cousin with any sort of unconsciousness, but she was spared the ordeal, so far as Fields was concerned; he did not appear.

"Is Leslie no better, mother?" Tom inquired, at table.

"No," said Mrs. Lester; and in reply to an inquiry from Winifred, added that her

nephew seemed to have taken a very severe cold.

"Perhaps he has taken the measles," said Winifred.

"I had not thought of that," said Mrs. Lester; "but I don't see how he could take them. I have kept Minnie from school ever since the measles appeared."

"He has been at the school-house several times," said Tom.

"Then, of course, he has taken the measles," said Mrs. Lester. "It was very imprudent of him," she added. "It sometimes goes very hard with grown people, especially dark-complexioned ones."

"Winifred will have to nurse him—she was the cause of his catching 'em," said Tom, slyly.

His teasing words came true to an extent altogether unexpected, for not only Fields, but also Minnie Lester and the hired-girl fell victims to the troublesome malady.

Minnie was a delicate child, and her mother's idol; the latter could not bear to leave her darling's bedside; so Fields was left to Tom's care, and in the morning and evening, when his cousin was obliged to be out feeding the stock, the sufferer had to depend on the despised schoolmistress.

For awhile Leslie was too ill to think of that, but when, finally, the fever left him, and he had only the misery of weakness to contend with, he began to object to the coals of fire which Winifred's dainty hands continually heaped on his head.

"Miss Allwyn," he said, one morning, as she was arranging a delicious-looking breakfast at his bedside, "why do they let 'you' take all this trouble? Now I would willingly have the measles once a month to be waited on by you. But it is too much trouble—the girl could do it."

"The girl took the measles, and went home, long ago," said Minnie Lester, who had accompanied Winifred. Minnie's attack had proved much lighter than her cousin's, and she had been up and out for some time.

"Well, I wish she would stay at home," said Fields. "Her absence improves the cooking wonderfully. She used to put sugar in the corn-bread—I believe that that was what made me sick. Minnie, tell Aunt Lucy that if she doesn't want me to eat too much, she must not make such good muffins."

"Mamma didn't make them," said Minnie. "Miss Allwyn made them, because mamma said she could hardly ever make good corn-bread, and she wanted some for you."

"Yes," said Winifred, anticipating Fields' thanks, "and I caught this cat-fish, and cooked it for you, too. Don't you think it a fine one?"

Fields praised the fish, and Minnie said, enviously: "Did you and Tom go a-fishing last night, Miss Allwyn?"

"Yes," replied Winifred; "Mr. Mason and his wife went in the wagon, and invited us to join them. Is the coffee quite to your taste, Mr. Fields?" For Fields was wearing a most imperial frown.

"Yes, quite so, thank you," he answered; "everything is excellent."

He proved the sincerity of his praises by eating and drinking all that was brought to him, and then desiring more.

"You will get well fast, I think," said Winifred. "Your appetite is so good, and you do look so charmingly cross."

"Who wouldn't look cross," retorted Fields, "down with this babyish disease while other fellows can go a-fishing with Miss Allwyn?"

"I was not fishing for that compliment," said Winifred. She thought he had small reason to complain, since she waited on him in the morning and read to him in the evening, the doctor having forbidden him to read.

Fields was only too grateful, and Winifred found it difficult—for she could not help liking him—to keep him at the distance she had decided to be proper.

"It sha'n't be my fault," she thought, "if he doesn't have time to discover whether I'm 'all that his fancy painted me.' And if he is inconsistent enough to propose, anyhow, I shall just give him his own advice about marrying a school-mistress."

But Fields, though not allowed to devote himself to her openly, managed to keep his memory green in her mind.

"Minnie," she said, one morning, "who is it that puts such beautiful flowers in my room every day?"

"Cousin Les, I s'pose," said Minnie. "He gets a box of them from the greenhouse every day. I asked him what he was going to do with them, and he said he should give them to his girl."

"He didn't mean me, then," said Winifred, enraged by the possibility of such presumption.

"Oh, yes, he did," said Minnie, innocently. "He thinks all the world of you. He's made a song about you—a pretty song, too."

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Allwyn. "Did you ever hear it?"

"Yes," replied Minnie; "I was up in the loft looking for eggs, and I heard him singing it down in the stable. One verse of it goes like this:

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her neck is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
An' dark-blue is her e'e—
An' for bonnie Winnie Allwyn
I'd lay me down an' dee."

"Pshaw!" said Winifred, blushing brilliantly. "That's the oldest sort of a song. That's 'Annie Laurie,' and whoever composed it, your cousin did not."

"Oh," said Minnie, disconcerted, "I thought he did. It had your name in it."

Miss Allwyn abruptly closed the conversation.

CHAPTER IV.

"How one does miss Winifred!" said Mrs. Lester, on Sunday, as she entered the parlor in which her nephew was seated.

"Everyone, you should say," Fields replied. He looked at the clock severely, as if it had a hand or two in delaying some desired event. "She will be back this evening, I suppose?" he added, after a pause.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lester.

Fields gave a sigh of relief.

"I used to hope," Mrs. Lester went on, "that Tom and Winifred would make a match, but he has taken a great fancy to her sister. I don't know but that it's better so, however, for Lina is younger than Tom, and Winifred's a year older."

"Yes," said Fields; "Winifred is two years younger than I."

"I don't know much about Lina," pursued Mrs. Lester. "She has been off at school until last spring, when she graduated. Winifred paid her expenses."

"Why doesn't Captain Allwyn have a pension?" asked Fields. "The wounds that he received, and the service he rendered, should entitle him to a large pension, it seems to me."

"He won't apply for one," said Mrs. Lester. "I heard Winifred talking to Lina about it last Friday. Winifred was out of patience about something which had happened at school. She said she wished she need never set foot in a dusty, noisy, stifling school-room again; that she would not need to if her father would only apply for a pension. 'He isn't a school-mistress,' she said, 'that he need be so confoundedly independent.' Her language scandalized Lina, and Winifred went on to explain that it was a quotation from some gentleman of her acquaintance—she would not say whom. 'A mighty chivalrous youth, I imagine,' Lina said. 'Chivalry is gone,' rejoined Winifred, 'and I don't think it's gone South, either.'"

Fields flushed hotly. He knew what Southerner was responsible for Winifred's sneer at the "courtiers of the sun," but it evidently hurt him. Some one has said that the word "ungentlemanlike" from a woman is always worse than a blow in the face to a man, and the word "unchivalrous" must be little less intolerable to a gentleman.

"Winifred shares something of her father's feeling towards the South, I believe," said Mrs. Lester. "He is sometimes as bitter as if the war hadn't ended a quarter of a century ago."

Captain Allwyn's likes and dislikes ought to have interested Fields, but he walked the floor in frowning silence; and Mrs. Lester, leaving him, went to see that Winifred's room was ready; and Winifred, arriving some minutes later, found Fields alone in the parlor.

She greeted him very graciously; and, as she unwound the veil which protected her delicate complexion, she said, gayly, that she had found a specimen of a flower about which she and Fields had disputed, and that she could now convince him that it was not merely a school-mistress' self-conceit which had made her so confident.

"You are forever alluding to that old prejudice of mine," said Fields, frowning fearfully, "a prejudice which you destroyed in a day—as you are well aware. It gives you so much pleasure to punish me, that I ought to suffer without a word. But you should remember that 'chivalry is gone,' and that 'it's not gone South,' according to Miss Allwyn."

Winifred colored uncomfortably.

"How did you happen to hear that spiteful little joke of mine?" she said. "I would not have had you hear it for anything. But you need not take me to task for—I didn't mean it."

She glanced at him, archly, as she added: "One says things, occasionally, which one can't maintain, you know."

"Oh, yes," Fields assented. "We are quits, now, Miss Allwyn," taking her hand.

And thus the case of the School-mistress vs. Southern Chivalry was amicably compromised.

CHAPTER V.

It was the close of a beautiful Decoration-Day. May seemed to have borrowed June's crown of roses, that Queen Flora's richest treasures might glow on the graves of those whom the nation delighted to honor.

The Allwyns, in company with their neighbors, had gone to the graveyard, near the battle-field, where speeches, songs, and strewing of flowers had been indulged in as usual.

It was now after sunset, and Winifred was in her bower alone, enjoying the bewildering sweetness of grape-blossoms and roses commingled. Above the bower sang a mocking-bird, rising and falling in the fragrant air as if "flung up momentarily" by the fountain of song within him.

Winifred was not allowed to enjoy these "spring delights" very long; her little sister came out to inform her that Mr. Fields was in the house, desiring to see her. "We shall have to sit in the dining-room," thought Winifred; for Tom and Lina, now happily engaged, held the parlor in undisputed possession.

The dining-room was pleasant enough, especially at the window where Winifred and Fields established themselves—a west window wreathed about with woodbine, whose "fragrant foam" sweetened all the air. However, if the young people had observed that Captain Allwyn was seated on the porch only a few feet distant, they would, probably have chosen another window.

Captain Allwyn did not seem disposed to notice the pair; he was in a reverie—probably living over again certain hours of "glorious life," when, following the flag which "never has been conquered," he fought for the freedom of the few and the union of the many.

"What have you been doing to-day?" asked Fields.

"Decorating, of course," said Winifred.

"Decorating yourself?" said Fields, looking at a Grand Army badge which she was wearing.

Winifred laughed, and explained that the badge was her father's, but she liked to wear it.

"Let me see it, please," said Fields; and when Winifred had given him the badge, he proceeded to make a good deal of fun of it, misinterpreting the design in the most absurd manner.

He could not tease Winifred, however; she knew that his father had been an officer in the Confederate army, but she knew, too, that Fields had really no more prejudice than was consistent with loyalty. What was the war to either of them, young as they were, with none of their own in the graves which "glory guards?"

"Better decorate me," Fields said, finally, "instead of wasting roses on dead heroes."

"You're neither grave nor hero," Winifred objected.

"Old Ninny's tomb was not more grave," said Fields. "And don't I prove myself a hero every time I come here, by going away again?"

"Oh," said Winifred, "but if I decorate you for going away, sha'n't I be very rude?"

"To send me away without even a rose would be worse," said Fields; "and, Winifred, I don't mean to go until I know—"

He could not finish his sentence, for an intruder appeared in the person of Captain Allwyn, who entered the room, and, seating himself, began to talk politics to Fields, a subject which the latter especially shunned when with the captain, since they belonged to opposite parties. But to-night the captain was unavoidable. Fields took his hat, at last, in despair, and bade Winifred a wistful good-night, thus making a much earlier exhibition of heroism than he had intended, and the captain, still arguing, followed him even to the gate.

"Well, he will feel more like following the plow to-morrow," thought Winifred, "than if he had stayed, as usual; but I'd like to know just what he was about to say when papa came in."

Her curiosity on this point increased uncomfortably, when day after day passed,

and night after night intervened, without another visit from Fields.

Their homes were several miles apart, and the Lesters had gone to Eureka Springs for Minnie's health, but Winifred felt sure that she should have heard if sickness or absence prevented Fields from coming.

"He is like all the rest!" she thought, bitterly. "I am glad that I never let him say a word." And, inconsistently, she began to wonder whether she had been too cold—whether he might not justly feel discouragement.

Tormented thus by vain conjecture and useless regrets, she sat in the dining-room, one drizzly morning, and wished that the honeysuckle at the window were pulled up by the roots—it reminded her so of the night when Fields was last there. Then she scolded herself for a sickly, spiritless simpleton.

"Perhaps it's retribution," she thought—"I've mitteden so many;" and for a moment the mocking light returned to her eyes. "But I never pretended to care for any of them!"

"I wish your papa had not started to town," said Mrs. Allwyn, coming in. "It's beginning to rain hard; he will be drenched, and I don't know what to put on him."

"I must mend that other coat of his," said Winifred. "Papa never gets anything new until he is a positive scare-crow."

"No," assented Mrs. Allwyn; "and yet, when he was young, no one was more particular about appearance."

"All men affect perfection, even in trifles, when they are young," said Winifred, disdainfully.

"They are about as near it then as ever," said Mrs. Allwyn, pensively.

"Aren't you inconsistent, mamma? When you were speaking of Mr. Mason, the other day, you seemed to think his age ought to count in his favor, rather than otherwise."

"He is not so old," said Mrs. Allwyn; "and his four or five hundred thousand would relieve you from that tiresome teaching."

"Mr. Mason is a thing of the past, mamma," Winifred said. "I refused him again last night, and I don't think he will bother me any more."

"I suppose you refused Leslie Fields, too?" said Mrs. Allwyn, "since he has stopped coming."

"He didn't give me a chance to refuse him," said Winifred, forcing a laugh.

"I think he would have, with the least encouragement. You are too finical, Winifred," said Mrs. Allwyn. "Now, Leslie Fields—I liked him; and, though he is not rich, as Mr. Mason is, he has a nice farm—"

"And a pretty house, which I helped to plan," said Winifred. "'But I'll not marry at all, at all.'"

She tripped away to get her father's coat, and was soon busy fastening in the lining, which had ripped from the sleeve.

"I loathe this kind of work in warm weather," she thought, jerking the coat about over her dainty white dress. "Hot, heavy old thing! Papa always has about a peck of papers in his pockets. I wonder what they are, anyhow? Probably a lot of letters which he's forgotten to mail."

She investigated the paternal pocket, and discovered three sealed letters, which seemed to confirm her suspicions, until she saw that they were all addressed to her, and all in the handwriting of Leslie Fields.

Well she knew that writing! though she sat staring at it as if it were bewilderingly strange.

"I do think!" she said, at last, thus hinting the unutterable; and, after a comparative glance at post-marks, she tore open the oldest of the letters and began to read.

It told a piteous tale. Captain Allwyn had overheard Fields deriding the G. A. R. badge, and taken such offense as had made him order Fields to cease his visits to Winifred. Fields had apologized, begged, and prayed in vain; the captain had declared that his daughter should have nothing to do with a family of "rebels." Finally, Fields had retorted that he would discontinue his attentions to Miss Allwyn at her bidding only, and hence these lines. Here Winifred was interrupted by Lina, who came in, exclaiming:

"Winifred, we want you! Here's Mr. Fields and papa both half-drowned! Come, help us get some dry things for them."

Winifred's head was in a whirl with these giddy revelations, but she dawned on the drenched Fields like Aurora's self, star-eyed and crimson-cheeked.

"You do deserve to be decorated," she said, when she had thanked him for the rescue of her stern parent.

But to dry the heroes was the first desideratum.

"Papa'll have to put on his G. A. R. suit," Winifred said, dealing out linen to her mamma; "I didn't get that other coat mended."

When the captain, warm and comfortable, had told for the twentieth time to his wife how the brook was up; how Texas, the horse, had balked in the middle of it; how he had beaten Texas, how Texas cared not; how Fields had appeared on the other side, but passed not by; how the wagon had finally gone over with him, the captain in it; and Fields had instantly plunged to the rescue—when, I say, this story had gone through its twentieth edition, Mrs. Allwyn saw fit to leave her hero and see about dinner.

Winifred, heartlessly ignoring Mr. Fields' probable impatience to see her, slipped down to her father's study, and found, as she desired, its occupant alone, standing at a window in a reverie that might have been something like Clarence's dream.

"Papa," said Miss Allwyn, startling him, as her light step had not attracted his attention, "I should like to know what I have ever done that you should treat me so?—taking all my letters, and forbidding Mr. Fields the house just for nothing."

The only answer was a little laugh. Winifred, naturally incensed, went on defiantly: "I can tell you one thing, papa: your extraordinary measures wouldn't have hindered! Mr. Fields would have asked me some time, and I'd have taken him!"

"Would you?" said her listener, turning, and taking her—it was Fields, dressed, for his sins, in the captain's G. A. R. suit.

It was well for him that he had been nearly drowned that day, and that a month's separation had revealed his value, else Winifred's pride might have made trouble, so angry was she, so ashamed of her self-betrayal.

"The light was in my eyes," she said, half-disposed to shed tears, "and I saw only that old blue—"

"'Blue is the sweetest color that's worn,'" laughed the lucky lover.

They both laughed, but Winifred felt that Fortune had got even with her; she had been much courted, but the one for whom she cared had never told his love, but had, so to speak, courted her UNDER THE ROSE.

IN ROSAMOND'S BOWER.

BY LUELLEN TETERS.



DOROTHY sat out in the old kitchen-garden, under the grass-sweeping boughs of a gnarled apple-tree, shelling peas. Betty, the cook, and maid-of-all-work, had

taken to her bed with a painful tooth; and, as Aunt Jemima was all but bed-ridden, the duties of the house, fortunately very light, devolved on Dorothy.

It was not the task that displeased her, as she sat there, this warm July afternoon. Now and again she puckered her pretty, straight brows, and the peas, popping from their close green confinements, rattled down into the shallow pan. Some more daring flew out and around, until even old Tabby, snoring musically at the girl's feet, was roused to that pitch where patience ceases to be a virtue, and looked irefully at his mistress, while indulging in a war-like series of "spitz."

The girl was supremely unconscious of it all; her thoughts were in a labyrinthian tangle. To resolve her intangible discomfort to a material grievance, her discontent arose from a fact, trivial in itself, but of serious consideration to her. It was the same old question, which, in Eden, perplexed our Mother Eve, and was duly inherited by her legionary force of daughters—the question of dress.

Dorothy could not say "which," but "what?" There was Mrs. Lacy-Smythe's garden-party-to-morrow afternoon. As they were of annual occurrence only, fortunate were they to whom the opportunity was offered. The girl's going involved the subject of dress. Now, if it were only an even-

ing-party, she thought, her gown would not be noticed, but with the glaring sun insolently eyeing one, it would be impossible to conceal the "ravages of time." Her one gown was historical—it had served at Germans, parties, and theatricals; it had been described as a "dainty affair of mousseline de soi," or "a severely simple Grecian costume," contradictorily, on indefinitely, until Dorothy would often wonder if it hadn't been a case of mistaken identity—but then she knew the society reporter in that capacity. But, despite the many alluring descriptions, the gown was one and the same, and although she keenly appreciated the reporter's cleverness of pen, yet she knew already his powers of imagination must have been comforted far beyond all hope of normalization.

She remembered Mrs. Lacy-Smythe's garden-party of a year ago; then she was Great-aunt Martha's prospective heiress, and Jack Tracy, dear Cousin Jack, had told her he loved her; and then that horrid Dutch baron came, and, as if he had a claim on her, carried her off to her great-aunt's protecting wing. She did not see Jack again. The next day, the baron proposed to her, or her prospective millions; but, in face of her aunt's wrath, she refused him. And, but two or three days after that, Great-aunt Martha died, and when the will was read, to everybody's consternation, the whole of the estate was left to Jack Tracy, excepting a single bequest to Dorothy, and that was the old lady's cast-off clothing contained in a huge trunk!

Jack Tracy had immediately gone abroad, but he had returned last week, and would undoubtedly be at the garden-party to-morrow. She must go. The historical gown, with huge rents in the skirt, and various stains of fruit on the front, was out of the question. Perhaps there might be something in that trunk; it had never been opened since her great-aunt locked it.

She finished her task with alacrity, and hurried up into the dusty old garret, where the trunk had been stowed away. There

was an endless amount of clothing in it, some fashioned in the style of the beginning of the century, other gowns, more modish in their narrow waists and high-shoulder effects. One in particular took her fancy; it was of some exquisite, diaphanous material, of the palest shade of turquoise—so pale, that it was neither blue nor green. The skirt and the trimmings of the waist were wrought in silver, in Arabesque design. There were even dainty slippers, and silken-hose to match. The dress recalled vividly to the girl's memory the last time she had seen her great-aunt in it, for the old lady affected juvenility of dress. She had gone out on the balcony, after dinner that night, and found her great-aunt there, in this lovely gown. The old lady had motioned her nearer, placing a gaunt hand on the girl's forehead; she peered into her face with burning eyes.

"Child," she had said, in her tremulous voice, "you angered me, foolish one. I had hoped to see you the wife of the baron—but—well, it will be righted." Then she resumed her slow walk. The young girl had darted into the house. The old lady looked uncanny in the pale moonlight, which flickered through the leafage of the trees. The lawyers had instigated a search for another will, but to no avail.

Hark! what was that? Dorothy looked over her shoulder in a fright. A great rat scampered across the creaking boards, and the girl, snatching the gown and shoes, ran down the narrow stair-case.

* * * * *

Mrs. Lacy-Smythe's garden-party opened with great brilliancy. A dazzling kaleidoscope of gay figures and brilliant booths, set off advantageously by an emerald lawn and the darker green of the shrubbery. An orchestra, concealed by an array of palms and flowers, filled the air with melody. Despite the hot sun, which beat down with all its fervor on a July day, the tennis and archery courts were well filled, and even croquet had its disciples.

Dorothy, just returned from a bout of tennis with a youth of lanky proportions, was standing at the side of her hostess, idly fanning her hot cheeks. She looked marvelously fair in her great-aunt's gown; the turquoise tone brought out the soft pink in her face, and burnished into amber-threads

the rebellious locks of hair curling about her face.

Unconsciously, her eyes, with faint sadness in their depths, rested on her Cousin Jack, who was directing the aim of some young lady in the archery-court. She brought herself back guiltily, as Mrs. Lacy-Smythe said, questioningly:

"Tired, my dear?"

"Oh, no," she cried; "but uncomfortably warm."

"It is very warm," responded the hostess. "Ah, here comes your cousin. No, don't go," as Dorothy half-turned to leave. "Miss Dorothy thinks it very warm," she went on, as Jack came up, merely acknowledging the girl's presence by a bow. "Perhaps a cooler place could be found over there in 'Rosamond's Bower.' I must attend to some other duties, or I should enjoy going with you."

"If Miss Dorothy will permit me," replied the young man, stiffly.

"Yes," broke in their hostess, seeing the girl hesitate, "go;" and she departed, leaving the two alone.

The young man sullenly whipped the sword with his cane, and angrily decapitated a few straggling white clover-heads.

"Well," he asked, finally, as his cousin silently watched him, "will you go?"

She half turned, then, with a faint sigh, which did not escape Jack's notice, said: "Yes; I will go."

He looked up quickly. "If it is so repugnant, don't come," he began, ungraciously. Then, meeting her glance, troubled and sad: "Come," more gently, "let us go; I am going away next week, and may never see you again."

She smiled faintly. "Conclusive reasoning; but I will go," she answered. Her reluctance was so evident, that he, displeased, barely vouchsafed a word while they crossed the lawn towards the bower.

He pulled aside the boughs for her to enter, and the branches closed after him with a snap. There was but one seat of economic dimensions. The girl seated herself, and looked with faint amusement at the young man, leaning in a most uncomfortable manner against the tree.

"Won't you sit down, too?" she inquired. "There is plenty of room."

"I am very comfortable," he replied, coldly.

Rebuffed in her efforts to start the ball of conversation, Dorothy leaned back lazily in the seat, determined that the next venture should come from him. She did not wait long; by degrees he began to thaw, and soon emerged from the state of frigidity that surrounded him.

"I met your betrothed in Holland," he vouchsafed, after an interchange of platitudes about the weather, and success of the party.

"Unfortunately, that is something I don't possess," she replied, with faint irony in her voice.

"There is no need of subterfuge," he rejoined, savagely. "You can't deny the existence of that Dutch baron."

"No one can," she said, demurely, casting down her eyes, and striving to repress a smile as visions of the corpulent baron and his carmine face flashed through her mind. "It is painfully evident."

"You take refuge in equivocation," Jack began, hotly; then pausing, continued in a low voice: "Do you remember a year ago, Dorothy?"

"A very warm day, was it not?" she answered, shifting her position so that he could not see the hot flush his words had called forth in her face. Did she not remember? Only too well.

"Your tendency to literalism is as astonishing as it is new," he continued, sarcastically smiling at her reply. "No; on the contrary, I thought it just the reverse—for me! I told you then I loved you. Oh, you needn't turn away—I sha'n't say it now. But you were saved from answering me by the appearance on the scene of your baron. The next day I learned, from good authority, that you were to marry him. I thought I read in your eyes, Dorothy, something warmer than this hateful platonic regard of cousins, but what I heard contradicted—"

"And your authority?" she interrupted, calmly.

"Your Great-aunt Martha."

"But I refused the honor," she cried, flushing under his surprised look, "even at the risk of displeasing my aunt—which I did—"

Jack started towards her eagerly, with love, long pent-up, shining in his eyes.

"And you're not engaged?" he persisted.

"No!" evading his efforts to take her

hand. "Come," rising quickly, "let us return."

"No, no," he cried, drawing her back into the seat, and taking the remaining space at her side. "Do you think I will let you go this way now?"

Hestill held her hands; she faintly remonstrated against their imprisonment.

"Why not? Am I not your cousin?" he asked, smiling at her embarrassment. I insist on the privileges of cousinship."

"But—you mustn't."

"Eminently feminine in your logic; besides, I have a right to."

She looked at him in surprise.

"You are going to marry me," he said, boldly, paling as he spoke.

It was a master-stroke, but it failed; if he had simply asked "Will you marry me?" he might have attained his object, but—of such peculiar complexity is the feminine heart—his tone of quiet assumption angered the girl. She rose quickly.

"You must hear me," he cried, catching her by the dress. "I love you. I have loved you all these weary months, although I believed you pledged to another. I went abroad, but your image went with me. I avoided you, simply because I dared not trust myself to go near you. My darling, take pity on me—love me."

He was so near her she could feel his breath hot on her cheek. Her very heart was fighting for him. He loved her! She no longer resented his assumption, for it thrilled her to know he wanted her. But woman's pride, born of her suffering the past months, conquered. It delighted her to refuse him.

"I will not marry you," she began, proudly; then, woman-like, burst into tears.

He started towards her, and stopped short, for had she not just refused him? A little piece of paper rolled out of the girl's pocket as she drew forth a handkerchief, and fell at Jack's feet. Still wavering, he stooped and picked it up. Carelessly he unfolded it. The words seemed to chain his attention. "Dorothy," he cried, holding it up, "it is all yours—the missing will."

She took it, with dazed eyes, and read: "I, Martha Vennor, being of sane mind, do hereby bequeath to my grandniece, Dorothy Vennor, the whole of my estate, to wit, etc." Twice she read the paper through—it

was all hers. She had forgotten the young man. Her thoughts came back suddenly, as he held out his hand to her.

"I am going away," he said, smiling at her, despite the fickle turn of fortune; "let me congratulate you!"

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "I will not take it—it is still yours."

He laughed at her childishness. "My dear girl," he said, "the money is legally yours; no words of yours can make it mine. I am heartily glad, for you will be benefited by it more than I ever could be. It could not bring me the woman I love, and it may bring you your heart's choice. I must go."

He held out his hand still for a final good-by.

"You say you love me," she began, hastily, with hot cheeks, "and you refuse to take back this money—"

"I do love you," he broke in. "I shall always love you; but I could not, cannot take what is not mine by right."

"You might take it, with a slight encumbrance," she replied, in low tones. Hadn't he already proposed to her?

He flushed red—her meaning was obvious—but he could not permit the sacrifice. Her generosity touched him, for was it not

to restore the money that she made the offer, sacrificing even herself?

"I could not endure a loveless marriage," he answered. "You refused me; you don't love me. I care nothing for the money."

"You refuse me?" she cried, with a peculiar glitter in her eyes. "Yes, or no?"

"Yes," he replied, with a long breath; "I refuse."

"Then," she cried, waving the will, "so—I tear it—deprive myself of this hateful money. Now I am plain Dorothy Vennor again, and you once more the heir," and she sank sobbing on the rustic seat.

The young man had tried to prevent her from tearing the paper, but his efforts were futile. It lay in atoms on the ground; now and then bits danced merrily off on the light breeze.

"Dorothy!" he exclaimed, a light suddenly breaking in on him. He was very near her now, and her hands were no longer her own property. "Dorothy, when you made me a certain offer a few minutes ago, was it only, solely to restore the money to me? Was it?" he repeated, raising her face to his.

"No, not only that," she said, simply, smiling with tear-filled eyes as he stooped and kissed her.

REGRETTED.

BY MRS. S. H. SNIDER.

Two little graves, unmarked by any stone,
Nor e'en a lowly cross,
To tell from whence the little ones had flown,
Nor whose had been the loss;
Yet flowers were blossoming, in beauty rare,
And tended carefully—
Pansies and violets, white lilies everywhere,
With heads bowed prayerfully.

Tall roses, red and white, with odorous breath,
And nodding little daisies
All full of life: there seemed no thought of death,
Nor aught of sorrow's traces—
Only the sombre cypress-weeping shade,
And those small mounds of green;
Ah, sad it seemed! no tender words there said
Of loss and pain unseen.

Yet as I mused, a minor lullaby
The summer's pulses stirred,
Soft perfume-chords of flower-harmony
Were blent with all I heard;

The odorous waves seemed beating on the air
In rhythmic pity sweet—
As if, indeed, regret were everywhere
For those tired little feet.

The murmuring music of the south-wind's sigh
Held notes of languorous pain,
And from the cypress came a bird's sad cry
Of longing all in vain;
The pansies blooming on each little bed
Breathed thoughts of vain regret,
A drooping rose, its crimson heart's-blood shed—
The daisies' eyes were wet.

I heard the music of a silvery chime
From lily-bells rung low,
And sadly sweet, as if in sorrow's clime,
Their throats were tuned to woe;
The brook sang ceaselessly its sad refrain,
And somewhere overhead,
A mourning dove added its note of pain
In sorrow for the dead.

A COUNTRY PICTURE.

BY MARY LEONARD.



I.

OH, sweet and smoky are the airs that blow
across the stubble's brown !
Veiled densely, like a harem-bride, appears afar
the hillside town :
Here steam, the fleecy marsh-mists up, and there
a drift of dust floats down.
Upon the meadow lately mowed,
Where, perched on basket-built load,
With "hi!" and "hoi!" a red-shawled squaw
drives down the endless country road.

II.

She hears (and turns her eyes aloft) the hollow
thunder of the train ;
She sees the thatch of spider-web upon the
wheat-rick in the lane ;
She notes the fog-bank drift up-stream the while
the tree-toad chirps of rain ;
Uncapped are rye and clover stooks ;
The seed-bags lie in careless nooks ;
By bridge and ford wait crippled carts sunk
hub-deep in the shrunken brooks.

III.

The farm-dogs bark from fallen bars ; the lilies
nod against the doors ;
She sees the wind-blown thistle-down dance o'er
the bright-striped cottage-floors ;
The moored canoes tug at their ropes along the
wimpling river-shores ;
"More wet!" the skulking quails forewarn ;
And winding loud her bone-wrought horn,
The squaw draws rein beside a gate with—
"Buy a basket, buy the morn?"

IV.

And so from house to house she goes,
her furtive eye upon the west ;
Linked tracks of turtle cross her road ;
the wood-dove sits and preens its
breast ;
The farm-house chimneys darkly smoke
and everyone is drooping-tressed.
Then downward trail in sudden plight
The veilings of the village height ;
And in a wash of rainy gray the
trembling landscape sinks from
sight.

FORGOTTEN.

BY KATE WALLACE CLEMENTS.



WILL you see that the blue-room is in order, Margaret? My cousin, Miss Gaunt, is coming."

It was Paul Denning who spoke, the master and owner of Gaunt Hall, as he finished reading the delicately-perfumed missive that announced the coming of his guest.

"It is quite unexpected," he went on. "Miss Gaunt's letter has been delayed. She will be here—let me see—why, this very evening. Will you announce her coming to your mistress," he added; "and remember, Margaret, you're to have everything as comfortable as possible."

"Aye, aye, sir," muttered the old housekeeper, as she raised a white and startled face to his. "Did I understand you to say that Miss Katharine Gaunt was coming?" she questioned.

On the haughty face the faintest suspicion of a frown stole as he answered: "Yes, my Cousin Kathy. Do you remember her?"

"To be sure I remember her, Master Paul," she said. "How could I forget her?" she went on, with that freedom of speech oft-times permitted in an old servant. "Was it not she who—"

"Hush, Margaret," he said, "not another word; and remember, you are not to mention that foolish affair to your mistress. It is forgotten years ago. Do as I bade you, Margaret," he added, "and take this for new ribbons for your cap." He held the piece of silver before her, but the hand of the faithful servant refused to accept a bribe.

"No, no, Master Paul," she said, proudly. "I can keep things to myself without being paid for holding my tongue."

"I did not mean to offend you," he said, by way of apology, slipping the money back into his pocket as he went out into the sunshine humming an old love-tune.

She watched him from the open window,

and saw him take the letter from his pocket and press it fondly to his lips.

"Forgotten years ago," she muttered. "Aye, aye, Paul Denning, 'tis a wicked lie. May God forgive you for it. So I must announce her coming to my mistress," she said, half-aloud, with a ring of sarcasm in her voice. "It's not an easy task," she went on, "and the sooner it's over the better."

Slowly she climbed the broad oaken-stairs, as if grown suddenly older. Stopping at a half-open doorway, she peered cautiously in. After listening a moment, she entered, gliding noiselessly to the window, opened the casement, letting a flood of sunshine in.

What a beautiful room it was, with its exquisite hangings of blue and gold! Everything betokened wealth, from the waxed floor, almost hidden with soft rugs, to the rare paintings and gleaming statuettes. Invariably one associated the occupant of this room with its surroundings. There was an individuality about it. You knew she must be fair by the tints of azure and gold. The harp and mandolin yonder gave evidence of musical talent, while a wee pair of slippers told you that the mistress of Gaunt Hall was certainly not a large woman. Opening into this apartment was another room, hung in the same exquisite tints. The old housekeeper knocked respectfully at this door; receiving no response, she went softly to the bedside. Holding back the silken curtains, she stood watching the beautiful sleeper.

"Poor child!" she said, pityingly. "Poor child! I hate to tell her."

The sleeper moved; she must have heard that pitying voice, as the white eyelids were uplifted, and the young mistress of Gaunt Hall awoke with a smile.

"You here, Margaret?" she asked.

"Yes, dear," said the old woman. "Will I call Phoebe?"

"No, Margaret. Won't you help me to dress this morning? Besides, I want you to interpret my dream. I dreamed," she

went on, "that up the garden-walk two horses came prancing all flecked with foam."

"Hasty news," said Margaret; "and, indeed, your dream is going to be fulfilled. Your husband's cousin, Miss Katharine Gaunt, is coming this very night." She gave a sigh of relief, as if the imparting of this piece of information was a decidedly unpleasant task. Then she straightened her cap, and set her thin lips firmly together, as if to say: "ask me no questions."

As the mistress of Gaunt Hall was scarcely more than a child, she did just what a child would have done under the circumstances—plied the housekeeper with questions until that cautious old body was at her wit's end to know just how to answer them and remain faithful to her trust.

"Do tell me all about her," the young wife said. "How strange of Paul not to have mentioned her name. Perhaps he meant to surprise me. Is she pretty?"

"No, dear," answered the old servant, as she brushed the soft curls of her mistress. "She is—" She stopped suddenly, as if uncertain what to say. It would never do to express her opinion of the expected guest—not here, with those questioning blue eyes upon her.

"She is—what, Margaret? Do tell me," broke in the voice of Mrs. Denning. "How strange you act—you are trembling."

"There, dear, don't let me frighten you," said Margaret, kindly. "I only meant to say that Miss Gaunt is not what you would call a pretty woman. Some folks," she added, "might call her handsome. But, as for me, I never admired large, showy women. I fancy the master's choice."

She looked, as she spoke, with unfeigned admiration into the sweet upturned face, so pure and lovely, so unlike the dark witching beauty of Katharine Gaunt.

A faint flush rose to the younger woman's face. Only genuine admiration for her young mistress, and not mere flattery, she knew prompted the housekeeper to make such a speech. Besides, she had grown so accustomed to Margaret's quaint sayings. She preferred her services to those of the sullen French maid brought across the water expressly to wait on Mrs. Paul Denning.

"Do let me have Margaret for a maid," she had pleaded with her husband; only in

vain, however, for the master of the hall was bitterly opposed to such a plan.

"Nonsense!" he would say. "Margaret is well enough in her place; but as a maid, I'm afraid she would be a decided failure."

He little knew, when she came to meet him, looking so fair and dainty, wearing one of her most becoming gowns, that it was Margaret who persuaded her to put it on. He watched her coming up the garden-walk, stopping at times to romp with her dogs, Pomp and Massy. He had brought these dogs from across the water to keep his young wife company: he was away from home so much. He remembered how he enjoyed to watch their play, but a shade of annoyance crossed his handsome face.

"What a child she is!" he mused. "Perhaps she would have been happier among her books and flowers. I wonder what Kathleen will think of her?" he murmured. To his girl-wife he said, stooping to kiss her: "I suppose, dear, that Margaret has told you that Miss Gaunt is coming. You will like her," he went on. "She will be to you as a sister. You look very lovely; but, as the mistress of Gaunt Hall, let me suggest having your curls done up. Do you know, Felicia, it is time you wore your hair up. How old are you now?" he asked.

"Eighteen," she answered; "but, Paul, do let me wear my curls a little while longer. I thought"—with just the faintest blush—"I thought you liked them. You used to say—"

"Very well, dear," he said, kissing away the tears that trembled on her eyelids. "Just as you wish." He placed his arm about her waist with a protecting air, the happy light of possession in his eyes, as they walked up through the garden.

"Just like a pair of young lovers," as old Margaret thought, as she murmured fervently: "God grant she may not come between them."

In the dim twilight she came to them: Katharine Gaunt in all her peerless beauty. Old Margaret, hearing the approach of the carriage, placed her hand upon her heart to stop its wild beating. She watched her master go to meet her, a glad smile on his face. She wondered if Miss Gaunt was still beautiful, now that she had outlived her girlhood. She must be—aye, three and thirty at the least. Was she still as beau-

tiful, as fascinating, as dangerous? She dare not raise her eyes, though she felt she was near. She heard the soft rustle of her garments, while the housemaid, tugging at her sleeve, whispered:

"Do look! She is perfectly lovely. Far prettier than missus."

An angry flush rose to the old servant's face as she watched Miss Gaunt take the little outstretched hand of her mistress, looking with unfeigned surprise at the childish form.

Paul Denning fancied there was a questioning look in the dark eyes. How unlike they were! Kathleen, tall, dark, a woman of majestic form and bearing. Felicia, a mere girl, with a lovely, pure face. One an old sweetheart, the idol of his youth, the other his wife.

* * * * *

The days and weeks lengthened, bringing joy and sorrow to the inmates of Gaunt Hall. Joy to two hearts heeding not the flight of time.

"It is forgotten years ago!" Could Paul Denning say this truthfully, now that the woman he once loved had come into his life again? He tried to reason with himself, to trample under foot the old love, to be true to the blue-eyed girl-wife. What madness to have permitted her to come to him. It was like playing with fire. The old flame was kindled anew, and burned with brighter ardor. He was intoxicated with her charms, and she led him on with a triumphant smile on her beautiful face. They were constantly together, to such an extent that the servants gossiped and whispered among themselves.

"She must be blind," said one, referring to her mistress, "not to see their carryings on."

"She does see it," said another, "but what is the poor thing to do, only worry her life out. I wonder how it will all end?"

"She'll be going home soon," said the butler, "and he'll come to his senses."

He went on to tell how well he remembered the last visit she made. Master Paul was in love with her from the very first, and was set on marrying her; but his mother wouldn't listen to it, nohow. She didn't favor cousins marrying. Somehow she managed to put between them. When Paul returned to college to finish his education, his mother wrote that Kathleen was

going to be married to a young naval officer. 'Twas a wicked lie, mind you, for she was true to him, and low-spirited after he went. Ah, but the boy never forgave her! He learned the truth too late. He refused to return home, and well-nigh broke his mother's heart. We had almost forgotten what he looked like, so long was he gone—till he came back, sudden like, with a wife."

"And such a sweet young thing, too," exclaimed the parlor-maid. "Will that dark-eyed witch ever go home?" she added.

So they talked on and on, as servants will talk and comment on the actions of their superiors.

One evening in the early autumn, Margaret found her young mistress sitting sadly alone. She noticed how pale she had grown of late, and how wasted. The little hands were folded listlessly on her lap.

Poor child! how changed she was. Recently she had put her hair up—her bright, bonny curls, as Paul had asked her to do. He did not seem to notice the change, he spoke so seldom to her, and then it was in a chiding rather than a loving tone.

She never ran to meet him as of old. She seemed to stand in awe of Katharine Gaunt's looking down from her superb height. She was so much alone, even Pomp and Massy seemed to have forsaken her: they followed the master in his long walks with his companion. She never murmured. She bore it all in silence.

The old housekeeper's heart was touched by the sad young face, as she came and sat beside her on the garden seat.

That night she told her the story of her life. How Paul Denning came to woo her in her simple English home.

"My father was opposed to the union on account of Mr. Denning's social position. We were such simple country-folks, you know. But I soon won my father over, for I loved Mr. Denning; not for his wealth. Perhaps," she said, sadly, "perhaps it had been better to have given him up then." She stopped suddenly, with a startled look in her eyes, fearful lest she might condemn her husband. "You understand me, Margaret," she said. "I do not blame him. It will all come right when—when she goes away."

One of the dogs came running up, sniffing

his young mistress' gown. Margaret knew that Paul Denning was not far off. She heard the rustle of the leaves, the parting of branches, and catching a glimpse of a white gown, knew that he and Miss Gaunt had entered the summer-house just back of where they were sitting.

"You had better come in, dear," she said, kindly; "the dew is falling." She hoped to take her away—away from the words of love that came to their unwilling ears.

It was Paul Denning who spoke.

"So you mean to leave me, Kathleen?" he asked.

"Yes, Paul," came the answer; "it is better for us to part, and forever."

"Forever?" he queried. "Oh, Kathleen, you cannot mean this! I cannot let you go out of my life without making one effort to keep you."

"What nonsense you talk," she said. "Whose fault is it, Paul Denning, that I am going out of your life? Is it not your own?" she cried, bitterly. "Have you not placed a barrier between us in that doll-faced wife you brought home? Oh, Paul, Paul," she said, sobbing; "it breaks my heart to go away. But tell me," she went on, in a pleading tone, "tell me; did you ever love her, Paul?"

They waited for the answer—old Margaret and her young mistress. Over the younger woman's face a deathly pallor stole, while her breath came in short gasps. She caught Margaret's gown, as if for support. Too late to take her away. Too late; though the answer may well-nigh break her heart.

"Love her?" answered the master of Gaunt Hall. "No, Kathleen, I never loved but one woman. You, Kathleen, love of my boyhood."

A startled cry fell upon the stillness of the night.

"What is that, Paul?" asked Kathleen.

"Only a startled bird," he answered.

"Aye, aye; a startled bird," muttered old Margaret, as she bent over the white agonized face of the young wife, chafing the little cold hands until consciousness returned.

"You will take me to my room, won't you, Margaret?" were the first words she uttered.

"Yes, dearie. Let me carry you. No? Then lean on me—you are not quite strong enough to walk."

She helped her up through the garden and the dimly-lighted halls to her room.

"Shall I send Phœbe to you?" she asked.

"No," she answered; "I want to be alone." Then, as if actuated by some sudden impulse, she raised her beautiful white face, and said: "Kiss me, Margaret."

"Yes, dear," said the old servant, "and God bless you."

In the flush of the early dawn she looked in at the quiet sleeper. "She sleeps, thank God!" she murmured, fervently.

The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens. The inmates of Gaunt Hall were up and stirring about for hours. There was unusual excitement in the household, owing to the fact that Kathleen Gaunt was going home. Young Mrs. Denning had not come into the breakfast-room at the usual hour, and her lord and master was not in an amiable frame of mind owing to this. He looked upon it as a lack of due respect to his departing guest. An angry flush came to his face as he said to Margaret: "Where is Mrs. Denning?"

"She sleeps," was the answer. "I fear she is not well."

"Pray do not disturb her," said Kathleen Gaunt, with a gracious smile. "Besides, growing children require rest."

There was the slightest ring of sarcasm in her voice, as she said this, glancing archly across the table to where Paul sat. She never quite forgave him taking so young a wife, and now, that she was going, could not resist this parting shaft, cruel though it was.

"I will call my lady," said Margaret.

Once again she climbed the oaken stairs, and stood in that pretty room with its hangings of azure and gold. Once again she parted the silken curtains, gazing down at the sleeper.

"Wake up, my pretty one," she said.

"To-day she is going away—and forever. Wake up."

Only a few short months ago she had come to that bedside to announce the coming of Katharine Gaunt. Oh, what a change in that lovely face! It was round and full then, with the glow of health. Now it was white and drawn. The long silken lashes rested on a cheek of almost waxen hue. The soft bright curls were falling unfettered on the pillow. The arm extended had lost its dimpled roundness.

Old Margaret's eyes grew moist with tears. "Poor dear," she said, pityingly. "How she has suffered. But she is going away, thank God, and all may yet be well. Wake up, my pretty," she said again. "Wake up."

The drooping eyelids did not raise. She laid her hand upon the uplifted arm. She drew back, as with a startled cry she bent forward. A little ray of sunlight came through the darkened windows. In its mellow light Margaret Fenton noted the unusual pallor of the face, and the flecks of white foam on the silent lips.

They found her kneeling beside the dead, when they gathered in the room with white, scared faces, while the old doctor pronounced it to be death due from an overdose of chloral. The empty vial was beside her. Was this not evidence enough?

He would have laid her in the grand tomb where his ancestors were sleeping, but from a quiet English home a letter came pleading for their dead. A letter from a lonely, broken-hearted father. "Let me place her beside her dead mother," he wrote, "my wee wood-violet."

* * * * *

A twelvemonth passed away. It was in the early autumn, that old Margaret, coming up the garden, met Paul Denning.

She carried a bunch of golden-rod. "I wonder," thought she, "does he remember the flowers she loved so well?" She would have passed him by, but he stopped her, saying:

"I am going from home, Margaret, for several months. During my absence I wish to have the parlors and drawing-room entirely refurnished. I have left orders with the decorators; they will be here next week. The azure-and-gold room," he added, "we will have hung in silver and pink. Should you need to communicate with me, here is where you are to write to."

He held the card towards her. As she stretched forth her hand, the golden-rod dropped from her fingers. He stooped to pick it up, saying, as he gave them to her: "What favor can these flowers find in your eyes? I see little beauty in them."

"Neither did I, sir," came the answer, in a choked voice, "until I knew she loved them. May I ask who is coming to Gaunt Hall?" she ventured to ask.

"Your new mistress," he answered—"Kathleen Gaunt."

She could hear the wild throbbing of her heart, as she bent over the flowers to hide the blinding tears.

"Forgotten!" she murmured. "Forgotten! Aye, and so soon!"

NIGHT.

BY CHARLES BABSON SOULE.

THE day declines; Apollo seeking rest
Impels his chargers toward the purple west,
Speeding his quivering messengers of light
To greet the heralds of approaching night,
With twinkling Vesta and the fiery Mars
Leading the galaxy of countless stars.

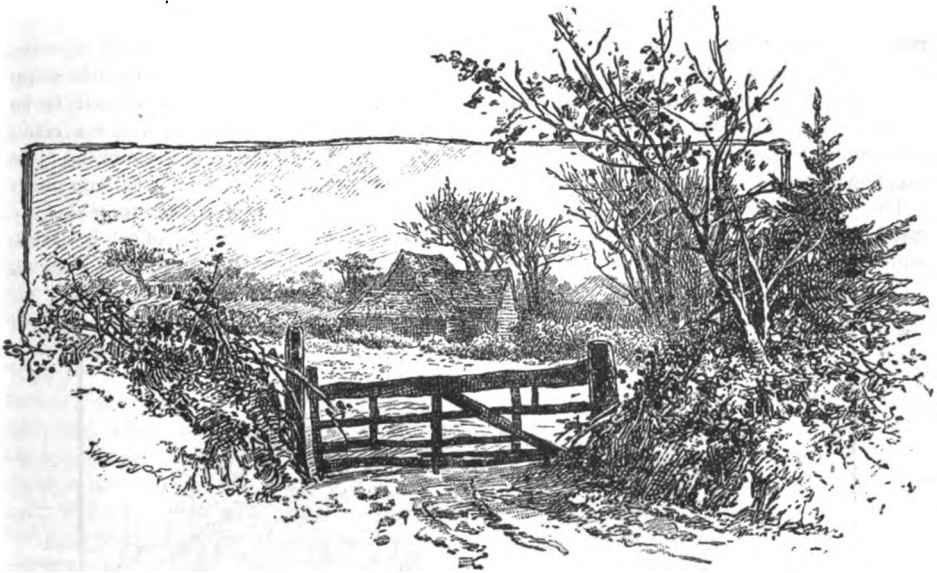
Soon bashful Phœbe, from her silver bow
Shoots timid beams across the stellar glow;
When, lo, affrighted at the stealthy tread
Of night, she hastens to her crimson bed,
And hides the splendors of her naked breast
Behind the billowy curtains of the west.

SOMETIME.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

IN the starry sometime,
In the mystic sometime,
All the joys we buried long ago,
All the dear embraces, whispers low,
All the clinging kisses,
All the trembling blisses,
All those things we loved and lost, you know,
Shall be ours
Sometime.

In the dim sweet sometime,
Passion-pleaded sometime—
Ah! we watch and hope the lonely way;
Ah! we strain our eyes for breaking day;
Stifle back the tears,
Still deny our fears,
Clasp our hands, and sobbing, sobbing, pray—
To be happy
Sometime.



TOTSEY MAKES AMENDS.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.

IT was June, and in the country.

Within the house, Master William Wordsworth Langdon was having his usual morning dispute with the nurse, which his mother, as usual, was called upon to settle. While Mrs. Langdon was asserting her maternal authority, her school-friend and visitor, Winifred Dean, went downstairs, and out on the terrace at the back of the mansion. She found there, of course, her hostess' brother awaiting her appearance, for they were lovers. Miss Dean had made several visits to Elmhurst, and the previous summer the two had fallen in love with each other. This year they were engaged, an arrangement which had greatly delighted Mrs. Langdon, who was very fond of both.

After exchanging greetings with her lover, Miss Dean made a remark which was not entirely new.

"Totsey is dreadfully spoiled," she said.

"Yes, indeed," assented his uncle. "It's a shame."

Totsey, be it noted, was the name by which the young scion of the house of Langdon was familiarly known among his relatives and friends.

"Florence is so sensible about other things," went on Miss Dean.

"Yes," Mr. Lee agreed; "and it's such a pity, for Totsey's really a nice child. If

my brother-in-law had lived, it would have been different."

"I suppose so," Miss Dean answered; and, after some further discussion of the small personage in question, Mr. Lee suggested that they had time to take a stroll before breakfast.

Now the dew was on the grass, and these two foolish young people should have known better than to walk under the trees, but they did not. They were still at the age (does anyone ever pass it?) when people in love will do ridiculous things. There was one tree in particular which interested Winifred; it was an old oak, almost draped in vines.

"We might call it, 'the talking oak,'" she suggested to her companion, as they stood underneath it; then, before he could reply, she gave a little exclamation. "Oh, look, Charlie! If here isn't a great hollow, just the place for a clandestine post-office. How lovely!"

"We might use it for that purpose," Mr. Lee made answer. "That would be jolly and romantic."

Considering that they saw each other every day, this was rather absurd, but it did not strike Miss Dean in that light.

"You may write me a letter this afternoon, while Florence and I are taking our

nap," she immediately proposed; and, of course, Mr. Lee agreed to do so.

Then it occurred to them both that it must be the breakfast-hour by this time; and, finding that it was, they returned to the house, elated at their little mystery.

The secret correspondence thus inaugurated, flourished wonderfully for a week or more. At the end of that time the pair had

various overtures towards reconciliation, which his offended goddess would not deign to accept, though she knew herself to be in the wrong. Finally, however, she could endure it no longer; and, concluding it to be easier to humble herself a little on paper than in person, she resolved to make use of their sylvan post-office to effect her wish. Ever since the quarrel there had been no



a little quarrel. Among the visitors at the house was a certain young man of whom Mr. Lee condescended to be jealous. At a garden-party, given by Mrs. Langdon, Winifred's evil demons led her to take particular notice of this young man. The usual reproaches and recriminations followed, and a coldness ensued which lasted for several days. During that time, Mr. Lee made

letters exchanged between the lovers, but Winifred had observed Mr. Lee pay several surreptitious visits to the tree in the hope of finding something from her; so she wrote a pretty little note, sufficiently apologetic to mollify him, but not humble enough to mortify her pride. Starting out for a walk, she managed to return by way of the old oak without being seen; and, slipping the

letter in its hiding-place, after a last glance to make sure that it was satisfactory, she hastened back to the house, and impatiently awaited a reply. Her mind was set at rest when, after dark, she saw Mr. Lee strolling in the direction of "the talking oak."

"All will be right, now, surely!" she thought; but all was not right. Although she gave her lover various opportunities to approach her, the following morning, he showed not the slightest inclination toward doing so. As a last hope, it occurred to Winifred that he had written an answer to her note, instead of making any sign to her; and, animated by this hope, she visited the woodland post-office, as soon as she could do so without being observed. On her way thither, she nearly fell over a small step-ladder lying on the ground. Looking up, with an annoyed exclamation, she was accosted by Totsey's nurse, with a stream of apologies.

"One of the boys had the ladder yesterday, picking cherries," she explained, "and left it leaning against a tree. Tot-

sey found it, and was playing with it—he must have left it there. You know, *mademoiselle*, it would take a regiment to watch Totsey."

All this in voluble French.

Yes, Miss Dean knew Totsey's failings, so she accepted the girl's apologies and sauntered toward the old oak. The letter was not there—her own was gone, and none had been put in its place. Her last hope fled; she must have offended the man she loved beyond pardon.

When Miss Dean returned to the house, she found some excitement prevailing there. Preoccupied with her own troubles, she had forgotten that this was to be an eventful day in Totsey's career, for he was to lay aside kilts forever and assume the dignity of knee-breeches.

"I'm not a baby any longer, but a man,"



he announced in triumph. "I'm six years old to-day!"

Which speech reminded Winifred that she had a birthday present for him; so she hurried off to get it, and endeavored for the remainder of the day to enter into the general rejoicings, and share the small boy's pride and delight in his new importance.

Two days later, Mr. Lee took a trip to Chicago on business, and Winifred was forced to admit to Mrs. Langdon that they had quarreled, though she declined to enter into particulars. Mrs. Langdon, being a sensible woman, blamed both of the lovers, and was not inclined to feel hurt at her friend, only disappointment in her wishes. Miss Dean did not remain very long after this. She longed to get home and be alone, alone with her pain and loss.

It was June again, and the roses were in bloom. Winifred Dean was once more staying in the country with Mrs. Langdon, but it was an altered Winifred. Looking at her, her hostess felt perfectly certain that she had loved Charlie Lee, and that, whoever was to blame, the girl at least had not been seriously in fault.

"Oh! If I could only effect a reconciliation!" thought the poor little woman. "But how can I, when they will not tell me what the trouble was?"

Charlie Lee had gone into business in Chicago, and vowed he liked the West too well ever to live in the East again. Mrs. Langdon secretly disbelieved this statement, but she never said so. Rumor declared that he was to marry his partner's daughter, but this he never mentioned in his frequent letters home; nor did he ever refer to Miss Dean or to the past. They were bright, cheerful, interesting letters, but told his sister little of his inner life or feelings. Winifred was quite as uncommunicative during the weeks that followed, but her friend could read something of the past experience in her look and manner. There was a gentleness about her that had never belonged to her before, and the sad little smile, instead of the spontaneous merriment of a year ago, told volumes to Mrs. Langdon.

The little world around Elmhurst, however, held a different opinion. It had decided that Miss Dean was consoling herself with one of the numerous admirers who had risen in Mr. Lee's place, a young gentle-

man, immensely wealthy, who lived in the neighborhood. He had hovered about Winifred as much as was possible the previous summer, but this year his attentions were open and marked. It was Mrs. Langdon's opinion that her friend scarcely observed the depth of his admiration, so she determined to warn her.

"Win," she said one morning, as they sat on the terrace together, "do you like Mr. Etheridge?"

"Why, yes, well enough," was the reply, given in the most indifferent of tones. "Don't you?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Langdon, smiling in spite of herself at this unconsciousness; "but I don't believe that is a matter of much consequence to him."

"Do you suppose my opinion is?" Winifred asked, in amused surprise.

"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Langdon's tone was so serious that her companion became grave instantly.

"I hope not," she said, looking troubled.

"Then you do not care for him?"

"No, of course not—in that way," and Winifred looked half sad, half annoyed.

"Then the sooner you put him out of his misery, the better. Here he comes," exclaimed Mrs. Langdon, rising and entering the house.

"Oh, dear, yes! I had forgotten! he wanted me to go rowing this morning," said Miss Dean, partly to herself and partly to her vanishing friend.

"Hello, Aunt Winifred! Nurse is hauling out all my old dresses. Don't you think it would be fun to try on one and see how I looked when I was a girl?" and Totsey, a year older and a head taller, appeared on the terrace, wearing an important air.

"Yes, if you can get into them," answered the young lady, smiling.

"'Fraid I can't. Do you know I'll be seven years old to-morrow?"

"I had not forgotten that important fact," Winifred replied, smiling wearily. As if she ever could forget! Too many memories clustered around Totsey's birthday, for it to be readily forgotten. "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Etheridge?" she exclaimed, glad to be diverted from her own thoughts, and turning to that gentleman with an air of relief, which he might have been pardoned for misinterpreting as pleasure.

He had stopped on the way to gather some roses, and to give Totsey time to take himself away, for that small personage had a pleasant little habit of obtruding himself whenever there was a chance of a tête-à-tête with Miss Dean; and the young lady herself had encouraged this habit during her present visit. Mr. Etheridge responded to his hostess's greeting, and reminded her of the row as an apology for his *négligé* suit. Then he handed her the roses, some of which were taken possession of by Totsey, who thereupon departed, being more interested in his own clothes than in annoying Mr. Etheridge.

"What a spoilt youngster that is!"

"Of course they do spoil him a little," said Winifred, not without heat, for she considered this remark a liberty on the part of her visitor; "but he's a nice boy in spite of all that."

"Certainly," agreed the young man, hastily retreating from his insecure position; "but don't you think it was a little unkind in you to give away the roses I gathered for you?"

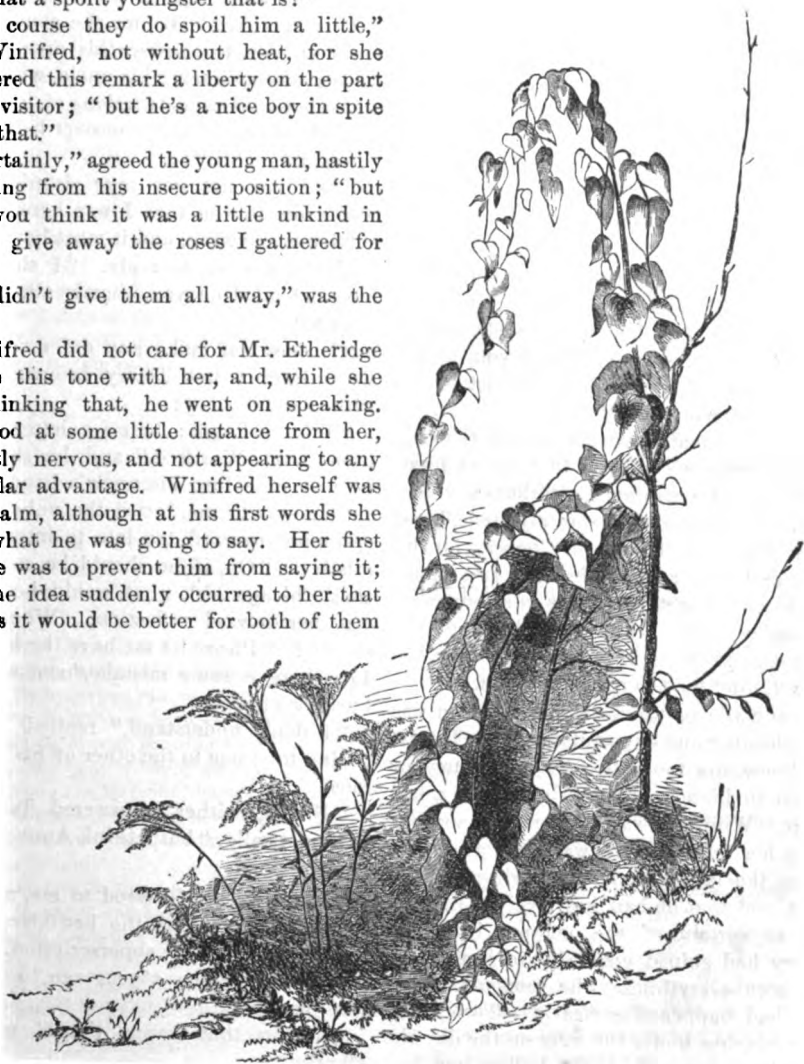
"I didn't give them all away," was the reply.

Winifred did not care for Mr. Etheridge to take this tone with her, and, while she was thinking that, he went on speaking. He stood at some little distance from her, evidently nervous, and not appearing to any particular advantage. Winifred herself was quite calm, although at his first words she knew what he was going to say. Her first impulse was to prevent him from saying it; then the idea suddenly occurred to her that perhaps it would be better for both of them

to have it over and done with. She sat quiet, in a listening attitude, and the roses she held fell on the pavement at her feet. And as he went on with his pleading, growing more and more impassioned, a new thought came into her mind. Why not accept him? What had life to offer her better than such genuine devotion? She would never be able to care for anyone again—

Her reflections had proceeded thus far when a childish treble was heard from within, crying:

"Aunt Winifred, Aunt Winifred, I couldn't get my dresses on but look what I've found!"



The next moment, Totsey was dancing out on the terrace, to the ill-concealed discomfiture of poor Mr. Etheridge. He muttered something uncomplimentary under his breath, but Miss Dean was not paying any attention to him—she was looking at Totsey, who had something in his hands that looked like a letter.

"What is it, Tots?" she asked, curiously.

"It's a letter in your writing, nurse says," he responded, promptly. "I found it in the pocket of one of my old dresses, the one I had on the last day I wore kilts—the blue cloth, with gilt braid and buttons, that I used to like so much. Mamma kept it 'cause it was my favorite, d'ye remember?"

"Yes, perfectly," hastily interpolated Miss Dean, the moment Totsey's flow of words ceased. "Please give me the note, dear." She spoke quietly, but she had grown very pale. What did it mean?

"Yes, but it isn't yours—it's for my uncle," shrieked Totsey, holding the letter tightly, and waving it above his head so as to elude Miss Dean's outstretched hand.

"Give it to me," repeated the young lady, imperiously. Then suddenly remembering Mr. Etheridge and her manners, she turned to him hastily, saying: "Will you please excuse me for this morning? I must attend to this matter of the letter at once."

The unfortunate lover recognized that his opportunity was ended for that day at least, so he had the wisdom to withdraw gracefully. The words, "it's for my uncle," had fallen like a pall over his hopes, for he knew that rumor had linked the two names together. Altogether he was in a somewhat despondent mood as he passed out of the grounds, and the sight which met him at the gates did not tend to encourage him.

Meanwhile, on the terrace, Miss Dean was still pleading and expostulating with Totsey. She knew him too well to resort to force, or appeal to higher authority except as a last resort. Winifred was desperately anxious to get her letter, for she was convinced that it was the last one she had written to her lover, and that he had not received it. She was as certain of the manner in which Totsey had gained possession of it as if she had seen everything. She remembered all that had happened so clearly! Totsey had been playing under the trees on the day she had placed her letter in the hollow tree, had

climbed the step-ladder, taken it out, put it in his pocket, and forgotten all about it. It was the last time he had worn the dress, and it had been laid away for a year, long enough to spoil her happiness forever, probably. She thought all this out while she remonstrated with Totsey, when, happening to glance around, she was startled to see Charlie Lee standing at the foot of the steps. For a moment, it seemed to her as if it must be his ghost; then he spoke, and she realized that it was her lost lover who stood before her in the flesh.

"I did not know you were here," he began. "But I might have supposed so, for I met Etheridge at the gate," he added, bitterly.

Poor Winifred! Before she could gather force enough to answer this cruel speech, Totsey was embracing his uncle, with shouts and other wild demonstrations of joy. This gave Miss Dean time to recover herself, and she said haughtily:

"Did you not get your sister's letter? She wrote to you that I was here."

"I was traveling, and it must have missed me," Mr. Lee made reply. "I should not have intruded on you, that is all, if I had known."

"It does not make any difference," Miss Dean began; but Totsey interrupted her with a sudden cry:

"Why, I forgot: here's a letter for you from Aunt Winifred," and he thrust the belated note into his uncle's hand.

"Give it to me," cried the unhappy girl, springing forward, too late to intercept the missive. "Oh, if he should be engaged to that Chicago girl, what would he think?" was her inward reflection. What should she do? "Please let me have the letter, Mr. Lee, there is some mistake," she said, with burning cheeks.

"I don't understand," replied Mr. Lee, gazing from one to the other of his companions.

"Nor I, neither," answered Totsey, ungrammatically, "but I think Aunt Winifred does."

"But, if it is addressed to me, may I not look at it?" went on the bewildered young man, looking at the superscription.

"It was written a year ago," said Winifred, hastily.

"Ah, in that happy time!" murmured Charlie.

"Give it to me, please," and Miss Dean held out her hand pleadingly.

"May I not read it—it is mine?" he asked again; and perhaps his last words had softened Winifred, for she hesitated, and, in that moment of hesitation, was lost. He accepted silence as consent, and ran his eye wonderingly down the page; then he looked up at her, but she had turned her face away.

At that moment, nurse's voice from within was heard in peremptory tones calling "Totsey"; and, after repeated appeals, the young gentleman unwillingly withdrew.

Mr. Lee looked from his letter to the writer of it, and said at last:

"And you wrote this a year ago, Winifred, and I never got it. I don't understand. But—oh, my darling! Is it too late—tell me—is it too late? Have you ceased to care about me?"

"I thought you were engaged to a girl in Chicago," faltered Winifred; and, though this was hardly a direct answer, it seemed to satisfy Charlie.

"I thought you were engaged to that puppy of an Etheridge. I suppose we were both mistaken, weren't we?"

Presently Miss Dean explained to her lover the way in which the fateful missive had disappeared, according to her firm conviction; and, of course, he agreed with her, for there was no other way of accounting for the matter. Later, Totsey remembered all about it, and his account exactly corroborated his aunt's theory. The happy pair concluded to forgive him, however, and his mother was so delighted at the reconciliation that she could not be very hard on him.

"After all," says his uncle, "TOTSEY MADE AMENDS."

AUTUMN.

BY RAY RICHMOND.

ATHWART the autumn-tinted wood,
The sunbeams fall;
The southward-fitting robins sound
A mustering call.

The whispering maples crimson-hued are dyed
With autumn frost;
The woodbine, in its scarlet glory dressed,
Its banners tossed.

Majestic oaks a royal wine display
Among their green;
The hickories wave their giant heads
In golden sheen.

The friendly sun in radiance is glowing
Behind the west;
The warm still air portends an eve
Of peaceful rest.

A MEMORY.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

A LITTLE cottage down a lane,
A little garden round,
Set bright and gay with summer flowers,
And filled with droning sound
Of honey-bees in happy quest
Among the fragrant blooms,
While vines climb up the cottage eaves
Above the pleasant rooms.

A hammock in the shaded porch,
A rocker in the hall,
Betoken peace and ease, and woo
The passer-by to call.
There is the pat of little feet,
A baby's laugh and cry,
And, mingling with the summer sounds,
A song of lullaby.

And when the sun slips down the west,
And shadows longer grow,
And placidly with tinkling bells
The cows from pasture go,
Then, leaning on the garden-gate,
A graceful woman stands
And holds a laughing child, who waves
His little dimpled hands;

He waves his hands, and cries aloud:
"Deah papa, I'se so glad
Dat oos tum home!" And papa lifts
His precious little lad,
And kisses child and mother both;
And then within the door
They pass, and leave a picture fair
In memory evermore.

DOWN THE GORGE.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

MOST women are pleased, or at least flattered, when an honest man professes them marriage: this is true, albeit the offer may seem poor enough from a worldly point of view. It is a tribute to the sovereignty of their womanhood that men should come to them thus: and few women find it in their hearts to resent such tribute, little as they may be inclined toward its acceptance.

Yet sometimes there are exceptions to this rule. Hugh Dornbush found one such—when he went to court pretty Lettie Chamberlain. Dornbush was an honest man enough, and so entitled to offer honest love to any woman. But he was a poor farmer-fisherman, toiling hard for his daily bread, and Lettie would have none of such. She tossed her pretty head and laughed, when he spoke to her.

"No, no, Hugh," she said; "I have worked long enough. When I marry, I mean to live at ease. You are in debt: your farm is mortgaged. If I marry you, I must milk the cows and mind the chickens, and maybe work in the fields in the harvest."

Lettie had seen life, and learned its lessons in the school of hard experience, and these things that she said were doubtless true. So Hugh could only bow his head and answer nothing. He knew this was the lot of the women thereabout who married men of his condition, and he felt how futile it would be to tell this one woman that he should care for her more than any of the other men to whom she could point had cared for their wives. Like most men of honest purpose, who intend to do more than they promise, he was not ready with fine words. He could not boast to her that he, strong-armed and brawny, meant to work for her and make her lot easy. Doubtless she would have answered:

"They had all meant to do this, and had promised this, at the beginning."

Hugh was a handsome fellow in his way, big and brown and strong, a man whom

prettier girls than Lettie might have been proud enough to capture. And he was very much in earnest. So he did find heart to say, in self-defense:

"I am making money, Lettie: I am getting out of debt. You know it is not only the farming now, but the fishing too. I have lines down the river further than any of the other men dare go, and I tend them myself every night. That is why I do not give more time to the courting," went on the blunt honest fellow. "But, when I am on the river at night, I think of you, Lettie, and I like to feel that I am working for you. Then you seem very near to me, and I am less lonely. And then I listen to the noise of the rapids below—the 'roaring,' some call it; 'music,' I say—and it makes me calm and contented. I often wish you could go with me and hear it."

Hugh had rarely spoken at such length before, or in such lover-like fashion, and for a moment the girl was touched by it. Then, too, there was a vein of coquetry in her nature, as there is in all women, and a vein of romance as well, as there is likewise in all women, and so the thought of a night ride, with just a spice of danger, with a man who loved her and whom she had refused, was an enticement that she could not resist.

"Oh, I would like to do that!" she said. "I would like to go down there at night, and listen to the booming of the falls when the wind blows into the gorge from the south."

"The wind is in that quarter now," said Hugh: "and in this heavy air the sound will come through the gorge rarely as the water dashes against the rocks down there. And there will be moonlight enough. Will you go with me to-night?"

In the chance of being with her for such an hour, Hugh forgot how she had scorned him and thrown him aside. What might not such an hour do for his suit? He knew the influence that the river and the stars and the music of the falling waters had upon him: might it not soften her mood?

"Will you go, Lettie?" he asked again.

The girl hesitated coquettishly, now that her wish was about to be gratified.

"I am almost afraid," she said. "Are you sure there is no danger?"

Hugh bared his strong right arm, and held it out proudly before her.

"Do you think I would let that take you into danger?" he asked.

"You might not know. The rapids are swift and strong and treacherous."

"I will take you safely enough," answered Hugh: "and if you will trust me, Lettie, I will take you just as safely through life."

"No, no," she answered. "Don't bother me with that any more—now," she added as an afterthought. "I will go down the river with you to-night, if you will take me, but not any further."

When Hugh handed Lettie into his boat, the full moon was just showing above the tree-tops that overhung the water's edge, and its yellow rays glistened and danced on the rippling stream. The air that blew against them from the south was heavy, and the dull booming of the gorge came to their ears distinctly, even while at so great a distance.

Lettie, impressible as all women are to the influences of the hour and the place, was in the humor to be wooed—and maybe won—had Hugh but known it. But, notwithstanding the thought and the hope he had had of this, her last words he had taken literally, and now would use no unfair advantage to press his suit, while she was thus in his care. So he only looked to the oil-skins that he had put about her to ward off the flying spray, then settled himself at the oars and pulled steadily away.

As the moon rose higher, the whole bosom of the river became a sheen of yellow, reflecting back its light. By contrast, the wooded shores took on a denser blackness. The sounds—the regular rhythmic dipping of the oars, the constantly louder and nearer booming of the gorge, the cry of a loon calling to its mate, an owl hooting among the trees—all these were a weird and fitting complement to the night. To Hugh, they were a lulling music that helped to still the passionate unrest and longing that was upon him to take this fair woman in his arms and tell her again and again of his love. To the more nervous organization of the girl, the

surroundings were becoming so oppressive that finally she could no longer restrain an exclamation of fright.

Dornbush rested his oars and bent toward her. "What is it, Lettie?"

"Oh, I don't know! Nothing, I guess. But the noise is getting so loud, and you kept so still. I was afraid you might be asleep."

"Far enough from that, when I have you to take care of. But are you afraid to go further? Do you want to turn back?"

"Afraid? No!" answered the girl, with some spirit. "But are you quite sure there is no danger? The water seems to be getting so swift here."

"It is swift," said Hugh, grimly; "as many a man has found to his sorrow, when caught in it."

"Do you often come down so far?" asked Lettie, not much reassured by Hugh's last words.

"Yes, and further. Just below here the current divides, remaining on one side rough and swift and dangerous; but on the other side it is deep and still and safe. And on that side is a little cove where we can stop and watch the water as it is tumbled through the gorge, and where you can hear the music that I told you of."

For some moments they were still again, as it now required all of Hugh's skill and strength to keep the boat steadily in its course. The water dashed about them, sending the spray up into their faces. As the boat shot swiftly along, the girl forgot all fear in the excitement of the moment. She bent forward with parted lips and wide eyes, peering ahead to discover the channel. Just as she thought she could see where the current divided, there was a sound of cracking wood, and Hugh started to his feet, clutching in one hand the broken handle of an oar. In an instant, he had thrown it down and had wrenched the other from its socket. Using this as a paddle, and exerting all his strength, he struggled desperately to turn the boat toward the deeper and quieter water. But the current was so strong and treacherous, turning and tossing the boat first one way and then the other, that his efforts availed nothing. In an instant—it appeared hardly more, so swiftly did the terrible minutes fly—they had swept past the one point where their salvation seemed possible, and

were drifting fast, as the man knew, and as the girl feared, to death.

Hugh turned toward the girl, and, when she had seen his face, set and ashy, she too knew. He waited a moment for her to speak, but she only burst into a frantic sobbing. He drew toward her and rested his hand upon her shoulder very tenderly, as a father would place his hand upon a child whom he loved and would comfort in some childish grief. She shook it off as though his touch had stung her.

"Go away," she cried, so loud that her voice sounded like a shriek above the noise of the waters. "Go away! I hate you. Because I would not marry you, you have brought me here. You are going to kill me." She struck at him with her clenched hand.

Taunted with such words and at such a time, Hugh could hardly control himself enough to speak. But, telling himself that he must be calm for her sake, he answered:

"I love you, Lettie, and I would gladly die to save you. But human effort can be of no avail now. Only the hand of God can save us now," he said, reverently.

After a little, he spoke again:

"I am not afraid to die," he said, "and I hope you are not. But it will be very hard to die unless you forgive me. I did wrong to bring you into such danger, but can't you forgive me, Lettie?"

The girl only hid her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. It was hard for her, so young, so full of life and of the expectancy of that which life should bring, to sit thus helplessly facing that grim terror—death. It occurred to her that a criminal must feel thus—condemned and on the way to the place of execution.

Hugh's heart overflowed with passionate sympathy for her, but he could find no words of consolation. "If only she had loved him," he thought. Then they could have put their arms about each other, satisfied to have found that love, even though it were in the very shadow of eternity. But to die thus, unloved by her, and in her very presence: and not unloved only, but hated, scorned, accused. A little of his pity for her came back upon himself.

The boat was being swiftly hurled along, and the waters were churning and dashing against it and into it. From time to time,

Hugh put out his paddle to steady it and to keep the light shell from turning over. Any further effort than this—and even this too—was futile.

"Lettie!"

He stood away from the girl, as he spoke again, and she looked up, with her face tear-stained and pale, but quiet now.

"The end is very near," said Hugh. "It will soon be over. It will not be very hard. Can you be brave?"

"I will try."

"And—can you forgive me now?"

"I will try," she said again.

After that, they were very still. The boat sped on unsteadily: touched a rock, where it hung for a brief moment while Hugh made a desperate but ineffectual effort to grasp hold of its smooth slippery surface, half turned, then righted and went on again.

A cloud came over the moon, as if to veil it from the last fearful sight. Again the boat turned—and this time it did not right. As Lettie felt herself thrown from her seat, she sprang toward Hugh. Her arms clasped his neck, and her lips were close against his face. As the surging waters closed over them together, Hugh heard these words:

"I love you, I love you, Hugh; and I am glad to die with you. For only thus should I have known."

Half unconscious of earthly things, Hugh thought for a moment that these were the words of an angel sent to meet him at the gate of Paradise. But, whether the words of spirit or of mortal, they awoke in him a new impulse to make one more struggle for life. Holding Lettie close with one arm, with the other he endeavored to strike out and stay their course. But it was an unequal contest, and the mad element hurried them on the faster to their doom. Yet the effort had not been quite in vain. The extended arm had swerved their course ever so little, but just enough so that they were thrown again against one of the rocks that studded the stream.

With an awful effort, Hugh twined himself about it. The current tore about him with renewed frenzy. At times it would almost wrest him loose and bear him onward again. But, when he felt his grasp slipping, he breathed one short prayer for help, thought again of the girl whose life, doubly dear to him now, rested upon his

strength, and, putting forth his last remaining power, drew himself and her up to a point of momentary safety.

Upon the uncertain rock, with the waters surging around them, lashing their feet with the waves, and leaping up as if again to draw the prey into their embrace, Hugh kept weary watch through the long hours of the night, holding the girl safely in his arms. In that eerie place, with none but God and the stars looking down, Lettie confessed to Hugh her folly.

"I loved you all the while," she whispered, "but I was vain and foolish and ambitious. But I know now that nothing is worth having but love. Can you forgive me, Hugh?" For answer, he only held her the more closely to him. "And if we live," she went on, "if we are saved—"

"Will you trust me again to take care of you?"

"Yes; I will trust you with my life—for all my life."

When morning came, they had to wait many weary hours, before they were discovered by some fishermen upon the bank.

And then it was weary hours more, so many that Lettie grew tired and faint and lay almost lifeless in Hugh's arms, before ropes could be secured and made fast far above, and floats made and dropped down to them with the current. But at last it was done, and two brave fellows, fishermen like himself, put their strong hands into Hugh's upon the rock, and helped him and his burden to the floats. Then a hundred willing hands pulled them carefully shoreward, and they were—saved.

Along the whole river, there is now no more prosperous farmer-fisherman than Hugh Dornbush, and no happier, more industrious, or more contented wife than Lettie. She milks the cows and minds the chickens, and would help in the harvest-field if her husband would permit, and always seems happiest when she works most.

At night, they sometimes go down the river in their boat, but not too far, and listen to the booming of the gorge. Some might think they would dread and avoid the place; but instead, for some mysterious reason, they love it.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY DAVID N. BROOKS.

Oh, he was poor, and I was poor;
So, though I was fair, I had scarce a wooer.
But he said the sheen of my golden hair
Was brighter than gold, beyond compare;
And no jewels, I thought, could ever outshine
The light of his eyes when they looked into
mine.

But the world had taught us its cold stern rules,
We knew it would mock us and call us fools.

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So he chose for himself another bride
To reign in his home, to walk at his side.
Of gold, she brought him a goodly store,
Of gold and silver; but ah, what more?
I go clad in velvets right royally,
And my rich old lord feasts his eyes on me,
And the world applauds; we have followed its
rules,
But our own hearts mock us and whisper "Fools!"

RAISING CYCLAMENS.

BY RAY JOYCE.

THE genus *Cyclamen* is made up of about seven different species and their varieties. They are natives of Europe and Asia, and are found in large quantities in Italy and Switzerland. The culture of these lovely bulbous plants is very simple, and any amateur florist should never be without several varieties. As the tubers or bulbs are not divisible, we must obtain the bulbs from the florist or raise them ourselves from seed, which is quite easily done and also a very interesting method.

Sow the seeds quite thinly in a pot, pan, or box filled with light, fine, sandy soil; cover them lightly and place them in a warm situation as close as possible to the glass. Keep the soil moist, not wet, never allowing it to become dry, else your seeds will not germinate. In three weeks, sometimes longer—do not be impatient—the young seedlings will begin to show themselves. After a leaf or two appear, the bulbs commence to form; allow them to remain until the bulb is as large as a pea before you attempt to transplant them. When thus large, transfer them carefully into seed-pans, placing them two or three inches apart, or into thumb-pots; they may remain all summer in the thumb-pots.

When the weather is warm and settled, place the pots out-of-doors in a half-shady location. Do not allow them to be scorched by the hot sun. Be just as careful that the earth around the young plants does not dry out, and to drown them with water would be equally injurious. If care be given them, the young bulbs should bloom the next winter; but they will not do so, if they be neglected.

In September, when the first cool frosty nights come, they must be brought in and repotted. As the *Cyclamen* is never a large plant, it should not be given too large a pot. A large bulb is about as large as a silver dollar, and will not need a pot larger than the four-inch size; a three-inch pot for a smaller bulb, of course. The bulbs should be placed on top of the soil and pressed

down into it about half their depth. They like best a soil containing quite a good deal of rich nourishing food, but it must be made light with sufficient sand; leaf-mold and well-decayed sods, with sharp sand, make an excellent soil for them, and, if a little bit of soot be sprinkled on and mixed with the soil, the size and brilliancy of the flowers will be increased.

Success in potting depends considerably on good drainage; fully one-third of the pot should be filled with broken potsherds. Use the porous or soft-baked pots for *Cyclamen*, and, when first potted, water them thoroughly, but afterward more sparingly until they commence to show signs of new growth, else the bulbs will rot; and, during their growing and blooming season, they should be watered as often as they may require, and a dose of weak liquid manure should be given them as often as twice a week after the buds commence to show. If liquid manure is not obtainable, use one teaspoonful of pulverized guano to a quart of water; do not allow them to get dry during their blooming season.

The *Cyclamen* has circular leaves of a deep green, marked with lighter green in spots and veins; and, if it had no flowers, the foliage alone would make it well worth growing as a window-plant. The under side of the leaves is of a reddish shade, very beautiful. The blossoms are borne on long and slender curved stalks, differing in color from pure white to deep red, magenta, or a purplish shade; the petals are oddly reflexed. A well-grown plant will give quantities of flowers during the winter months from November to May.

Cyclamen Persicum and its several varieties stand at the head of the family and are the ones most generally cultivated. Two of the best improvements in this variety are *C. Persicum giganteum* and *C. Persicum grandiflorum*. The bulbs of these species are quite flat and so much alike on both that many people do not know which is the top of the bulb. But, if they are carefully examined,

the scars of old leaf-stems may be found on the upper side.

Of other species, we have *Cyclamen Europæum*, a pinkish purple, and *C. Europæum album*, pure white, both varieties blooming from October to January. The ivy-leaved variety, *Cyclamen hæderifolium*, having large rosy-purple flowers, blooms from September to January. The bulbs of *Cyclamen* are quite worthless after their third season of blooming, so should be thrown away.

After the plants have got through blooming, the plants must be gradually dried off to rest through the summer; that is, do not allow them to have water enough to force growth, yet do not allow them to dry out wholly. The bulbs should have just enough moisture to prevent their drying up; for, as long as the bulbs keep plump, they are all right. If the leaves drop off it in summer, it is all right, as it shows that the bulbs are resting and will do much better the next growing season.

The *Cyclamen* blossoms are fine for cutting, as they are delicate, of beautiful form and shading, and quite fragrant. But, in order to preserve the bulbs and not injure them, considerable care should be used when cutting them. If cut in the ordinary way, the succulent stumps decay down to the bulb and injure the buds which are just

issuing, so that it is better to pull the stems off, so that they will separate from the bulb as low as possible; and even this must not be carried to an extreme, as, if too many blossoms are pulled at a time, the bulb, which is a profuse bloomer, may be materially injured. Again, if you desire an abundance of bloom, do not allow the bulbs to ripen seeds.

Cyclamens like a rather cool temperature, plenty of light, and sufficient fresh air. If they are grown in too hot a temperature, they will surely be infested with the red spider.

The red spider is the only insect pest which affects the *Cyclamen*, and this may be prevented by daily syringing and moderate temperature.

Cyclamens like plenty of sunshine until the flowers commence to open; then they should have more shade, as the sun tends to fade the flowers: too far away from the glass will give long straggly stems.

Altogether, in summing up, when we consider the ease with which it can be cultivated, the length of time the flowers remain in perfection, the profusion of bloom, the beauty of both flowers and foliage, and the small amount of room it requires, we cannot but come to the conclusion that everyone should try raising a few *Cyclamens*.

HYACINTHS.

The origin of this lovely flower forms one of the prettiest legends of the ancient classic mythology. The fable runs that *Hyacinthus*, a beautiful youth, was greatly beloved by the god *Apollo*, who had the misfortune to kill him accidentally by a blow of his quoit as they were playing together, and that the flower bearing his name sprang up from where the blood fell. *Hyacinths* may be as successfully grown in moist sand, in fertilized moss, or in "cocoanut-fibre dust," as by the ordinary methods in water or prepared compost. These considerations should greatly extend its scope of utility, although they appear to be too rarely employed. Of course, these remarks apply to indoor management; for beds and borders, a somewhat different treatment would be required.

If *hyacinths* are to be grown in pots, say three or more, those which are deep should be chosen. The compost for the purpose

ought to be in the following proportions: One-half mellow turfy loam; one-quarter old cow-manure, or mixed with leaf-mold; one-quarter clean coarse sand. This admixture will closely realize the natural soil in which they flourish. Fill the pots one-third with drainage; nothing is better than nodules of charcoal, in my opinion. Clear the bulb of offsets or roughness, press it firmly down, leaving about a third above the surface, water sufficiently to settle the soil, and plunge them a foot at least beneath coal-ashes or cocoanut-fibre refuse, out-of-doors. In a month or six weeks, take them up as required, bring them into some warm apartment, inure them gradually to the light. Water freely, and once or twice a week a dose of weak manure-water will do no harm. Of course, these directions presuppose that there is no means of forcing at hand.

SOME NOTED ART-ROOMS.

BY RICHARD T. PENCROSS.

ONE of the most wonderful instances of the evolution, as well as revolution, in the modern commercial system, is that which concerns the leading jewelry, bric-a-brac, and curiosity establishments in the great cities in this country and Europe.

These places are no longer shops, but actual art-galleries and veritable museums, and in numerous cases the three separate establishments are combined under one roof. Our American dealers are positively distancing the most famous houses in Paris and London, and every year sees fresh treasures from the ancient palaces of Italy or the world-wide collections of England brought across seas to tempt the eyes of our billionaires, and, better yet, by their exhibition, help to educate the artistic taste of the general public.

I am given to understand that every properly regulated Philadelphian born within the sound of the State House bell firmly believes the greater part of the best of everything which comes to this country is to be found within the radius of the wilderness of streets between the Delaware and Schuylkill. Although, as a native of a Western metropolis which is certain of being the centre at least of the New World, I may be inclined to smile at the Philadelphian's complacent credence, I could not but admit, a few days since, that he has really a vast deal of which to be proud. In a course of rigid sight-seeing to which some zealous friends have exposed me, I was taken to the jewelry and art-rooms

situated at the corner of Twelfth and Chestnut Streets. The very name of the firm—Bailey, Banks and Biddle—possesses a pleasing alliteration suggestive of prosperity: one would be sure in advance that the combination must prove irresistible.

Once past the great doors, I felt as I do when I enter Tiffany's in New York, or some renowned establishment of a similar sort in Regent Street or the Rue de la Paix—as if I had entered a domain of wonders. The eye is first struck by the jewelry counters; it is like living a chapter in Aladdin's Lamp to study the marvelous collection of gems of every kind, set in every conceivable fashion. The famous pair of blue diamonds, the like of which not even the caskets of royalty can boast, caused the two ladies of our party so openly to break one of the Commandments that we insisted on hastening forward lest they should be tempted, we told them, to tamper with another, the consequences of infringement on which might prove serious.

From that point, the display of china and every other object for interior house-decoration which human ingenuity has invented grew more beautiful and bewildering with every step. There were copies of the finest china manufactures of the eighteenth century, such as the Fontenoy vases, the original of which cost the Duc d'Aumale, at the Double sale, one hundred and fifty thousand francs.

There are cabinets in Vernis Martin—half-



VALENCIENNES CREAM-PITCHER.

round, oval, rectangular, triangular—mounted with chiseled and gilt bronze, painted with Watteau-like groups and filled with rare and costly bric-a-brac. There is a collection of miniatures on porcelain and on ivory, of powdered, patched, and painted beauties of the court of the old régime. One sees groups of charming Dresden china shepherdesses and graceful gallants. Near by are beautiful figures in Worcester-ware, representing Hindoo and other East Indian celebrities, equally animated in expression, but much more sober in color.

So much taste is displayed in the arrangement of the rooms that one feels as if walking among the priceless collection of some wealthy virtuoso, rather than examining the contents of a mercantile establishment. There are tall old-fashioned clocks in ele-

gantly carved cases of mahogany or oak, that ring out soft musical chimes. There are sets of table-ware in Crown Derby, in rich blue and gold, which tempt one sorely; and one finds it difficult to decide whether one does not prefer the specimens of Doulton-ware, with their exquisite designs of poppies, arrow-heads, and brambles. Especially effective, too, are the Minton game-plates, painted by Mussill with pheasants, grouse, and kingfishers with marvelous art. There are mantels of Mexican onyx and Limoges enamel in artful combination, and I particularly remember an inkstand of Celadon-ware and gilt bronze that I longed to transfer to the table of my study.

The banquet-lamps, a craze for which began during the first French Empire and

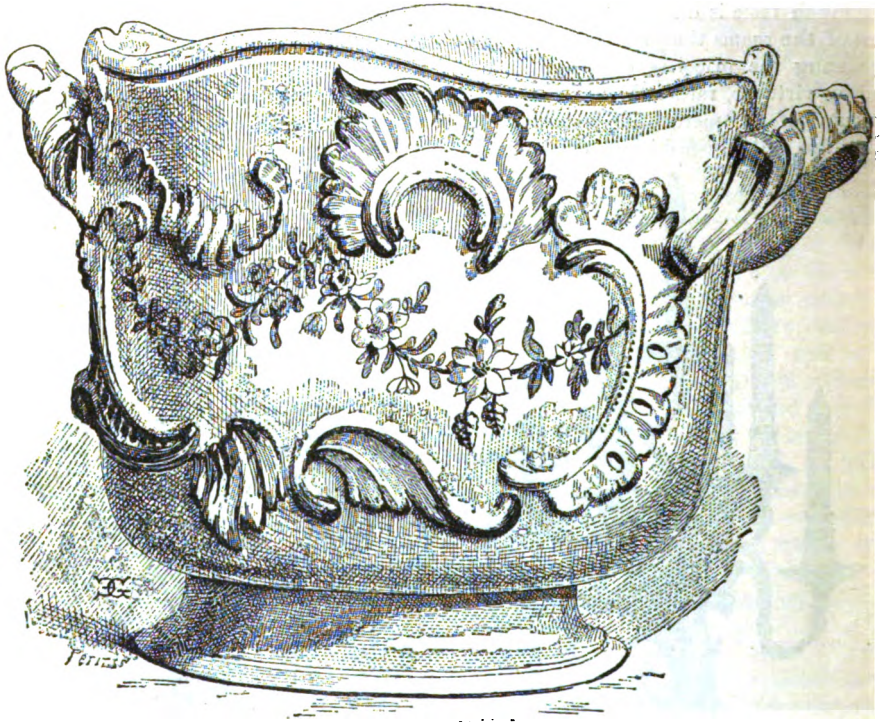


PORCELAIN CANDELABRA.

which has been developed and modified to meet modern requirements, are seen here in such variety that one is puzzled to make a choice. I recollect this fact because I had been commissioned by a friend to purchase one, and I counted at least a dozen different styles in iron-brass, old silver, with shades of porcelain or opaque onyx or the still newer fancy of silk and guipure lace.

But I may as well stop short in any thought of mentioning more of the countless treasures which meet the eye on every hand;

are seen, no discordant hues, no forms too heavy or too rude. From end to end of the rooms, the same influence is everywhere apparent. The Eastern draperies and hangings add, of course, incalculably to the artistic effect. In addition, there are always burning in the shadowy nooks scores of lamps into which electric attachments have been deftly introduced, and the light from these, tinted by shades of red or yellow, lends to the scene a sort of Oriental splendor which is very entrancing.



FAIENCE FONT, FROM ST. AMAND-LES-EAUX.

further attempt to describe them would only make this article read like the pages of a catalogue.

One thing that particularly strikes an observer is the way in which all the various objects, styles, shapes, and colors are brought into harmony. One perceives, too, that the entire arrangement has been directed by an all-pervading idea—an idea which we moderns have borrowed from the eighteenth century: that everything in the interior furnishings of a house should be in accordance with women's tastes. No sharp angles

Silver-ware has a department to itself, and the display is as dazzling as it is bewildering. While doing full justice to the artistic merit of the specimens from various European countries and India, it is gratifying to discover that the finest work of all is that executed in our own country.

There were magnificent punch-bowls of Gargantuan profundity, biscuit-boxes lined with gilt and chased inside and out in a manner strongly suggestive of Japanese art, so beautiful that any one of them might have served as an altar-pyx. There were



AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

loving-cups, sherry flasks, port jugs of silver and cut glass to display the ruby color of the wine, toilet and traveling articles in repoussé, match and cigar boxes, corkscrews, and so on up to the wonderful services for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner.

There are enameled spoons from Russia, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, of rare beauty. The metal of the spoons has been pierced with dainty designs, and these openings filled with colored translucent enamels.

Fine specimens are exhibited, too, of silver enameling by American silver-smiths, among the most striking being some water-jugs in repoussé-work, representing with miraculous fidelity bivalves and algae and various other forms of marine life. I longed to carry away a small salver in oxidized metal, which had on it two pictures in enamel, done with extraordinary delicacy and naturalness—one of which represented a winter landscape, and the other a similar scene in full summer.

It is not only to its comparative rarity and consequent high price that silver owes its position in the household arts. The purity of its color, its malle-

ability—only less than that of gold, while it has greater strength and therefore needs less alloy than the dearer metal—the quality of its surface, whether mat or burnished, and the ease with which it can be worked in various ways, have always made it a grateful material to artists.

We find table-ware and toilet-articles of silver among the luxuries of the earliest civilizations—taking the place, in a multitude of objects, of the less hygienic bronze or copper, and becoming so common in periods of prosperity like the Augustan era that the poet Horace, even while boasting of his stoicism and, his poverty, boasts also of his decent array of silver.

Of the early methods of working, hammering or repoussé was the only one which economized the metal, so that it might be said the work was more than the material.



PORCELAIN CLOCK.

We may believe that Horace's silver service, then, was, like the Roman treasure of Hildesheim or the smaller pieces occasionally found in Pompeii, beaten up out of sheet silver into simple but graceful forms, and perhaps ornamented with a few leaves and tendrils of ivy or some light arabesques.

This is still the best method of working; but, in time of profuse wealth, it has often been supplanted by casting and sculpture in the mass. It is perhaps but little to be

was melted down at least once in a generation, in order to be recast in the style of the day. All that was expected of the silversmith was that he should make his wares showy, bulky, and heavy-looking.

Many readers will doubtless remember the massive silver and plated ware of a quarter of a century ago, its inartistic and awkward shapes and clumsy ornamentation. Of late years, the study of the best remaining specimens of past styles has helped to lead us to



IVORY PORCELAIN VASE.

regretted, at least from the silversmith's point of view, that the abuse of these last two processes has led, even in more recent times of distress, to the destruction of vast quantities of works of art in order to supply the mint and put the metal into more convenient form for exchange.

People came to value their plate mainly as a resource in time of need. Design and workmanship were both neglected, and, when better times returned, were subordinated to fashion; so that the family plate

a purer taste; it has created a demand for free-hand work, and, instead of the exclusive employment of stamped and cast designs, we have seen a great revival of hammered, chased, and pierced work.

When the use for which an object is intended requires a certain solidity, and it is cast from a wax model, lightness and elegance of form are aimed at, and the chaser is commonly called in to remove by his skillful workmanship all the appearance of clumsiness, and bring candelabra, centre-

pieces, and other large objects in solid metal into harmony with the more delicately formed vessels which must make the principal part of a service.

A service of vermeil (silver gilt) has always been accounted the acme of luxury in table appointments. Scarron, in the most charming episode of his "Roman Comique," makes his Spanish incognita serve her imprisoned chevalier on such a one, and

Gautier's Fortunio knows of nothing more sumptuous: yet surely it is better to keep the richer service for the dessert, when it is the turn of the eyes to be feasted with the finest effects of light and color. It is wise, too, because there is no further step to take in the matter of decoration, unless one would have recourse to enamel or copy the bad taste of the Renaissance and roughen the handles of spoons and knives with jewels.



PAIR OF SEVRES VASES.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 255.

CHAPTER XIII.



MORE than a year went by without any change in Mina de la Boissière's life. Renaud's absence had been prolonged deep into the summer; for, when he and his party left Italy, they indulged in a trip through the Tyrol.

Mina spent the warm months at the country residence of Madame de la Frulaye, accompanied by Madame d'Orlandes and Mademoiselle Dumont. Renaud presented himself there for a brief period; but then, as well as after the season called them all back to Paris, he took the utmost pains to prove to his wife and the world at large that she had irrevocably lost any hold on his affection or consideration.

The pair dwelt under the same roof, met in society, but, beyond that, they held no intercourse. It was her husband's desire that a succession of dinners and balls should be given, and Mina complied: the two presided once a week at their table, separated by a brilliant party, or sometimes stood side by side for a little while when the great house was thrown open for an evening reception; but, beyond a few words of chilling courtesy or calm indifference, Renaud seldom addressed her.

His love was rapidly changing into downright active hatred: he would have been glad to do her a lasting hurt; he exulted when some escapade of his roused fresh gossip, for, in spite of her apparent unconsciousness, he knew that Mina's pride and delicacy were always wounded to the core.

The close of the season was at hand; the first days of April had come and brought the end of Lent. Madame de la Frulaye had selected an evening of Easter week for a grand ball, and, as it was likely to prove the last notable festivity of the spring, the world of society was as eager to be present

as if not a creature among the entire set had danced for at least a twelvemonth.

The fair penitents of the Lenten episode gladly threw aside their sombre robes and appeared in the freshest and most expensive costumes, presenting a show as brilliant as a parterre of spring blossoms.

Madame de la Frulaye had been fortunate enough, also, to secure a unique attraction for her ball—a famous traveler just returned from several years of wandering, during which period, by the united efforts of his brush and pen, he had acquired a popularity which made him one of the most talked-of men, not only in France, but in all Europe. He had brought back with him even finer pictures than those by which he had placed himself in the front rank of modern artists, and a scientific work of such rare merit that it was already confidently asserted its success, joined to that won by his previous efforts in a similar line, would open to him the doors of the Academy and give him a seat among the forty immortals of his day.

In spite of the coating of sunburn which accentuated his clear dark complexion, and a certain expression of melancholy which softened the fire of his eyes, Gaston Bernard had changed little during those years of absence, travel, and hard work.

Nowhere in the world is talent such a passport to the great world as in Paris; and, although so recently arrived, Bernard's return had already been announced, and there was not one among the proudest dames of the Faubourg St. Germain but was more excited at the thought of meeting him than if he had been a reigning prince or a grand duke with a pedigree dating back to Charlemagne. More than one daughter of a noble house would have gladly exchanged her empty title for that of the wife of this brilliant man, rich in glory, gold, and good looks, in spite of the fact that his birth had been comparatively humble.

But the Marquis de la Frulaye, who had been his college companion and remained his most intimate friend, had openly declared that Bernard had one fault—he was a frightful polygamist and already overstocked with wives: he had wedded the whole nine muses, and could find no room for another spouse. The lovers of romance and gossip at once decided that this devotion to the nine sisters concealed some grand passion which had brought only disappointment, and this story added the crowning charm of mystery to his other attractions.

What name could be given to the ideal sentiment which the artist had vowed to the memory of Mina de Rosenthal, whom he believed so happily married that her life passed in a realm even more beautiful than the dream-world which enveloped her girlhood? In spite of all the years which had elapsed since the budding in his heart of that love for which he recognized from the first there could be no fruition or even full blossoming, the essence of that feeling had remained like the delicate perfume of a flower—the flower of tenderness and melancholy which he had no desire to cast out from his heart in order to fill its place with some fresher bloom.

He had met face to face, in that enchanted season spent at Rosenthal, the embodiment of the dream of his youth: duty and honor had forced him to flee from its presence, and he had unflinchingly obeyed the dictate of conscience; but his soul still wore mourning for his perished dream—the fire on the altar of his heart yet burned, but self-abnegation had rendered the flame holy.

He was a brave man, and his courage had met with its reward; an indefatigable worker always, he had from that hour devoted every energy, every thought, to science and art, and, in the absorption of congenial labor, he had found a certain balm for his wounds and had kept himself so constantly occupied that there had been no leisure for open and unavailing dissatisfaction or regret.

The ball was at the height of its brilliancy when Bernard entered, and for some time he had to run the gauntlet of introductions and attentions which he endured with smiling fortitude, inwardly shrinking from both, according to the ordinary habit of exceptional talent.

After a while, he and his host took refuge

in the shelter of a bay-window and plunged into eager talk, but very few moments before Madame de la Frulaye espied them and hastened up with laughing reproaches to both husband and guest.

"Monsieur Bernard did not appear until a shamefully late hour," she declared, "and now you, most abominable of husbands, help him to hide away from scores of people who are dying to make his acquaintance!"

"It is too bad," rejoined De la Frulaye; "what is the use of having caught a lion, if he does no growling? I have not seen Madame de la Boissière since Gaston came in: has she gone?"

"No; she and Madame d'Orlandes are as bad as you two: they have hidden themselves in my boudoir. I suppose poor Mina finds the evening a little hard—she only reached Paris this morning. I wrote that I would never forgive her if she did not come back for my ball. As for that miserable husband of hers, if she means to shut herself up every time he commits some fresh horror, why, she may as well go into a convent at once!"

"So it was the theatre scandal that caused the poor little woman to run off to the country? I thought as much! My dear friend, we all committed a terrible folly—worse—in meddling with that marriage."

"But we thought Renaud absolutely changed by his devotion for Mina. Oh, don't make me think!" cried Madame de la Frulaye. "But I can't stop here, talking to you two perfidious men! Come, Monsieur Bernard—I want to present you to the two dearest friends I possess. As for you, monster, go and dance with some poor wall-flower who has found no partner. Away with you at once!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE countess and Mina were still seated in the boudoir in which they had taken refuge a short time after the arrival of the latter.

During the past three weeks, Mina had been down at the Chateau de la Boissière, accompanied only by Mademoiselle Dumont and little Jean. A fire which had somewhat injured a wing of the building had made an excuse for her journey. She had in reality hurried away because warned that her husband had become mixed up in a

scandalous quarrel with which, during the next week, all the daily journals would be filled. She wanted to be absent until people had ceased to wonder and talk and she could be sure that she would not, everywhere she stirred, be an object of curiosity or sympathy.

Neither she nor Mademoiselle Dumont had opened a newspaper while they were gone, and, as they had only reached Paris the morning of the ball, they had not heard of Gaston Bernard's arrival; and, if aware that Mina had once known the celebrated traveler, both the countess and Madame de la Frulaye had forgotten the circumstance.

Mina wore, this evening, a dress of mauve gauze decorated with branches of white lilac, while a profusion of pearls and amethysts shone on her neck and arms. The marvelous freshness of her early youth had given way to a transparent pallor faintly tinted by a rose-leaf pink; her eyes had dark circles under, which made them look larger and deeper; her lovely mouth had lost its tender half-smile: but she was, if possible, more beautiful in her melancholy than she had been in the bloom of her girlhood.

So it was that Bernard saw her first, after those years of separation. He stood in the door of the boudoir and gazed with his soul in his eyes. There she sat, so near, yet in reality as completely separated from his life as if the breadth of the world swept between!

Madame d'Orlandes perceived him first, and paused abruptly in some incident she was relating. Mina mechanically followed the direction of her friend's eyes, and saw Bernard standing in the shadow of the curtains.

"Ah!" she involuntarily exclaimed. "Why—it is Monsieur Bernard!"

He hurried forward and seized her hand, so profoundly moved that he could not articulate a syllable. Mina remained mute also; the two exchanged a long mutual regard which seemed on Bernard's part to say:

"Happiness—for me, it meant you—you alone! I fled from it—I thought it my duty; and now—now it is too late!"

And, unconsciously to her ordinary self, Mina's soul comprehended and spoke through her eyes, crying: "I did not understand—and now it is too late!"

Then they began to talk, both at once: to ask questions and wait for no answer, to comprehend each other's meaning at a

word. Suddenly, Mina remembered Madame d'Orlandes, who sat by, astonished out of her ordinary placidity.

"Monsieur Bernard is an old, old friend," Mina said, as she presented him; "he was at Rosenthal for months. Mamma adored him; papa could not bear to let him go. I must have told you often about our summer there."

Then, with Bernard's help, she detailed the events of that season: their rides and walks, their visits to ruined chateaux, Bernard's researches among all the ancient documents he could find, and the assistance Mina had given. The whole romance was plain to the countess's comprehension and filled her with a vague disquietude for the future, lest in some fashion this innocent idyl might be turned by Renaud de la Boissière into a weapon for the working-out of the revenge for which she felt sure he hoped and waited. She understood his nature far more clearly than Mina; she knew that he would never rest till the awful blow to his vanity and self-love had been avenged.

Presently, other people wandered in; there was no further opportunity for conversation, and Bernard regretfully rose to go.

"I am at home to my intimate friends every day at two o'clock," Mina said, frankly, extending her hand. "To-morrow?"

"The day after, if I may come," he answered; "to-morrow, I am obliged to go out of town."

"On Saturday, then," added Mina, with a smile which was like that of old days.

Bernard went slowly out of the boudoir and did not approach her again that evening. Later, he saw her in the ball-room, surrounded by a group of men. Then Renaud and the Count d'Orlandes appeared together, and someone named them to Bernard, who watched the marquis with compressed lips as he bent over his wife with an affectation of intimacy which was an actual insult under the circumstances. He saw Mina lean back as Renaud turned toward her; he caught the glance of scorn and disgust which flashed from her eyes as she rose at the first opportunity and accepted the arm of some man who had asked her to dance.

Gaston's blood boiled while he watched the husband, of whose enormities De la Frulaye had already given him a detailed

account. Day by day now, there was a change in the face once so striking that "handsome Renaud" had been Boissière's common nickname. He was growing stout, his complexion had thickened and reddened, his eyes had lost their beauty, and his hair was growing gray and scanty; every line of his countenance, every attitude and gesture, betrayed the effects of habitual dissipation and coarse excess.

To think that the exquisite being for whose memory his heart had served as an altar during these long years should be bound and sacrificed to a creature like that was unutterably horrible to Bernard. This profanation of his idol filled his soul with a bitter rage, not only against the man who had so deeply insulted and wronged her, but against fate, that it could have been cruel enough to permit such sacrilege.

On her side, the sight of her "knight-errant," as she had of yore dubbed Bernard, filled Mina with a strange unrest through which the suffering and horror of her present life looked doubly black and terrible.

And Madame d'Orlandes watched her with a keener pity than her heart, tender as it was, had ever felt for any human being, murmuring sadly to herself:

"Poor angel, who sees heaven out of the depths of the purgatory made by that man's wicked cruelty!"

CHAPTER XV.

BERNARD kept the appointment for Saturday to the very moment. He was received by Mademoiselle Dumont, who welcomed him with enthusiastic warmth.

"Mina will be here in a few moments; she is with the doctor—we had to call him for Jean, but luckily the ailment proves to be only a bad cold," she explained.

"Jean? Her son? She has a son?" exclaimed Bernard.

Mademoiselle Dumont related the sad history; she felt that it was better their old friend should be made acquainted with the true state of affairs.

"How well I recognize her through the whole!" sighed Bernard, when the brief record was finished.

"That was only the commencement," said mademoiselle. "Such a life as we lead! It is no matter about me—but Mina! She had not been married six months before I per-

ceived that she had deceived herself. She had conceived in her heart and imagination an ideal of which she believed that man was the realization. But I will say no more; I have already been uncharitable enough for one day."

"You uncharitable!" cried Bernard. "You could not be if you tried!"

"I must tell you of what I have been thinking every moment since Mina told me of meeting you," pursued the little lady, eagerly. "It is that by your assistance we may save her from the terrible languor which is undermining her strength."

"If there is anything—the least or the greatest—that I can do, you know how happy I shall be," rejoined Gaston.

"Of course I know! I think it will do her a world of good if we can reawaken her former strong love for art."

"And she was remarkably gifted," Bernard added.

"She has abandoned brush and pencil completely; but I count on you to persuade her to take them up," said mademoiselle. "You must give her lessons; they will afford a perfectly good reason for frequent visits; you can resume your frank comradeship of the old days."

"I shall be only too glad," Bernard answered, quietly.

"Mina's health—her very life—is at stake," Mademoiselle Dumont hurried on, forcing herself to speak with calmness. "The physician is alarmed by the state she is in—it is like the beginning of atrophy. He said to me yesterday: 'Women die of a melancholy so deeply seated! At her age, when the heart is not occupied, there must be something found to give an interest in life. She has no real home, no children! Jean, much as she loves him, cannot fill that place; the sight of him recalls too many painful memories.'"

"Poor girl! poor girl!" sighed Bernard.

"Oh, I was in agony," continued Mademoiselle Dumont. "The other evening, after she had gone to that ball, I prayed God to send us some help! My prayer was heard: you have come; your friendship and counsel will prove a tower of strength. You know how thoroughly she appreciated you—enjoyed your society! When she came home from Madame de la Frulaye's, we talked for a long while. She wept bitterly;

she does not often weep now, but the sight of you brought up so many beautiful memories of her girlhood—of that brightest of all summers, the one you spent at the cha-teau."

Gaston Bernard was so inured to self-control that the good spinster's excitement betrayed him into no show of agitation. Indeed, there was not room in his mind for any selfish thought; he could only remember that Mina suffered, and that it was his duty, his blessed privilege, to try and brighten the dismal pathway she was treading with patient silent endurance.

"Did you speak to her about the painting-lessons?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; she was delighted—that was what I wanted to tell you," replied Mademoiselle Dumont. "Since that, she has been like another creature! She spent all her spare time yesterday in converting into a studio a room that opens on the garden. She had a piano put in; the place is as lovely as possible. Actually, she seemed to get back something of her girlish ardor while superintending the arrangement."

"And nothing in the world could give me so much pleasure as to superintend her studies, to renew the intimacy of the old days—the sweetest days of my life," said Bernard. "I can say this to you, dear friend—you will understand exactly what I mean! You know that, if Mina were my own sister, her happiness could not be dearer to me; that, if she were my patron saint come back to earth, she could not be more sacred in my sight."

"I do understand; I know that every word you say is true," cried mademoiselle. She stretched out her hand; Bernard seized it. For a few seconds, both remained silent, reading in each other's eyes feelings too deep, too holy, to be put into words.

"It is all settled now," Bernard said, after a little.

"All settled," she answered, smiling through a mist of tears which she hastily wiped away. "You are sure that giving up so much time will not prove a hindrance to your own work?"

"Not in the least! I can work here sometimes, for that matter. No, I am only too happy to be of use; I cannot attempt to tell you how much I feel your confidence and goodness."

"I learned to know you well during those months at Rosenthal—to trust you fully, as did the duke and duchess," she answered. "It seems to me, heaven must have sent you just at this juncture; we can save Mina! She would have died by inches, under the torture of the life she was leading. With her ardent nature, to find a pursuit so interesting that it will engross both heart and mind will be the one medicine which can effect her cure."

At this moment, the curtains over a doorway near were drawn back, and Mina entered.

"I could overhear as I came in, and I listened," she said, smiling, as she advanced. She gave one hand to Mademoiselle Dumont and the other to Bernard, adding: "My good friends—my only ones!"

"At least sincere," Bernard answered, in a tremulous voice.

"Ah, what mistakes—what mistakes!" sighed Mina. "If this present life were only a horrid nightmare—if we three were away in Rosenthal! But all that is weak—I did not mean to complain!"

"And it is a great deal to be thankful for, that we have him back!" cried Mademoiselle Dumont, laying her hand on Bernard's shoulder.

"You will be my brother," Mina said to him, with her beautiful smile; "I have always wanted one, but I never needed his aid so much as now—I can depend on you."

"You can," Bernard answered. "During all these years of absence, the friendship which from the first of our acquaintance I gave to you and yours has never lessened—it never can. My strongest desire is to be of use to you in every way possible. I need not tell you how great a happiness it is to see you again, to receive this cordial welcome! I can promise that no brother was ever more devoted than you will find me—it all sounds poor enough, but you understand!"

"I do, and I cannot even try to express my thanks," Mina said; "I can only say your conduct is just what I expected—it is worthy of you!" She stopped, moved away to a window, and stood for a few seconds with her back toward her two friends. Presently she turned, saying pleasantly: "Now let us go and look at the studio; I hope you will like it."

It was a large room on the second floor, with windows opening into a veranda from which a winding staircase led down to the garden. Bernard looked about the pretty retreat with an approving smile, and pronounced the light very good indeed.

"Then you will set up an easel here," Mina said; "I shall like to think of one of your pictures being painted in this room."

"It shall be my very best, too," rejoined he, playfully; "I will be satisfied with nothing less."

He noticed, in a corner, the piano which had stood in Mina's study in the chateau of Rosenthal; the very sight of it recalled such a world of memories that his heart throbbed almost to bursting. He sat down at the instrument and began to play with an intensity of passion which thrilled the very souls of his listeners. When he paused, Mina sat pale and silent, with her eyes cast down.

"What a wonderful talent!" cried Mademoiselle Dumont, more to break the silence than because she wished to speak. "How you have improved, too. I thought that I played very well, and Mina has a genius for music; but we shall appear like two beginners, by the side of you. I think all the good fairies must have presided at your christening."

"It makes such a difference in one's playing, to be certain of sympathetic listeners," Bernard replied, "and I never found any to equal the little home-circle at Rosenthal."

Mina made no remark whatever; she only turned her eloquent glance from one friend to the other, and the new life and brightness in her face made Mademoiselle Dumont's heart fairly bound with joy.

"Now we must settle about the hours for the lessons," said Mina, after a little. "They are to be hours of real work—nothing must be allowed to interfere."

"I shall take up my wood-engraving again," observed Mademoiselle Dumont; "I remember how much Monsieur Bernard helped me with it in the old days."

"My little Jean already shows a marked talent for drawing," Mina said, "so he must work with us; for that matter, my dear," turning to Mademoiselle Dumont, "you can give him all his lessons here."

Just then, there was a knock at the door and a young voice called:

"Mamma! May I come in, mamma?"

Mina hurried forward and led in the pretty, delicate-looking little fellow, who clung somewhat shyly to her hand when he perceived a stranger.

"You know who that is," Mina said; "I told you about Monsieur Bernard this morning. Go and shake hands with him; he has promised to give us both drawing-lessons."

The boy went up to Bernard and laid his fingers confidently in the hand offered to him.

"I know you are good," he said, simply; "won't you please to love me? Mamma does."

Bernard lifted the child in his arms and kissed his forehead, with a glance at Mina which she knew meant that, whatever might happen in the future, the boy would find in him an unfailing friend.

Before anyone could speak, a servant appeared with a message from De la Boissière; he wished to know at what hour it would be convenient for madame to put her signature to some deeds.

The opportunity for mentioning her plans to Renaud was too good to be lost, and Mina eagerly seized on it.

"Ask monsieur le marquis to be kind enough to come up to my studio," she said.

It touched the hearts of the three to see how little Jean shrank away to a distant window and hid himself behind the curtains, when he heard the order given. With the strange intuition possessed by imaginative children, he had perceived, when he first met his father at the Chateau de la Boissière, that he was an object of dislike to him; and, since they arrived in Paris, the boy had been careful to keep out of his way.

Presently Renaud entered, wearing his most engaging smile and manner. He greeted his wife and Mademoiselle Dumont with charming deference.

"I wish to make you acquainted with my old friend Monsieur Bernard," Mina said.

"I need no introduction," he said, advancing toward the guest with outstretched hands; "I have known him for years through his books and his pictures. I am more than charmed, monsieur, to meet you! Madame's friends are always welcome; but you are doubly so, for your own sake as well as hers."

Bernard replied with a courtesy which he

tried hard to render cordiality, but it was difficult to accept the hand and treat with deference the man whom he so heartily despised and loathed; but, for Mina's sake, the torture must be endured.

"I wanted, also, to show you my studio," Mina said. "In the old days at Rosenthal, Monsieur Bernard helped me with my painting; he has promised to be my teacher again."

"It is a great honor," Renaud said, smiling; "but at least my wife is worthy of it, monsieur! I have regretted so much that she has somewhat neglected her great talent in that direction."

The talk went on for a few moments, then was interrupted by the entrance of Madame d'Orlandes. The servants had told her where she would find Mina, and, according to her habit, she had made her way upstairs unannounced. She stood for an instant on the threshold before anyone noticed her, and regarded the scene with secret anxiety.

"Renaud means mischief," she thought. "Oh, what is all this? A studio fitted up—lessons! There is no harm—I don't like it, though! That man means mischief. I know that peculiar smile too well! But how to warn Mina? The poor girl! it would be wicked to deprive her of a little pleasure; and yet—"

"Madame d'Orlandes!" cried Renaud, who was the first to perceive her. "Ah, now, Mina, your trio is complete. I am only grieved that I must run away."

With some charming words to each of the guests in turn, De la Boissière left the room.

"He means mischief," said the countess again to herself, "but even to put Mina on her guard seems cruel; and, after all, what could he do? I am always on the watch for trouble—this time, I will not look for the black cloud. The dear child shall have a little happiness, if we can give it to her—she shall!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

BY T. J. TAYLOR.

COME, tell me some old story,
As mother used to tell,
When mellow shades of evening
Like mist upon us fell—

When sunny day, departing,
Let in the solemn night,
But left amid its shadows
Some twinkling points of light.

The landscape, veiled in darkness,
Was with new beauties rife;
For fire-flies, birds, and insects
Seemed bursting into life.

The brooklet's gentle murmur,
The whisper of the trees,
Stole o'er us like sweet music
Borne on night's softest breeze

And, sitting in the darkness
At our dear mother's feet,
We'd listen as she'd tell us
In accents soft and sweet

Of fairies working wonders
Near haunted spring or dell,
Who blessed the little children
With mystic charm and spell;

Or, from the sacred pages,
She'd tell of those of old,
Whose lives in all the ages
Shine out as pure as gold;

Or sing some old-time ballad
Or hymn in numbers sweet,
Till, touched by notes so tender,
We'd in the darkness weep.

Those were not tears of sorrow,
But happiness complete;
For joy 'twas, at eventide,
To sit at mother's feet.

Again night's shades are round me,
And breezes whisper low;
I'm thinking of my mother,
And the long, long ago.

Then come and sit beside me,
And take my hand in thine,
And tell in accents tender
Some tale of olden time.

I'll dream I'm list'ning, kneeling
Low at my mother's feet,
To stories that she tells me
In accents soft and sweet.

HOW TO GET OUT A CHURCH COOK-BOOK.

BY ANNIE CURD.

OF making many books there is no end," and certainly this familiar quotation will apply to the making of cook-books as well. The teachers of the various cooking-schools throughout the country have all issued books containing their favorite recipes. Patent-medicine men long ago realized the advantage of advertising their nostrums side by side with fruit-cake, jellied chicken, and other recipes for dainty dishes. Every baking-powder company sends out its own cook-book, while upon every box of corn-starch and package of gelatine can be found excellent rules as well.

Notwithstanding the fact that the country is flooded with them, the cook-book enterprise, when undertaken by a church society, if financiered aright, is pretty sure to bring in a round sum of money, and involves little trouble to the church at large.

Experience is the best of teachers, and the result of my practical knowledge I give in this paper. A few years since, I was one of a committee engaged in getting out a church cook-book. Many and varied were our blunders in producing that little booklet, which, though we were many times the laughing-stock of the printers, proved such an overwhelming success that in a short time every book was sold and a new edition again put upon the market.

A small committee of energetic business-women will do the work better and in less time than a larger one. The enterprise is usually undertaken by the woman's organization of the church; the matter having been decided, it is the president's prerogative to name the committee. Five ladies, including the chairman, make a good working force.

First of all, after the committee has been appointed, the chairman should call a meeting, and together they should discuss thoroughly the projected scheme—deciding on the price to ask for the book, number of pages, quality of paper, name, and style of binding—after which the chairman should

appoint two to visit the different publishing-houses to get estimates of prices. This will occasion a few days' delay; the chairman, in the meantime, should be looking up and jotting down the names of the various firms that advertise. Now let her make out three lists of the possible advertisers, and detail that number of ladies to do the soliciting. On no account let the contract until the expense of the book can be met by the advertising. Get as much over as possible, so as to assure its success from the beginning.

A small cook-book with strong paper covers of a subdued tint, one that can be sold for twentyfive cents, will sell more readily and be more profitable in the end than a more expensive book. A receipt-book that can be hung up over the kitchen table is worth ten times more than one which has to be put away each time it is used. The cook is a busy woman. A round hole in one corner, made by machinery, through which a cord or tape is tied, will cost next to nothing; so stipulate with the publishers that the books shall be finished in that way. The round corners, too, are more durable and neater-looking than the square, and the edges are vastly improved when colored red.

On no account have less than two thousand copies struck off, and twentyfive hundred even would be better; an additional five hundred cost very little more after the type is set. Solicit recipes from every member of the congregation, and try to put in at least one from each contributor. Insist that every rule be signed with the name in full. In trying new recipes, the cook is often guided by the name attached. The ladies who solicit the advertising should be excused from compiling the book; that should be done by the chairman and her reserve force.

Divide the projected book into departments, such as soup, meat, bread, relishes, breakfast and tea dishes, pastry, puddings, creams, cake, beverages, and food for the sick. Cull out the choicest from the contributed recipes, putting them into large

envelopes marked with the names of the different departments. The proof having been struck off, the chairman should confer with her assistant, and together they should go carefully over every printed recipe, to see that it corresponds in every particular with the original manuscript.

A nice addition to a cook-book is an appropriate motto or familiar quotation, as a heading for the different departments. It adds spice to the already spicy contents, and gives a pleasing turn to the otherwise prosy and monotonous task of preparing three meals daily.

All advertisers know that there is a choice in the place where an advertisement is put. The back of the cover is probably the most desirable space, therefore it should bring a good price. On the inside of the covers, the space is also desirable and should bring in a good round sum.

There are many firms ready to pay from two to three dollars to advertise, that will not go over that amount; for the convenience of such, divide up some of the pages, putting three or four on a page. There are many, too, who will not pay over a dollar; to such, give two or three notices on the bottom of the pages. By all means, fill in every particle of available space.

By writing to the large concerns outside your own town, very often advertisements can be secured. One of the most successfully managed church cook-books I have ever known of contained one hundred and sixty pages, forty of which were devoted to advertisements. Two thousand copies cost the committee one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and, before a book was sold, they had paid the publisher's bill and deposited seventy dollars in bank, the proceeds of the advertisements.

While everybody is enthusiastic about the coming-out of the cook-book, the individual members of the committee should not be backward in soliciting orders. As soon as they are out of the publisher's hands, an entertainment of some kind should be given and the books put on sale. The novelty of the new books will draw the people, and not only will there be a large sale of books, but of supper-tickets as well. Do not be discouraged if the books are not all sold within a few weeks. The ladies of the church, and town also, will continue to buy and send away as gifts to absent friends. Twenty-five cents is a very moderate sum to pay for good reliable recipes, and, with many friends interesting themselves in its behalf, it will be sure to sell in the end.

NEW FANCIES FOR TABLE-COVERS.

BY ANNA M. BRADFORD.

THOSE who possess tables with inlaid or polished tops will not desire to cover them; but there are tables in almost every house—notably the old-fashioned marble-topped ones—for which a pretty cover of some suitable material is really necessary.

Just what style of covering will best harmonize with the rest of the furnishings is often a puzzling question. A few suggestions, therefore, may be helpful to those who would be "au fait" with the latest decorative fancies.

There are several new fabrics intended for table-covers, all more or less beautiful, and varying in price according to the material chosen. In most cases, however, the effect is more to be considered than the cost.

A dainty cover for a small parlor-table is

made from a square of brocade silk, with blue and gold figures on a pale-gray ground. Trim with wide *écru* lace showing touches of gold, put on without fullness.

Another handsome cover for a larger table is made of old-blue satin sheeting, one and one-fourth yards square. In each corner is a large conventional design, richly embroidered with fine gold cord. The cover is edged with a heavy fringe of old-blue, with occasional threads of gold, and above this is a fancy band of blue and gold galloon.

A similar design would be very effective upon the popular blue denim, using rope silk for the embroidery, and Bargarren art-thread for the fringe.

An exquisite table-cover in scarf-shape is made of artist's-satin, in pale sage-green. Each end is ornamented with a design of

flours-de-lis, worked solidly in shades of lavender and purple, the embroidery being outlined with fine gold thread. Trim with Russian lace very slightly touched with gold.

A scarf of artist's-satin in a medium shade of old-rose would be beautiful, with a cross-stitch border worked in several shades of turquoise-blue and gold. Or a piece of greenish-blue Hecimora crêpe—a new material, printed with permanent gold and silver leaf—might ornament each end.

Terry-cloth, an elegant material for large table-covers, is a new fabric of silk and cotton texture, the silk alone showing upon the right side. It is two yards wide, and comes in most exquisite tints—white, buff, écru, old-blue, old-pink, yellow-bronze, etc. A bold design should be chosen for a border, to be worked with heavy silks. This cloth is also desirable for sofa-pillows and counterpanes, as it washes perfectly.

A less pretentious material, which also may be laundered, is cordonette, a ribbed material which resembles corduroy and comes in delicate coloring. A cloth upon a small table in a corner of a dining-room is made of cream-

color cordonette, ornamented with a band of moss-green velvet, four inches from the edge and six inches wide. Upon the velvet is a design worked in dye-painting and outline-stitch, of oranges and their leaves. The embroidery is done with silk, in shades of yellow, golden-brown, and green. The cover is finished with a fringe of cream and yellow art-thread, knotting three threads of the cream to one of yellow.

Very attractive dining-table scarfs, to be laid when the white cloth is removed, are made of various heavy materials. Plush, velours, mail-cloth, and even felt—for this cloth is again revived—are all suitable materials.

For a handsome dining-room, a very elegant scarf is of dull-tan mail-cloth, on each end of which is a deep piece of old-red corded silk. On one piece of the silk, embroider a large peacock, highly conventionalized, using shades of rich but dull blue silk, with touches of gold and golden-brown here and there. Upon the other end, embroider a terrifying griffin of mediæval design, with heavy gold thread.

A CHRYSANTHEMUM PARTY.

BY E. A. M.

THE feature of the season is the chrysanthemum party. Just now the land is rejoicing in their many-colored beauties, and so democratic are these favorite flowers that they flourish everywhere—from the palace to the cottage, from the conservatory of the shoddy millionaire to the broken mug in his washerwoman's window.

A flower fête is a charming affair, and every girl would like to have one. But, like most charming things, they are also costly. Although so simple in effect—nay, perhaps because of this simplicity—the flowers cost so much that only a few could indulge in the pretty fancy.

At last comes the opportunity for girls of good taste and small means. The chrysanthemum party requires only a plentiful supply of the dear old common flower, with unlimited taste and just enough Japanese lore to arrange quaint details.

First come the invitations. These must be written on either squares of crinkly

Japanese napkin-paper or the imitation Japanese parchment. In one corner, paint a little chrysanthemum that peeps out through a gilt cobweb or is sprinkled with a golden shower, while the request is worded in conventional English with irregular-shaped letters in all sorts of coloring.

The rooms used for the party must look as Japanese as possible. Remove all common pictures, and in their places hang Japanese scrolls, fans, and tapestry, while a Japanese lantern should hang from every possible point. At intervals, little knobs or screws should be inserted amid the decorations of the wall, so that the Japanese spider-web may have firm support.

Supply yourself with twine of many colors, so as to match the flowers as nearly as possible. Fasten one end of twine to a screw or knob, and have the other come to the principal entrance; so that, when each guest comes, there will be an end awaiting her or him. Select the prettiest and freshest

chrysanthemum blossoms, and tie them at intervals all along the strings, using taste and care so that they shall be massed in picturesque fashion, and make the room look as if it were draped with garlands.

Now, as the guests enter the room, give each one a certain flower-string, and tell them that there are prizes offered. Thus, the one who first reaches the other end of the proffered string and collects all the flowers on the way will receive prize number one. The second comes, and then the third; but now comes the booby prize, given to the slowest and least successful.

The prizes should be after the Japanese fashion, such as bits of Japanese bric-a-brac, pots of flowering Japanese plants, sacred lily, sacred chrysanthemum, etc.

A quaint vase made like some bird or animal or flower, a bamboo stick wound with bright ribbons and hung with little silver and gold bells, to be used as a baby's rattle, models of Japanese idols, and many other quaint fancies will suggest themselves.

The refreshments must be served in Japanese dishes, if such are to be easily obtained. If not, the chrysanthemum idea can be carried into the decorations of the table or small tables. These may be pots of blooming chrysanthemums, wreaths of the same flower disposed about the table, on the sideboard, etc.

The ices may be served in fluted paper cups of gay colors, such as can be obtained from a caterer's or easily made by nimble fingers at home.

The simplest refreshments are best, such as the very choicest tea, odd-shaped little cakes and biscuits, oranges, and grapes; or little three-cornered sandwiches, spread with sardine paste—a regular Japanese dish—with coffee in Japanese cups; or many-colored creams, served with a tiny round spice-cake, and some preserved fig or ginger to finish the course.

Such entertainments depend upon their oddity, and are successful according to their absolute unlikeness to all others.

SLEEPING-APARTMENTS.

SOME writer has remarked: "It must not be forgotten that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and therefore its healthfulness cannot fail to have a very important bearing upon our physical well-being." Everyone actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort should give as much attention to the size, situation, temperature, and cleanliness of the apartment to be occupied during the hours of repose, as to the parlor, drawing-room, or any other apartment; and yet how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, while perhaps the best rooms in the house are set apart for the sole purpose of ostentatious display. Now it is very important that the largest and most elevated room or rooms upon the second floor of the dwelling be appropriated for the purposes of sleeping, and that the same be properly ventilated during the day-time and at all seasons of the year.

There are few houses so situated as to render good ventilation impossible. A bed-chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and, unless of considerable

size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued by some families, of having their children sleep in small apartments, with two and sometimes with three beds crowded into the same room. It is scarcely necessary to observe that cleanliness is more necessary in the bed-chamber than in almost any other apartment in the house. The practice of sleeping in a room which is occupied during the day-time is extremely unwise. Perfect cleanliness and sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during the cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration. While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the temperature of the bed-chamber should never be increased, under the ordinary circumstances of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for sleep, a fire is never necessary, excepting possibly during extreme cold weather, and even then the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a simple and pretty way of making either a house-dress or a walking-dress. The material is gray woolen, flecked with dark-red and green. The two rows of

the arms. A pointed strip of the Astrakhan ornaments the front. Sleeves tight at the wrists and full at the top. If this style of



No. 1.



No. 2.

trimming around the bottom are of gray Astrakhan-cloth. The bodice is round at the waist, is slightly full under the three bands of dark-red ribbon which come from beneath

gown should be made of a lighter material than the flecked cloth, a much lighter trimming, such as gimp, ribbon, or lace, should be used.



No. 3.

No. 2—Shows one of the newest styles of autumn costumes. The bell skirt is trimmed with three rows of gimp, and the long round cape corresponds with the skirt. This cape is set on to a pointed yoke which is trimmed with a deep black lace, headed by a narrower one. The high collar is also of lace, wired to make it keep its place. The cape is lined with a changeable silk, either corresponding with the colors of the dress or of a strongly contrasting color.

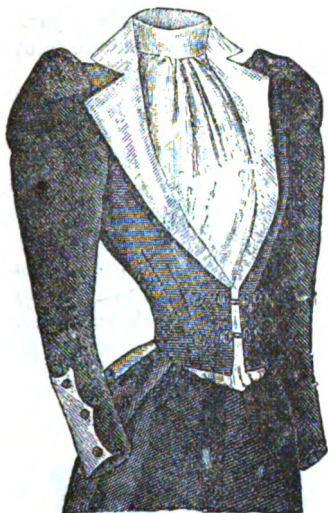
No. 3—Gives a design for a house-dress. The bias skirt is quite plain and is worn under a belt of the material edged with jet. A plain yoke is separated from the lower part of the bodice, which is full at the point

of the waist in front, by a ruching of silk of the color of the gown. Sleeves close from the elbows down. This is a very nice model for a mourning-dress, as the simplicity of the style is in keeping with heavy black; but, in brighter colors, it is very suitable for a young woman. The back of the bodice is also shown.

No. 4—Is one of the latest styles of making a pretty gown for either the house or street. The skirt is of soft plaid woolen. Our model has several rows of braid at the bottom, but a plaid material is more stylish without the trimming. The skirt is quite plain. The sleeves, collar, and plaited front are of the plaid material. The over-jacket is



No. 4.



No. 5.

of Henrietta-cloth of one of the colors of the plaid, slightly gathered at the waist, and has revers reaching from the shoulders to the belt. The skirt of the jacket is full enough to fall easily. This is an admirable style for using two old gowns to make a new one, as a plaid need not necessarily be used.

No. 5—Shows us one of the latest French

styles of making a jacket-basque. The original was of black velvet, with soft primrose-colored silk front, collar, revers, and cuffs. The jacket does not quite meet in front, and is fastened with buttons over the primrose-colored silk shirt. The cuffs are put on only part-way around the sleeves, and fastened with small black velvet buttons.

No. 6—Should delight the heart of any young girl, especially if she is a bicycle-rider. The skirt is of dark-drab cloth, plaited both back and front, and has plain panels at the sides. The jacket is of the same color and material as the skirt, and



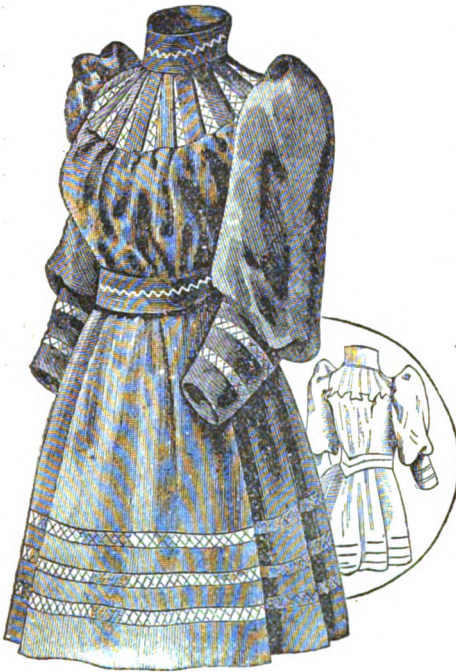
No. 7.

buttons on the left side, from the shoulder to the bottom, with large horn buttons. The full sleeves have deep cuffs of a cloth of a darker shade than the dress, and the whole is slightly ornamented with a narrow braid of the color of the cuffs.

No. 7—Is a model of a pretty frock for a little girl, and can be most advantageously used where it is desirable to help make a new one out of two old ones. The skirt has a row of ribbon around the bottom; a broad braid would do nearly as well as ribbon, if preferred. The bodice is of the material of the skirt, gathered at the neck and waist. The

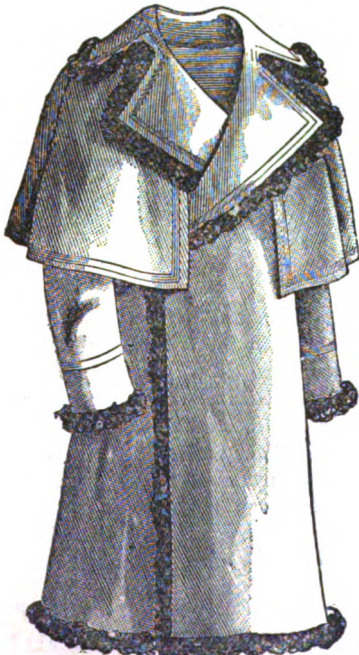


No. 6.



No. 8.

pretty little jacket is of a figured material corresponding in color with the rest of the costume, is rather short at the back, and low



No. 9.

in the neck to show the plain part of the bodice. It opens away from the front and is trimmed with ribbon or braid.

No. 8—Shows the front and back of a girl's dress. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of ribbon, put on under rows of cat-stitching of a contrasting color. The belt, yoke, and cuffs are ornamented like the skirt. The bodice is full, back and front, below the yoke, and the sleeves are large and full.

No. 9—Gives us one of the newest designs for a girl's coat, both back and front. It is of cream-white cloth, trimmed with a narrow

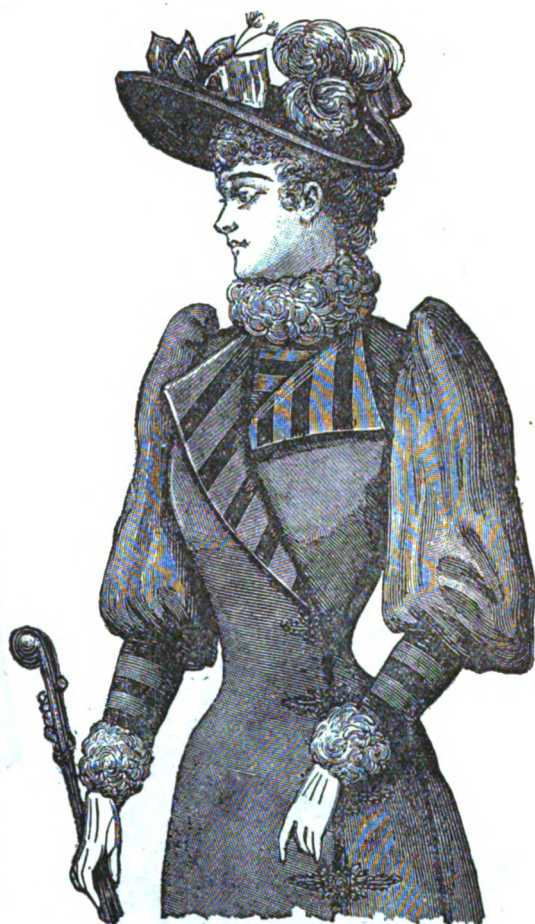


No. 10.

row of black Astrakhan. It is double-breasted, with wide Directoire collar and lapels. The cape is deep and ornamented with rows of machine-stitching. This is one of the most stylish coats of the season, for a girl.

No. 10—Is the model of a warm coat, given in advance of the cold season. It is made of soft dove-gray merino, loosely belted at the waist, has full sleeves, with generous cuffs to slip easily over little hands. The cape, collar, and cuffs are machine-stitched. A Watteau plait reaches from the shoulder to the bottom of the coat, as will be seen in the small engraving of the back, which we give.

BONNET. HATS. NEW-STYLE COAT. SLEEVE.



SLEEVE. BONNETS. WRAP.



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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.



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SLEEVES: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the latest pattern in sleeves. The present style is not quite as high on the shoulder, but has the fullness more equally disposed. We give the upper and under parts of the entire sleeve. Allow seams.

PLAY-RUG FOR A CHILD.

On the Supplement, we give the design of a rug made up, as well as many other designs of animals, etc., which are to be used in forming the rug. It is intended to be placed on the floor for warmth and to protect the child's frock from the dust that inevitably gets into a carpet. It may be made of cloth, baize, flannel, or of any material that is heavy enough for the purpose. Cream-white is the prettiest color, but soils too soon; gray or fawn is also pretty. The ground should be of such a color as to bring out the different objects placed upon it. These (of which we give designs) ought to be cut out of bright-colored cloth, flannel, cashmere, etc., and applied to the groundwork with a braid or chain-stitching. The colors may be varied infinitely. Such a rug gives great pleasure to baby and keeps little fingers busy many an hour in the effort to detach the animals, etc., from their stronghold.

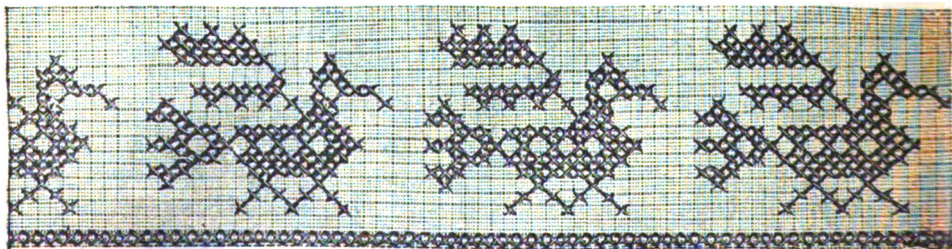


LINEN TRAY.

This design will find favor in the sight of those who like something useful as well as ornamental. The tray is of heavy white linen, the outlining in shades of green. The ribbons on the corners draw the tray together and are tied in little bows; they are of a light shade of green. When in shape, the

tray measures five by nine and a half, the rim one inch deep, with a half-inch hem; this has a row of drawn-work below it. Buttonholes are worked in the corners, to slip the ribbon through. It is to be laundried very stiff and smooth, so it will be like card-board.

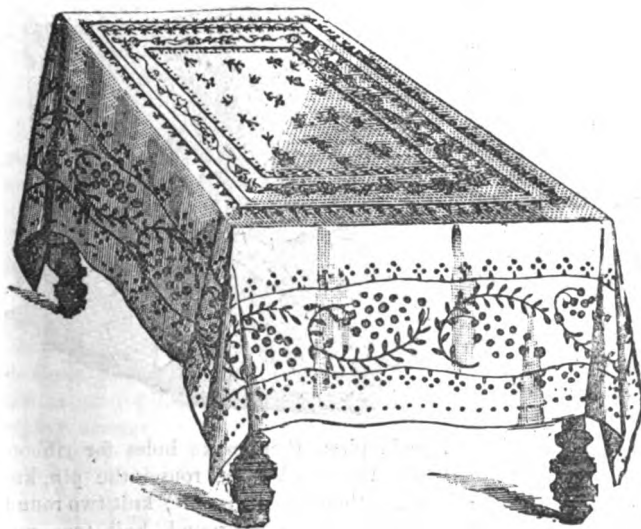
BORDER FOR TABLE-LINEN.



This very pretty border can be used for napkins, carving-cloths, or other table-
(360)

linen. It is done in cross-stitch, with red embroidery-cotton.

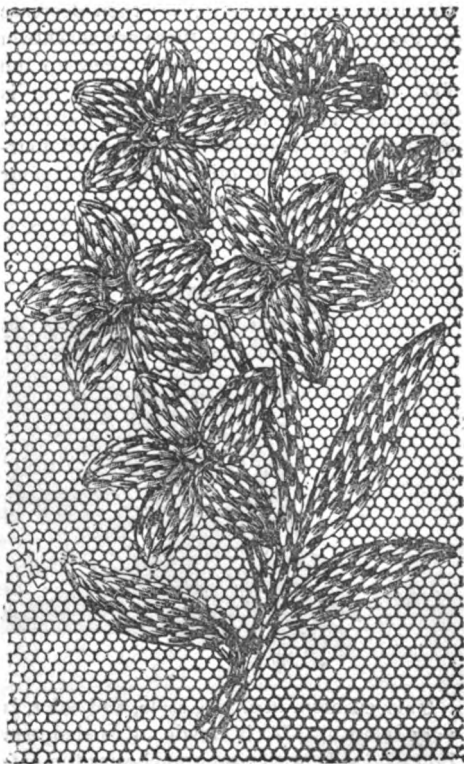
EMBROIDERED TABLE-CLOTH.



This elegant cloth is to be made of plain, fine, but heavy linen. It may be embroidered entirely with red cotton, or red and blue cotton may be used. They usually wash better than other colors. Or a damask cloth, with a pretty pattern, can have the pattern outlined with the colors. These cloths are pretty for breakfast or for an afternoon tea. Much embroidery is needless on the top of the table, and it is not as pretty as the plain cloth with colored china; but, if white china is used, the colored embroidery sets it off.

EMBROIDERY ON BLACK OR WHITE SILK NET.

Materials, loose twisted coarse silk of one tint only—say yellow or pale-green—flowers and leaves alike. The black or white net is of a strong and rather coarse quality. The work is done exactly as if working on canvas; the stitches are long, each taking four threads of the net, commencing with one stitch at the point of a leaf, and working downward to the stem or centre of a flower. When this is reached, a row of the stitches is worked round each leaf and petal of the flower. The work is intended for a centre of a chair-back, having a broad ribbon sewed to each side, or a frill of *écru* lace; or it may be left without border, gathered up in the centre, and fastened at the back of the chair by a band of black ribbon. By the illustration, it will be seen that each stitch is worked over four meshes of the net. In the next row, it is the same, only commencing between the last two meshes of the net, and working two beyond it. Or a series of the design may be done in a row, and the lace used for a fichu, a jabot, or a ruffle.



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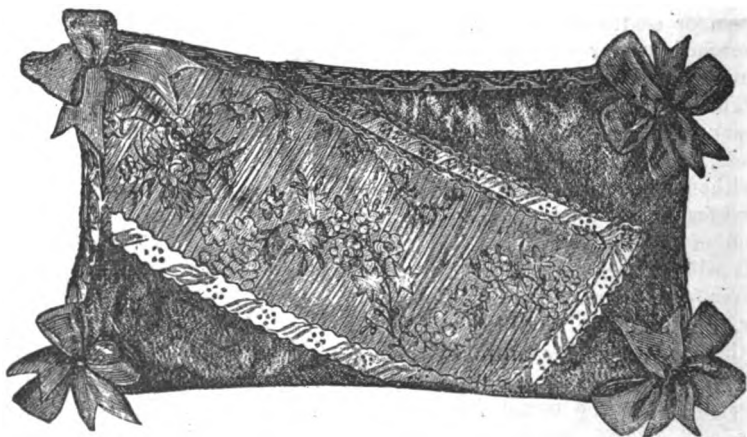
BABY'S WINTER SHOES.

Pins No. 12 or 13, two ounces of double Berlin wool. Begin with the foot. Cast on seventeen stitches. Increase on the second stitch (by knitting it at the back and front) at the beginning, and on the last stitch but one at the end of every row, till there are twentyfive stitches on the pin. The heel is where the end of wool is left. Then increase in the same way at the end and at the beginning of every row, at the toe, till there are thirty stitches on the pin. Knit eight rows plain. Knit at the heel-end thirteen stitches; take another pin and knit the front of the foot upon the next seventeen stitches, leaving thirteen stitches for the leg. Knit eighteen rows upon these seventeen stitches, and, to make a little point to turn over the toe and fit into the sole when it is sewed up, increase on the last stitch of the seventh and ninth rows, then decrease to seventeen stitches again. In the eighteenth row, cast on thirteen more stitches for the other side of the shoe. Knit eight rows plain. Decrease at the toe-end by knitting together the second and third stitches at the end and at the beginning of every row till there are twentyfive stitches; then decrease at the toe and heel till there are seventeen stitches on the pin. Cast off. Sew up the foot neatly with fine wool. The leg is knitted with four pins. Knit thirteen stitches at the side, nine across the instep and fourteen stitches at the other side. Knit four



rounds plain, then make holes for ribbon; * knit two, wool twice round the pin, knit two together, repeat from *; knit two rounds plain. In the next round, knit two, purl one, then knit one round plain. Repeat these two last rounds till there are seven little purled spots up the leg. Knit two rounds plain, * knit two together all round. In the next, put the wool in front and knit one all round, then one round plain. Repeat from * once more, knit one round, purl one round, knit one round, purl one round, knit one round, cast off; run a ribbon through the holes at the ankle. For a smaller shoe, use finer wool and pins.

LOUIS XVI CUSHION.

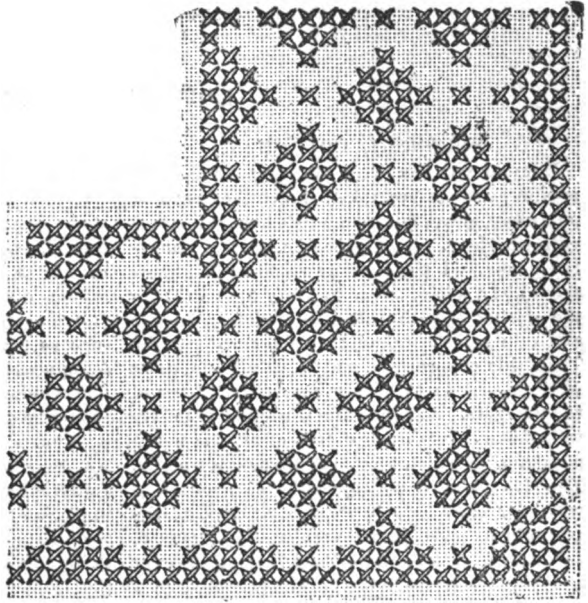


This cushion, in shape, style, and color, is very elegant. It is made of pale-green brocaded silk, with rose-branches as the pattern. This is mounted upon old-rose plush. (362)

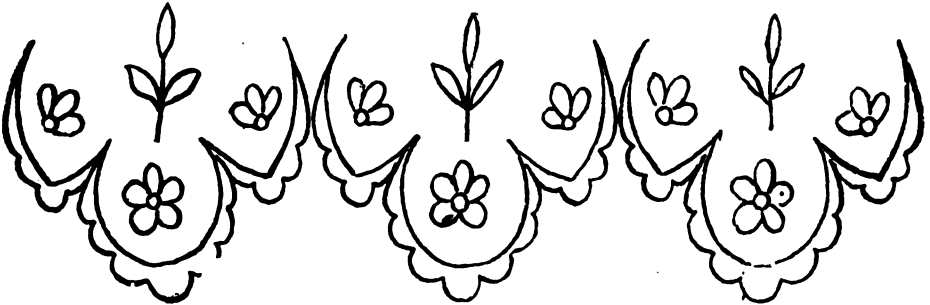
The border around the brocade piece, also the sides and top of the cushion, are of gold galloon. The bows at the corners are of pale-green satin ribbon or old-rose.

CORNER OF TABLE-COVER

This is a showy design for the corner of a table-cloth, to be worked in red or blue washing-cotton in cross-stitch. It has also the advantage of being quickly done. We have seen this pattern worked on white window-curtains, and it furnished most effectively. It has also been employed for children's aprons and plain gingham or zephyr dresses.

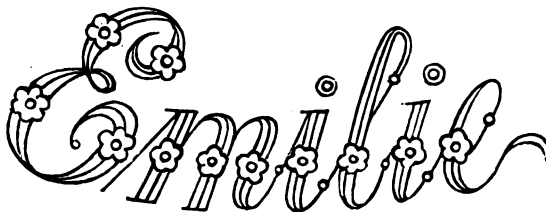


EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL OR CASHMERE.



This pretty pattern is suitable for children's blankets, petticoats, or cashmere sacques. It should be done in white floss, for anything so dainty as a baby; but, for a flannel petticoat for an adult, it will look well done in linen floss.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER.—When the muslin curtains are taken down, they must be put away clean, but rough-dried, or the starch will rot them. It is advisable, too, to remove the hooks and rings before washing, and there should be a settled place in every household for the storing of such trifles, to obviate confusion and vain searches when they are wanted again. Take this opportunity and have all the paint well cleaned in the rooms, especially all round the windows. See that the winter curtains are well shaken and brushed free of all the moth-powder with which they may have been put by. The fire-place draperies should be done away with, for they only harbor dust; and, if the grates have bright bars, these should be removed, rubbed with sweet oil or a paste of emery-powder and oil, tied up in soft cloths, and stored in a dry place, whilst the fire-irons resume their wonted position. If any of these should by any accident have become very rusty, the following process is a good one: Clean them with a paste made of powdered Bath brick and paraffin oil (this should be left on some little time, according to the degree of rust), then wipe it off, and polish as usual. This is also an excellent way of storing iron for any period, long or short.

Carpets are much like dresses, looking quite respectable when they are put away, and having an appearance of shabbiness when brought out again; and if the former cannot always be turned like the latter, still there are ways and means of cleaning and improving them vastly, without sending them out. For instance, to half a pailful of warm water put one tablespoonful of ammonia, wring a cloth very dry out of this mixture, and rub the carpet thoroughly, after having swept it well. If there are any spots, damp them more than the rest, and rub till dry. Another cleansing process is to sprinkle the carpet with coarse dry salt, and, after half an hour, sweep with a firm broom. Again, a weak solution of alum and water often revives a carpet as well as anything else. There are various other recipes, which include the use of ox-gall, but this generally means a most unpleasant smell; and when the carpets are in such a bad way as to require strong remedies, it is advisable to send them out to be cleaned. Fur rugs can be much improved by being well rubbed with dry bran or flour, afterward shaken out thoroughly, and brushed and gently combed. This can be done to fur garments as well.

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STARCHING CLOTHES.—Starch should be dissolved in tepid water, and stirred whilst boiling water is being poured on to it. If properly made, it will thicken whilst the water is being poured, and, if not stirred all the time, it will be full of lumps. Half an inch of a composite candle dissolved in the starch improves it. Starch made in this way is used for large articles, such as gowns, white petticoats, or table-cloths; six ounces of starch is sufficient to starch four long window-curtains. The articles to be starched should be dry, and dipped into the starch whilst it is warm, wrung out tightly, and again dried. An hour before ironing them, they should be sprinkled with cold water and folded up tightly in a clean towel, and in half an hour, when they are softened, pulled quite straight and rolled up tightly and wrapped in the clean towel until the ironer is ready for them. Another way, which answers well for small things, is to dissolve three ounces of starch in a pint of cold water and to wring linen collars, cuffs, and shirt-fronts in the mixture, and spread them out on a clean towel and roll them up in it for an hour or more before ironing.

TOILET-MATS are always acceptable gifts, and these little things go far toward making a bedroom attractive. At sales, one can often buy short remnants of bath-toweling very cheaply; this is fairly absorbent of any water spilled on the wash-stand, and also dries quickly. Cut out your mats the shapes desired—round, oblong, and triangular; oversew these lightly with fine white cotton. Work round in blanket-stitch in colored Shetland wool, and then crochet a shell edging. Some people add a crewel scroll about half an inch from the edge; but too much work is apt to contract the mats, and really is unseen when soap, sponge, dishes, etc., are placed on them.

THE HISTORY OF SILK.—In the time of the Romans, the price of silk was weight for weight with gold. The first persons who brought silk into Europe were the Greeks of Alexander's army. Under Tiberius, it was forbidden to be worn by men, and it is said that the Emperor Aurelian even refused the earnest request of his empress for a silken dress, on the plea of its extravagant cost. Heliogabalus was the first man that ever wore a robe entirely of silk. This emperor of unpleasant memory was evidently a prodigal as well as a glutton.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THIS Magazine is about to pass into the control of stockholders who propose to convert it into a periodical devoted solely to literature and art.

Peterson's long-continued success, its general merit, and the great improvement in its literary departments during the past few years have decided the future publishers to call their periodical

THE NEW PETERSON,

confident that the name will raise up for it in advance a wide host of friends and supporters.

The new Magazine will commence with the December number. A full announcement of its design and a description of its leading features will be given in our November issue.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Don Finimondone: Calabrian Sketches. By Elizabeth Cavazza. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.—No volume of stories has for some time attracted so much attention as this collection. We cannot forbear quoting the verdict of that experienced and clever critic, Richard Henry Stoddard, in regard to the book: "This is not only the most promising collection of stories of American origin that we have read for years, but one of the most satisfactory, displaying on the part of the writer a thorough understanding of the value of the simplest incidents in fiction, and a masterly skill in handling them naturally and effectively. Mrs. Cavazza's invention is of the rare kind which belongs to all great story-tellers, who, when they invent most, appear not to invent at all—who possess, in other words, the art of concealing their art; and in reading these simple little sketches of hers, we think only of the poor, plain, common people who figure therein, and of their homely lives. What chiefly impresses us in these stories, after the human interest which attaches to them, after their reality and truth, is Mrs. Cavazza's skill in reproducing the features of Calabrian life, the characteristics of the people whom she depicts, their national and local form and presence. They are not the creatures of her imagination, created for story-telling purposes. They are not men, women, and children merely, but genuine native Calabrians, who, as delineated here, are as peculiar and distinctive as the Wessex rustics of Mr. Hardy, or the Dukesborough folk of Colonel Johnston. Mrs. Cavazza perceives the characteristics as well as the characters of her people, no two of whom are alike, and sympathizes with what is pathetic as well as what is humorous in their adventures. She has made a great beginning in these stories, which will bear more than one reading, and which, as the work of a New England woman, are very remarkable. They are delightful and they are mature."

The Heiress. By Henri Gréville. New York: Worthington Co.—It is some time since we have
VOL. CII—24.

seen a new work from the pen of this versatile author, who, during the past fifteen years, has won for herself an enviable popularity, both in France and this country. The present novel shows all her old strength and charm, is indeed more marked and individual than various of her later productions. Henri Gréville's admirers will be glad to welcome her after her period of silence, and the novel ought to make her more popular than ever. The book is well translated and handsomely bound.

A Soul from Pudge's Corners. By Jessie F. O'Donnell. New York: G. W. Dillingham.—Volumes of short stories are one of the popular fads of the day, and the present collection is certain to afford pleasure to everybody who makes acquaintance with it. The tale which gives its name to the book is the longest of the number, and a thoroughly good story it is. "Miss Athalina's Mind-Cure" is very bright and entertaining—indeed, every one of the tales is worth reading.

The Other Bond. By Dora Russell. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—This is a genuine love-story, interesting in plot and remarkably well written. The incidents are numerous, the characters natural, and the book carries the reader irresistibly along. It is just the sort of novel to make a summer afternoon pass agreeably, and, like all the Broadway Series, it is printed in clear type on excellent paper.

A Maiden of Mars. By General F. M. Clarke. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.—A book that will prove most acceptable to persons who love wild speculations and daring theories so artfully described that they sound natural and even reasonable while the reader is under the spell of the story. The novel is in the form of an autobiography; and the supposed narrator, after making acquaintance, in the heart of Thibet, with the nowadays much-talked-of Mahatmas, is enabled to visit the planet Mars. He finds—as Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, predicts would be the case if one could get there—beings far superior to those of earth, and among them the hero meets a marvelous woman with whom of course he falls wildly in love. It is never fair to an author to give any clue to the plot of his novel; but it is an interesting one, and the strange incidents are managed with skill.

What America Owes to Woman. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer, author of "The Life of LaFayette," "A Short History of the French Revolution," etc.—This is the title of a work being prepared for the Woman's Department of the World's Columbian Exposition. This work by Mrs. Farmer will be divided into the following topics: What America owes to Isabella of Castile; to Madame LaFayette; to the Women of the American Revolution; to the Women of the Sanitary Commission of the Civil War; to the Wives and

Daughters of Presidents, Statesmen, Citizens, and Pioneers; to Women Writers; to Women Philanthropists; to Social Leaders; to Women Teachers; to Women Workers. As Mrs. Farmer desires to make this a book of general interest, if anyone can furnish an item regarding women in any of these departments, either personal facts of interest, or statistics of the number of women engaged in philanthropy, education, or any line of labor, mental or physical, a favor will be conferred by sending the item to Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer, 781 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Kate Kennedy. By Mrs. J. C. Newby. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—This novel first appeared a number of years ago, and enjoyed a wide-spread and thoroughly deserved popularity. It is a delightful story, as bright and sparkling as one of Gilbert's comedies. The publishers have brought out the tale in their twentyfive-cent edition, and it is to be hoped they will follow it by others of Mrs. Newby's novels, which were one and all interesting, charmingly written, fresh in plot and characterization, and thoroughly healthy and wholesome in sentiment and tone.


Her Second Love. By Ashford Owen. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.*—This is a very touching story—one, too, quite out of the ordinary track—containing a succession of really unlooked-for incidents. The plot is simple but strong, and the style is exceptionally easy and graceful. The work is issued in the publishers' twentyfive-cent edition.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

 Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

RECIPTS.

Chestnuts.—The following recipe was a great favorite at the Tuileries. First boil and then lightly roast a sufficient number of chestnuts; rub them through a sieve in a heap in the centre of a dish. Surround with whipped cream and quarters of orange.

Chestnuts candied with Chocolate.—Take off the outer skin or shell, and then put the chestnuts into a pan of boiling water, so that the inner skin may easily be removed; then throw them into another pan of boiling water, and boil until

tender. Mix three ounces of best arrowroot with three-quarters of a pint of water, chocolate, some essence of vanilla, and one pound of white sugar; boil about ten minutes, stirring all the while; take off the fire, and stir until cool. Cover each chestnut closely with the mixture, and lay it on a buttered slab to cool. When cool, dip each nut into clarified sugar, and put them aside until ready for table.

Pink Apple Snow.—Pare, core, and boil six large apples to a pulp, and press them through a sieve. Sweeten to taste, and then to every tablespoonful of apple add a teaspoonful of currant jelly. Whisk the whites of six or seven eggs with two heaped tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when frothing add them to the apple mixture, whisking all together until quite light. Pile high on a glass dish, and add a currant or strawberry jelly garniture. This dish is one very suitable for children and invalids.

Fried Apples.—Slice some apples, dip them in a batter made of one egg, sugar, milk, and flour enough to thicken. Fry a golden brown, sprinkle with lemon-juice, and serve very hot.

Portuguese Apples.—Peel four good boiling apples, and scoop out the cores. Boil in a quarter of a pint of water with three ounces of sugar stirred in. Have ready some apricot jam; with it cover the bottom of a dish. Strain the apples, place them on the jam, raising them in the middle of the dish. Put a preserved cherry on the top of each apple, and garnish with angelica.

Macaroni (English Fashion).—Drop the macaroni into boiling water, and cook till quite tender. Make a sauce of milk, thickened with flour and butter, to which add a small spoonful of made mustard, cayenne, and salt to taste. Let the macaroni remain in this a short time; turn out on a buttered dish, and cover with grated cheese and breadcrumbs. Brown in the oven.

Cold Cabbage that has been Cooked.—Chop this very fine, squeeze between the hollow of one plate and the back of another; chop it again. Melt an ounce of butter before the fire, mix it with the cabbage. Warm it quickly, and serve hot.

Pommes de Terre Sautées.—Boil potatoes in their jackets; when cooked, peel and cut them in slices; put two ounces of butter in a pan to melt, then add the potatoes, and "toss" them. They should be a light-brown color. Before serving, sprinkle with pepper, salt, and finely chopped parsley.

HUMAN CUCKOOS.—It is astonishing how many specimens of these birds there are in the world, living out their lives in other people's houses, partaking of the best, calmly accepting comforts, attentions, and luxuries, and offering no equivalent in return beyond the pleasure of their society. The human cuckoo is usually of the female species, possesses a positive genius for

selecting the easiest and best nests, and owns so large a circle of acquaintances that her entire time is pleasantly spent in her friends' spare rooms. She is, as a rule, an agreeable person, blessed with great tact, tells stories well, keeps everybody about her in a good humor, and, when she has once secured a footing in a house, is very difficult to dislodge.

She is a fair-weather bird, of course; when anything occurs to mar the smoothness of her borrowed home, when the cook leaves or the baby falls ill, she considerably declares that she will not remain any longer, because she would be in the way, but that she will surely return to finish her visit next December or in March. She is certain to keep her word, and, oddly enough, no matter what vows against her readmission may have been uttered, she is usually greeted with cordiality and made as welcome as before, her personal magnetism proving too strong for the hostess's will.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF SOFT DARK-BLUE WOOLEN. The underskirt is trimmed with many narrow knife-plaited ruffles. The overskirt is shawl-shaped, bordered with a broad band of plaid silk, and is drawn up in the old-fashioned way on the left hip. The open bodice has revers of the plaid silk, opens over a vest of plain yellow silk, and has a corselet belt. Full upper sleeve, with deep plaid-silk cuff. Bonnet of blue felt, trimmed with yellow ostrich-tips.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CASHMERE. The bottom of the skirt is braided, as are the belt, sleeves, revers, and front of the bodice. The revers are full over the large sleeves. Green velvet toque.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S RUSSIAN DRESS, OF BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt has three bands of blue velvet around the bottom. The blouse-waist is confined under a velvet belt, and the side trimmings, collar, and cuffs are of velvet, as are the buttons. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue feathers.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF TAN-COLORED BEDFORD CORD. The bottom is trimmed with two rows of Alaska sable; and the side pieces, which are short at the back, are trimmed on the fronts with the same fur. The double-breasted bodice has a cape with notched revers trimmed with fur, and opens over a velvet vest. Tan-colored velvet hat.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with gray and black ribbons, which are edged top and bottom with feather-trimming; a row of the same trimming is placed around the pointed waist. Loose sleeves, with cuffs which correspond with the bottom of the skirt. Broad, long tie in front, of black net, embroidered in colors. Black velvet hat, ornamented with feathers.

FIG. VI.—DRESS, OF STRIPED WOOLEN, opening on the left side over a dull-red silk lengthwise piece; above this is a row of large buttons. The bodice, with a small basque, is also ornamented with rows of covered buttons. Dull-red silk vest, with a ruffle down the front. Straw hat, trimmed with red ribbon and roses.

FIG. VII.—DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN BEDFORD CLOTH. Bell skirt, with four rows of black Astrakhan around the bottom. The basque is plain. A piece of tan cloth is inserted in the back of the waist, with ribbon bows of the same color at the end. The sleeves are full, with a row of Astrakhan on the cuffs and collar. Toque, covered with the same material as the dress, has bows of tan-colored ribbon in front, and a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums behind.

FIG. VIII.—DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH, with raised stripes cut diagonally to meet in a point. The skirt is bell-shape. The jacket is long, and the stripes are cut as nearly as possible to correspond with the stripes on the skirt. Gray felt hat, trimmed with gray ribbon and gray plumes.

FIG. IX.—PLAIN DARK-BLUE COAT, for a child. The cape is gathered on the collar, and cut in scallops around the edge. Tam O'Shanter shade, of dark-blue cloth.

FIG. X.—PLAID ULSTER, OF BROWN AND GREEN. Long cape, with a shorter one over it. Toque covered with brown cloth, with a band of brown velvet around the edge, a rosette of the same color in front, and a black wing behind.

FIG. XI.—HELIOTROPE CLOTH DRESS, made with a bell skirt. Two rows of quilling around the bottom, a shade darker than the skirt. The cape is of black velvet, covered with jet. Hat of heliotrope velvet, trimmed with black plumes.

FIG. XII.—BONNET, OF HELIOTROPE SURAH SILK. The edge is of jet. The silk is folded handkerchief-shape, with the ends standing up at the back, and it is trimmed with heliotrope satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, for a reception. The brim is of cream and gold-colored brocade, with a band of plain gold-colored silk forming a soft crown. The feathers and strings are of cream-colored satin.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE COAT, OF MYRTLE-GREEN CLOTH. The coat is three-quarters long, fastened on the left side with black passementerie. It is double-breasted and has broad Directoire revers faced with green and black satin in broad stripes. The same satin forms a plastron and the cuffs. Full sleeves. Collar and wristlets of green ostrich-feather trimming.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE, OF FANCY VICUNA-CLOTH. Close-fitting from elbow to wrist, and draped above. Small velvet buttonholed tabs, finished with a bow in velvet on the outside seam.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE FOR AN EVENING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED FOULARD, figured in white. It

is full and loose, drawn up on the inner part of the arm below the elbow, and trimmed with a fall of white lace.

FIG. XVII.—HAT, OF BLACK VELVET, gathered about the crown. Edge of black straw and jet, and trimmed with black lace and an aigrette.

FIG. XVIII.—WRAP, OF BROWN CLOTH, close-fitting to the figure, having long, full, hanging sleeves. The front is of brown velvet or may be of fur, and the high collar is of the same material as the front. The lower collar is square in front and full at the back.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A foreign correspondent says: "Nothing commonplace, but everything original, is the decree of fashion now." But there has been but little change in the general make of gowns and wraps for the past year, though a dainty touch here and a deft twist there will give a style of their own that no description can convey.

The straight skirts continue to rule the day, but walking-costumes are made shorter and somewhat fuller at the back, and a more even all-round appearance is given to them. This is a decided improvement to the "street-sweepers" lately worn. Stout women whose apparent size is so increased by the very tight skirts now in fashion have wisely resorted to a little drapery about the hips, just enough to take away from the excessive plainness, and find it a wonderful improvement to the figure; but few women walk gracefully enough to allow of the ordeal of the tight skirt.

Flounces are worn especially on evening-gowns, where they are frequently looped up by bows of ribbon; even on the walking-dress, a flounce of moderate width is a relief, after the plain narrow foot-trimming so long in favor.

Bodices are usually round or but slightly pointed, and are draped or crossed over the bust in some manner, or are worn with full fronts, plastrons, etc. The styles of making bodices are innumerable. Tailor-costumes, however, have plainer bodices; these usually are finished with coat-basques at the back, and the front has revers and waistcoat or shirt-waists. For evening-wear, the bodice that is trimmed with the bow-and-ends is the newest; the bow is fastened in front of the bust, midway between neck and waist, and the ends are carried under each arm and pinned together at the back of the waist, and then fall to the ground at the back.

Corselets and waist-belts are in great variety, and are much worn by young women and girls.

Sleeves are wide and full, and it seems probable they will continue so, and are draped so as to give breadth to the figure; this is well for slender people, but more robust ones should use this fashion with discretion. It is much better, however, than the high-shouldered deformed appearance given by the sleeves so long worn, that in some cases appeared almost to cut the

ears. For dressy occasions, the new sleeves are made short to the elbows, very full, and are finished by a fall of lace; sometimes long tight sleeves are buttoned inside these, if desired. For plain house-dress, for those who are afraid to expose the arms on account of cold or for other reasons, the long sleeve to the wrist is still worn.

Braids of various kinds are used for trimmings with good effect.

Black gloves are reappearing with colored toilets. These are especially pretty with gowns in shades of tan, yellow, or red.

Cockades or "choux" of ribbon are employed as ornaments on dresses, bonnets, or for the hair.

Coats are made half-long in the Directoire and the Louis XVI style, while the more modern jacket is not at all displaced, and mantles of various styles are fashionable. Elaborate collars and waistcoats will form a part of most of the winter jackets.

Bonnets are worn small, with high trimming at the back, whether of feathers, loops of ribbon, or aigrettes. Among the newest ornaments for bonnets are the cockades just mentioned, and they are frequently made of the very narrow baby-ribbon.

Hats have moderately wide brims, rather low crowns, and are pinched up to suit the fancy of the wearer.

Large ribbon bows are found on many of the newest slippers; but, if exaggerated, they are very unbecoming.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF BROWN CASHMERE. The skirt is lined and slightly wadded. Bodice plain, with comfortable loose sleeves. It is finished with a cape and hood, both lined with silk and trimmed with jet. Felt hat, ornamented with cream-colored ribbon.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF GRAY STRIPED CLOTH. Loose in front, ornamented with two rows of buttons, gathered at the back, and has a deep cape which is full on the shoulders and plaited in front, forming sleeves. Hat of black felt, with gay ribbon around the crown.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF HEATHER-COLORED CLOTH. Knickerbockers neatly fitting. Jacket double-breasted, fastened a little to the right on the shoulder, and confined at the waist with a belt of the material. The jacket is trimmed with rows of narrow braid. Sleeves plaited at the wrist.

FIG. IV.—CAP, OF CREAM-COLORED SILK, for a small child. It is lightly wadded, lined with silk, trimmed around the edge with ostrich-feather trimming, and finished with bows of cream-colored satin ribbon, figured and plain.

FIG. V.—BOY'S TAM O'SHANTER CAP, of corded woolen.

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THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.



BER, 1892.





A DAY-DREAM.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1892.

No. 5.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BY VIRGINIA G. SULLY.



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

TOWARD the close of the eighteenth century, there lived at Argentan a gentleman, Jacques François de Corday d'Armont, who belonged to the aristocracy, but whose fortunes were so reduced by a ruinous lawsuit that he was compelled to distribute his children among his wealthy relatives, to be reared and educated. He was the father of Charlotte Corday, destined to play such a terrible rôle in the Revolution which was so soon to overwhelm France.

Charlotte Corday sighed for the days of Sparta and of Rome.

Madame de Belzunce died in 1787, and, three years later, all the convents were suppressed; the young girl was forced to seek a new asylum with a cousin, Madame de Bretteville, who lived in a gloomy old house called the Grand Manoir, at Caen.

Mademoiselle de Corday lived in strict retirement and mingled very little with the society in her cousin's house. She was an

The family were descendants of Marie Corneille, sister of the author of "Le Cid."

Charlotte was committed to the care of her uncle, the Abbé de Corday, who taught her to read in an old copy of the works of their illustrious ancestor, which he had religiously preserved. It was from the pages of Corneille's tragedies that she imbibed her republican principles. She says of herself: "I was a republican long before the Revolution."

Her mother died when she was fourteen, and Madame de Belzunce, abbess of the Abbaye aux Dames, offered to receive her into the convent. Here she spent weeks and months, with only books for her companions. Plutarch, Rousseau, and Raynal were read over and over again.

To the long readings, succeeded longer services. The political excitement of the time had invaded even the peaceful convent, and, while still a child,



MARAT.

ardent republican; still she mourned over the revolutionary excesses, reports of which reached her from time to time. The sufferings of the poor appealed strongly to her sympathetic heart, and the tales she heard of the hungry crowds daily waiting for hours before the bakers' shops filled her with indignant pity and deepened her growing horror of men like Marat and Robespierre, the latter of whom she always saw in her fancy as he was depicted in an engraving sent to Caen, attired in full gala costume and carrying in his hand an immense bouquet of flowers.

In 1793, the struggle in Paris between the Montagnards and the Girondists was drawing to a close. The Montagnards had accused the Girondists of conspiring with foreigners. Gaudet, the Girondist leader, brought counter charges against Marat, the head of the Montagnards. Marat was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, but the whole Assembly rose and pronounced him innocent. The twentyeight Girondist deputies were proscribed, and eighteen of them took refuge in Caen.

The arrival of the proscribed Girondists awakened all Charlotte Corday's enthusiasm. In them she beheld the true saviors of France, republicans after her own heart. Through a friend, she procured an introduction to Barbaroux, the deputy from Mar-

seilles. The Girondist orator painted to her with fiery eloquence the sanguinary Montagnard triumvirate then in full sway in Paris: the remorseless Danton, the cunning and cruel Robespierre, and, worst of all, Marat — ignoble, bloodthirsty, and implacable.

From these interviews sprang the purpose which Charlotte Corday formed in her inmost heart, to go to Paris and to kill Marat, whom she regarded as the worst enemy of her ideal republic. She confided her resolution to no one. She procured a passport to Paris, with the avowed purpose of seeing an old friend who had been her companion in the convent.

She was at this time a very beautiful young woman, only twentyfour years of age. She

was a fine musician, sketched cleverly, and conversed with remarkable ease and brilliancy. She has been described as "strong yet graceful, elegant, natural, modest above all, and still of a compelling presence. Her hair was of a beautiful chestnut tinge, which escaped from the laces of her Normandy cap and fell in torrents on the white close-drawn kerchief above her shoulders. Her eyes were gray and somewhat sad, shaded by deep dark lashes. Her brows were finely arched, her face a perfect oval, and her complexion marvelously brilliant. She blushed very readily; and that, to her admirers, was a great attraction. Add to these a strangely musical voice, singularly silvery and childlike, and an expression of ineffable sweetness, and you may conceive something of that Charlotte Corday men loved at Caen."

The proscribed Girondists lodged at the departmental mansion in Caen, and "in the lobby," says Carlyle, "where busy deputies are coming and going, a young lady with an aged valet is to be seen. She is a stately Norman figure and a beautiful still countenance. She emerges from her secluded stillness suddenly like a star: cruel, lovely, with half-angelic, half-demoniac splendor."

Strange indeed was the destiny which forced a dagger into the hands of this gentle French girl, and bade her plunge it into the

heart of that bloodthirsty, dwarfed half-maniac who is so infamous in history—Marat, one of the triumvirate of the Reign of Terror.

Mademoiselle de Corday left Caen on the 9th of July. She made all her preparations with the greatest calmness and deliberation, bade adieu to her friends, and disposed of all her possessions. She gave away all her books except one volume of Plutarch, which she took with her.

In taking leave of one family, she called to her one of the sons, a boy of sixteen, whom she loved very tenderly, and kissed him. Many years afterward, when this boy was an old man, he would recall with emotion this parting, when he received the last kiss that Charlotte Corday ever gave on earth.

She arrived in Paris on the 11th of July. On the following day, she called on Duperret, a member of the Convention, for whom she had a letter. He promised to take her on the following day to the Home Office, where she said she wished to solicit some favor for her convent friend, Mademoiselle de Forbin. She wrote a note to Marat, asking for an interview. Marat was ill. For some time,

he had not attended the sittings of the Convention.

It seems to have been Charlotte Corday's original idea to strike him in the very Assembly of which he was a member, but his illness compelled her to alter her plans. She called at his house, and was denied admittance; but, returning the same evening and insisting that her business was of a most pressing nature, she was allowed to come in.

The "friend of the people," as Marat was styled, was in his bath. A large board was placed in front of him, which he used as a desk. He had read her note, and bade the servant to admit the person who desired an interview. There entered a tall beautiful young woman, wearing a dark hat trimmed with green ribbons, carrying a fan in her hand.

Marat listened eagerly to the news from Caen; he questioned his visitor closely, and wrote down, as she called them over, the names of the Girondists at Caen. "It is well," he said, with fiendish satisfaction; "in a few days, I shall send every one of them to the guillotine."

At this moment, Charlotte Corday approached Marat, and, leaning over, she



CROWDS AT THE BAKERS' SHOPS.

struck with a knife with such force that the weapon entered his bosom up to the handle. Marat uttered one shriek for help and expired. His servant rushed in. Charlotte Corday was standing near the window, perfectly calm, and made no effort to escape. The servant knocked her down with a chair. A number of National Guards came up, and she was arrested.

The news spread rapidly, and all Paris was in an uproar. A crowd surrounded Marat's house, clamoring for the head of his assassin. Charlotte was taken to the Prison de l'Abbaye, where the members of the Committee of Public Safety interrogated her. She answered all questions with a calmness and dignity that never forsook her. She appeared before the revolutionary tribunal on July 16th, where she displayed the same unshrinking courage and firmness. The form of a defense was gone through, but her death was a foregone conclusion. After her sentence was pronounced, she begged the gens-d'armes to take her to M. Chaveau de la Garde, whom she warmly thanked for his services in defending her.

Nothing could be more simple and touching than her last letter, written in prison and addressed to her father:

"I trust that you will pardon me, my dear papa, for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims, and I have prevented many other disasters. The people will be undeceived one day, and will rejoice in being delivered from a tyrant. When I tried to make you believe I was on my way to England, it was because I hoped to preserve my incognito; but I have found it impossible to do so. I hope that you will not be blamed in any event, and I am sure you will find friends and defenders in Caen. I have chosen Gustave Doulcet to defend me, but a deed like mine admits of no defense; it was only for form's sake. Adieu, my dear papa. I beg you to be resigned, or rather to rejoice, at my fate. I shall die in such a glorious cause! I embrace my dearest sister, whom I love with all my heart, as well as all my relatives. Do not forget that line of Corneille's: 'The crime, and not the scaffold, makes our shame.' I am to be tried at eight o'clock to-morrow.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

JULY 15th, 1793."

During her trial, she had noticed a young man sketching her, and courteously turned her face toward him. This was Jacques Hauer, an officer of the National Guard. As soon as she returned to prison, she expressed a wish to see him. The painter came. She conversed with him for some time, and begged him to finish her portrait for her friends. She cut off a long lock of her beautiful chestnut hair and offered it to Jacques Hauer, regretting that she had nothing else to give him.

Before the portrait was finished, the door of her cell was again thrown open, to admit the clerks of the court and the executioner. The latter had brought the red shirt reserved for parricides, which Charlotte Corday was to wear on her way to the scaffold. The crimson garment seemed to invest her with such strange unearthly beauty that the artist put it in his picture, but it was afterward painted out.

Sanson, the Paris executioner, kept a diary of each day's ghastly work of the guillotine. He has left a curiously circumstantial account of Charlotte Corday's execution:

"On this day, Wednesday, July 17th, first year of the one and indivisible Republic, I executed Charlotte Corday of Caen, who murdered the patriot Marat, member of the Convention.

"On Wednesday, 17th, I went to receive my orders from Citizen Fouquier Tinville. He sent me word to wait. Meanwhile I went out and met a citizen who told me the young girl had been convicted. I hurried back, and Citizen Fabricius handed me a copy of the judgment. We went to the Conciergerie together. I spoke to Richard the jailer, and observed that his wife looked pale and frightened. I inquired if she was ill. She said: 'Wait a moment, and perhaps your heart will fail you too.'

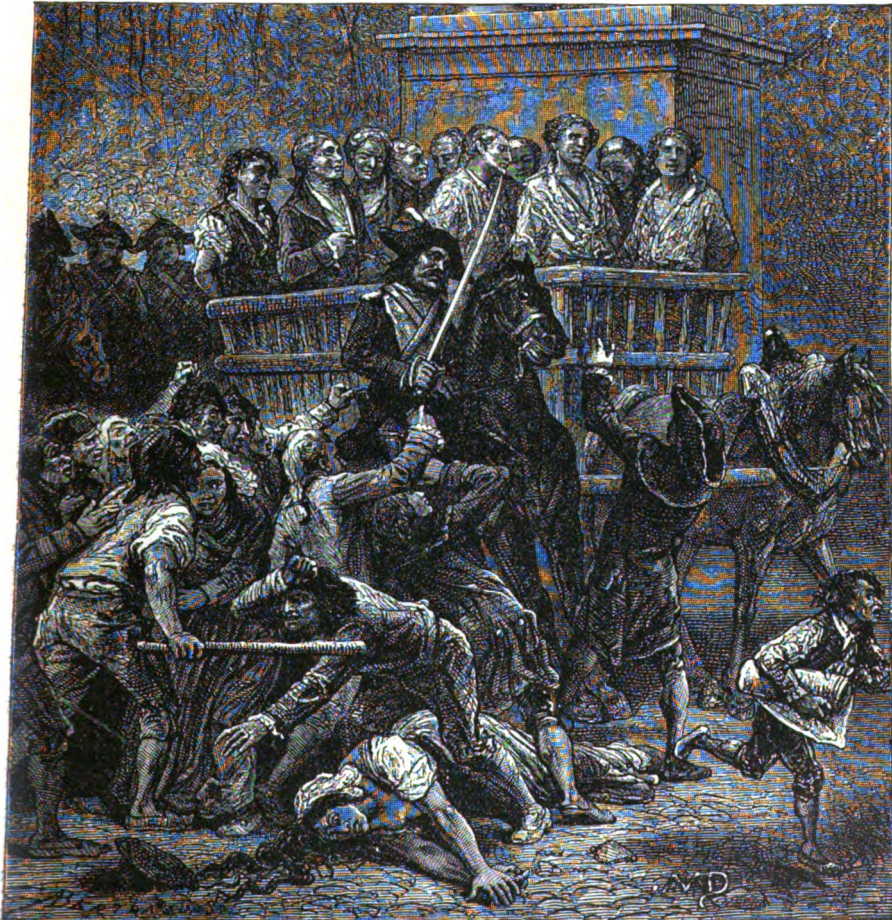
"Richard led us to the cell occupied by the culprit. In the cell were two persons, a gentleman and a citizen who was finishing Charlotte Corday's portrait. She was writing something on the back of a book. She looked up and asked me to wait. When she had finished, Citizens Tenasse and Monet read out the judgment, while the prisoner folded the paper she had written and gave it to Monet, requesting him to hand it to Pontécoulant, the deputy. She then removed her chair to the middle of the room, took off

her cap, sat down, and told me to cut off her hair.

"Since M. de la Barre, I had never seen courage equal to hers; she was far less moved than we were. When her hair was cut, she gave part of it to the artist, and part to Richard the jailer, requesting him to give it to his wife. I gave her the crimson shirt, which she arranged herself. As I was preparing to pinion her, she asked me if she might not keep on her gloves, as those who tied her hands when she was arrested had drawn the cords so tight that the skin was broken. I answered she could do as she liked, but that I could bind her hands without hurting her. She smiled and said: 'To be sure; you ought to know best how to do it,' and held out her hands.

"We entered the cart, which contained two chairs, one of which I offered her; but she declined, and I told her she was right, as the jolting of the cart was less trying in an erect position. She smiled, but was silent.

"There was thunder and rain after we reached the quays, but the crowd was as thick as ever. Insults came from those who marched around the cart. At a window in the Rue St. Honoré, I recognized Citizens Robespierre, Camille Desmoulins, and Danton, members of the Convention. Howls of execration came from the crowd, but often a look from her wonderful eyes silenced them. I myself often turned to look at her; and the more I saw of her, the more I wished to see. It was not on account of her personal



GOING TO THE GUILLOTINE.



ROBESPIERRE.

beauty, great as that was, but I thought it was impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous as I saw her; yet what I had considered beyond the strength of human nerve happened. She did not speak—she looked: not at those who insulted her, but at the citizens who were at the window.

“The crowd was so dense that the cart advanced very slowly. As she was sighing, I said to her: ‘You find the way very long,

I fear.’ ‘No matter,’ she replied; ‘we are sure to reach the scaffold sooner or later.’

“I rose as we reached La Place de la Revolution, and stood before her, in order to conceal the sight of the scaffold from her; but she insisted on looking at it, saying: ‘I have a right to be curious; this is the first time I have ever seen it.’

“In stepping out of the cart, I perceived that some unknown individuals had mingled

with my assistants. While I was requesting the gens-d'armes to clear the place, Charlotte nimbly ascended the steps of the guillotine. On reaching the platform, Firmin, one of my men, suddenly snatched away her neckerchief, and she stretched herself on the weigh-plank of her own accord. I thought it would be barbarous to prolong the poor girl's sufferings even for a second, so I made a sign to Firmin, who pulled the rope.

"I was still at the foot of the scaffold, when one of those outsiders who undertook to meddle with my business, a carpenter named Legros, picked up Charlotte Corday's

head and showed it to the people. It was by the murmurs of the crowd that I became aware that the wretch had struck the head on the cheek, and I was told the face crimsoned as if resenting the insult.

"When I went home, the prediction of Richard's wife was fulfilled. As I was sitting down, my wife said to me: 'What is the matter with you? Why are you so pale?'"

So died Charlotte Corday, at the age of twentyfour years. She was buried in the Madeleine, and her remains were afterward removed to the Cemetery of Montparnasse.

THE FLIRT.

BY NINETTE M. LOWATER.

AYE, call her but a heartless thing,
Because she would not wait
Through many long and lonely years,
For love that came too late!
You saw her cheek grow brighter still
Beneath your ardent gaze,
You saw love's shadow veil her brow
Through all the summer days,
You knew she loved you all the while,
And lingered by her side,
But never told her of your love
To soothe her woman's pride.

And when she listened to a love
Sincere and frank and free,
And found her light in other's eyes,
You called it treachery!
You said the love-light in her eyes
Was but an artful spell,
You called the rose upon her cheek
A lesson learned too well!
Away! And, when you love again,
Your manly love avow;
Nor think that woman's steel-like pride
To man will ever bow.

HARMONY.

BY KATE SUMNER BURR.

HARK! numberless voices are calling
From forest and garden and grove;
'Tis the wordless thanksgiving of nature,
A wonderful song of love.
My heart is attuned to the chorus
In harmony perfect and sweet,
All controlled by one Master Musician,
An orchestra grand, complete.

The chorus of animate nature,
Though never so sweetly it rings,
Its full complement finds in the spirit—
That harp of a thousand strings;
A harp which alone yields its treasures
When swept by the Master's own hand,
Every string being carefully tested
Ere tuned for the orchestra grand.

O soul! hast thou shrunk from the trial,
The tension, so dread, so severe?
Have thy strings wildly wailed in their anguish?
Know this—thou hast nothing to fear:
The Master Musician still loves thee,
Most precious art thou in His sight;
'Neath His hand thou art safe from all evil,
Though strangely it seemeth to smite.

Each string may be strained to its utmost,
Yet quietly yield to His will;
Not one pang shalt thou causelessly suffer,
Unequaled His wisdom and skill:
Let this be thy recompense ever,
The King on His beautiful throne
Shall accord thee a place in His presence,
Most graciously saying "Well done!"

BREAKING HIS FETTERS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



AURINE, of Yale '83, was unfortunate. His parents had not been poor but respectable, nor had they fired him with an indomitable purpose to overcome all obstacles.

He had ranked above the average, in a desultory way: stroke oar, heavy batter, Grand Mogul of the roysterers, and that sort of thing. It had been very satisfactory during the college life, but afterward dwindled to rather small proportions. After his doubtful degree came several really good pictures, which were never hung; a fierce plunge into Blackstone and musty precedents, which began to simmer after a few months and finally died away. Then came a trip to Europe and a grand survey of the situation. The world was before him, and the result of long deliberation was that he returned to New York and engaged a flat overlooking the Park. It was quiet and retired, and in easy access to editors and publishers. With the favorable criticisms of his articles in the "College Thunderer" before him, there could be no question of success. But should it be a book or magazine articles? The former was decidedly more substantial.

There was a vast amount of reserve force stowed away in the young man, and a few months brought forth a really creditable work, as his friends declared, and even the editor who was favored with its perusal hummed a little and agreed to give it further consideration.

But here again the over-supply of riches proved Henry Laurine's overthrow. The editor's letter of criticism, though sharp, was kindly and suggested the re-writing of most of the book, after which its publication would be considered. By this time, Laurine was becoming interested in a new theory of electricity, and did not think it worth while to call on the Franklin Square publisher or make any explanation.

And something else happened: Laurine

fell in love. He thought he had done so several times before, but this was different. He was older now, and perhaps saw things in a different light.

He had first seen her coming from the publishing-house, and had been able to offer her the shelter of his umbrella. Even in her waterproof, he could see she was of strong figure, well set, and with sharp clear-cut features lighted by a pair of calm, fathomless, gray eyes. She was not beautiful, nor of "our set." He admitted the first, and did not care for the last. There was a nascent power and individuality about her which interested while it rebuked him.

She was very frank in reply to his questions. Yes, she worked for the firm. Was art critic and occasionally helped in the illustrating department. Yes, she was well satisfied with her present situation; but the first few years were hard. Did she live at home? Yes, with her mother. She was sending her younger brother to a school for designers; all the rest were dead.

Laurine, with his usual impetuosity, wanted to call; but she declined. "They had not known each other an hour ago," she said, "and probably would forget inside of another hour."

But Laurine did not care to be put off in this way. If a pursuit was to be dropped, he wanted to do the dropping. So it came about that he happened on the street and saw her again and again. Not one, but a dozen times. And she was sometimes annoyed, but oftener amused. Besides, she rather liked him. His well-knit figure, with its suggestion of latent strength, met her approval; and the almost boyish face, with its honest eyes and quizzical smile, was absolutely refreshing after the grave countenances and dull routine of the office. But he soon found sentiment was to be tabooed. Whenever his voice began to indicate its approach, one look of her gray eyes set him to stammering, and he only found safety by plunging recklessly into some jocular anecdote.

As the months went by, he grew desperate; and one day, as they were passing from Broadway toward the Park, he took advantage of a few yards of isolation and poured forth his story of love and desperation. She listened quietly until he had finished, and then, apparently dismissing the subject from her mind, asked him what he thought of the street they had just left.

"Never mind the street," he answered, sullenly; "it's only a big stage or an overcrowded bee-hive. Tell me what I am to hope for. I cannot live this way any longer."

"Poor boy!" she said, looking at him and smiling a little. "Cannot you understand that a woman who would be satisfied with the mere offer of money and position would be hardly worth the winning? Every one of the bees in that overcrowded hive has an object before it; all the actors have their part on the stage. I am ambitious, Mr. Laurine, and would not like to share the lot of a—"

"Drone," supplemented Laurine, bitterly. "I suppose I might throw away my fortune and position, and try selling matches on Broadway. Perhaps I would be worthy of recognition then."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Laurine," and the clear voice grew softer. "If I did not like you better than most of my friends, I would not talk this way. You have ability far above the average; and, if you would only concentrate it on some object worthy—"

"I have," interrupted Laurine, coolly; "but she objects."

"Of your talents," she continued, calmly, "there would hardly be any limit to the possibilities of your future." Then, seeing he was about to speak, she went on more hurriedly: "No, I do not love you. I am not sure I could love anybody that way. If I did, he would have to be a hero—one whom I could look up to. He must have a nobler ambition than his own individuality, and be able to help me up instead of lowering me." The last few sentences had been spoken almost unconsciously, and she now looked at him with heightened color.

He reversed his former decision. She was beautiful, grandly beautiful, he thought, as he watched her with a thrill at his heart.

"You have never met a man of this description, I suppose?" he said, as quietly as possible.

She laughed a little.

"No, nor do I ever expect to meet him. You have no rival, Mr. Laurine," looking at him frankly; "but I hope you will dismiss such thoughts. You are rich, and, if you like, can make a career for yourself. I am only a working girl, but I have the same ambition for myself; and what I lack in talent, I am willing to make up by hard work. Is it a compact? Shall we dismiss the sentiment and be good friends?" And she smiled brightly and extended her hand.

He took it in both of his, and looked into her eyes for a moment before answering.

"We will be good friends," he said at length, "but I am going away to-morrow. Perhaps I may not see you again for years, but you must always remember me. I know what you have said is right. I have always been half conscious of my weakness, but never had any special incentive to combat it. When I return, I hope to bring your ideal with me, or at least a fairly good counterfeit of him." There was a quiet ring to his voice, which made her look up curiously. It was something she had not recognized before; and often, during the years which followed—years which brought her fame and a modicum of fortune—she thought of the calm voice and the earnest eyes bent so frankly upon her.

One day toward the end of the third year, something happened which brought a sudden glow to her face and furnished much food for future thought. She was waiting in the little way-station of a distant town, where she had been to make some drawings of an industrial school for poor boys, which had been recently established. It was on a new plan, and her chief had directed that she should obtain what information she could about it, in addition to making drawings. She was much taken with the scheme. It was novel and seemed to work admirably. The superintendent was pleasant, his wife sociable, and the week necessary to complete the work passed rapidly.

One day, as she was making a study of the library, she asked the superintendent to tell her about the founder of the school.

"He must be very rich, to erect such buildings as these," she said.

For a moment he hesitated, then answered slowly:

"He is an old schoolmate of mine, and

has queer notions. We used to call him Don Quixote. But I am afraid I cannot gratify you about the story. He particularly requested that his name be kept out of the papers. Everything else should be open to the public," he said, "provided he could keep in the background."

"I beg your pardon," she returned, smiling; "I only wish to know what is for the public. Of course, I will send in to the paper only such matter as you sanction after you have seen my report. You must not class me with the regular newspaper reporter." And she gave him another smile which completely subjugated him.

"I think I can trust you, Miss Graves," he said, answering the smile. "If you keep it to yourself, I do not mind giving you the main facts of the story. It is no secret: a dozen beside myself are familiar with it. We only wish, out of deference to our friend, to keep it from becoming newspaper gossip. Nearly three years ago, Mr. Laurine came to me and said that most of his classmates were far ahead of him in the race, and were already carving their names in honorable niches. That he had come to the conclusion that the real obstacle in his path was the fortune, and had decided to recommence the race on the same footing as his old comrades. He had been the wealthiest one in the class, and the one who had made the most signal failure. Before he left, he gave me plans of these buildings and told me to examine them carefully. I did not know his real intention until a few days later, when he returned with his lawyer. Then everything, even to his library, furniture, and bric-a-brac, was made over to us as trustees. He left for the West a few days later, with just money enough for immediate expenses. The school was finished and opened last fall, and, although I still think Laurine was foolish, I must admit the work is a grand one and will be the making of hundreds of poor lads."

During the recital, Miss Graves had kept her eyes fixed upon the carpet; and now, as she raised them, he thought he saw a suspicion of moisture in their depths.

"And Mr. Laurine has never seen the buildings himself?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No. We have never heard from him

since the day he turned the property over to our care."

Meanwhile, in a little village in Northern Idaho, a man was poring over a lot of plans and specifications scattered about the pine desk in one corner of his office. In another corner was a rude bunk; the third contained a rusty stove mounted on blocks and in a picturesque stage of collapse; while the fourth and last corner was devoted to a heap of fuel, a pair of heavy boots, and a saddle which had evidently seen service. It would not require much imagination to conclude that the worker at the desk was his own cook and housekeeper. Outside the office, which was about ten by twelve and made of logs and mud cement, a modest shingle informed the public that H. Laurine, civil engineer, had his headquarters inside.

But the first impression of dinginess began to fade away after a look about the town—or city, as it preferred to be called. Excepting the bar-rooms and gambling-hells, there were few buildings which aspired to the dignity of boards or windows. They were only required to "burrow" in. The days were spent in the mines or prospecting, while the evenings could be passed in the bar-rooms.

The first year or two of Laurine's professional existence was not very encouraging. There was an undue proportion of civil engineers, lawyers, and doctors in the place, and, had it not been that the mountains were full of game, some of the larders might have grown scant.

But Laurine had many advantages over his fellows. His rich fund of humor and anecdote and the rare gift of making himself companionable soon made him popular with all classes. And even, after the first burst of indignation, his quiet refusal to drink or stand treat commanded a certain amount of respect.

But his growing popularity did not seem to increase the demand for his services much, and most of his time was spent in prospecting and examining the surrounding gulches and canyons. By the end of the second year, he was probably the best-posted man in the neighborhood. One wild and hitherto supposed inaccessible ravine particularly engaged his attention. By means of ropes and grapnels, he lowered himself from point to point, and, in spite of constant warnings, kept it up until he became pretty thoroughly

acquainted with all its characteristic features. As he usually returned with a fine string of mountain trout, he was supposed to risk his neck constantly for the fishing. He did not try to alter the impression. His plans were not ready yet.

Two miles below the city, as the crow flies, were some of the richest mines in the country. A dozen men had already made enormous fortunes, and as many more were in a fair way to rival them. But it was almost inaccessible, with stupendous cliffs and fathomless precipices on every side. The nearest source of supplies was Wahita, twelve miles away, and even this could not be reached by horsemen. The mail and easily portable articles were carried on the backs of men, and naturally the value of merchandise had doubled many times before being offered for sale on the counters of Silver Bar. Large articles had to be muled around Bear Mountain and up Ragged Gulch, a distance of nearly twenty-five miles.

There were frequent agitations of a railroad, either directly from Wahita or by way of Ragged Gulch. But the enormous expense which would attend the tunneling of mountains and bridging of chasms always kept the scheme in abeyance.

And this was why Laurine spent so much time in familiarizing himself with Lost Canyon, as it was called. He believed that, in spite of the apparently insurmountable obstacles, a track could be laid through the canyon much cheaper than by either of the longer routes. True, it would have to be cut in the solid face of the rock, most of the way; but, on the other hand, there would be but two miles of road to the twelve by even the shorter of the other routes. And, once built, the short line could be run so much more economically.

But the trouble would be to convince capitalists of the feasibility of his plans. Lost Canyon had a bad name. There were stories of other men who had entered it before his advent: men who had never been known to return. The fact of his having lowered himself into it by means of a rope did not prove that an army of men could do the same and take with them the necessary tools and machinery to build a railroad.

However, when the question of a road was brought up again a few months later, and a meeting called to see if sufficient stock

could be taken to make it practicable, he unfolded his plan and made a warm speech in its support. There were many friendly faces in the crowd, and some few really seemed interested in the scheme. But they were mostly miners; the capitalists from the East, whom he had hoped to interest, wore a common look of incredulity. Their engineers and experts had pronounced the scheme utterly impracticable, and said it was impossible to make even a thorough preliminary survey. A few perilous fishing-excursions were hardly sufficient to warrant the expenditure of the enormous sum necessary to develop a visionary idea which, after all, could not prove successful.

Laurine asked that an expert be sent with him to spend a few days in looking over the canyon. But no: it would be madness to risk life and throw away money on what was clearly impossible. And Laurine left the building with the feeling that two and a half years had been thrown away.

As he passed out, one of the red-shirted miners who had cheered his scheme arose and followed him to the street.

"Mister Laurine," he said, as he caught the latter by the arm, "'bout how much will this 'ere road cost?"

"Oh, a hundred thousand times or so as much as you and I could raise, I suppose," was the answer.

"Mebbe—mebbe; but p'raps I'm wuth more'n my ole clothes show for. The Billy mine gin me a tol'ble big h'ist."

Laurine started. The Billy was one of the rich veins recently struck at Silver Bar, and was reported to be enormously productive. Its fortunate discoverer was a happy-go-lucky miner who had already made and spent several fortunes, and who was now reported to have gone East to scatter the half-million received for a one-third share of the Billy.

"I'm ruther struck on your idee, mister," he said, as he walked along with the wondering Laurine. "I had 'lowed on a high jinks down East, but I reckon railroadin' 'll hev ter do this time. 'Sides, I've never tried railroadin'. Ef 't 'd been a common kind o' road, like the spekerlaters in yonder figger on, I wouldn't 'a' teched it. But through the Lost Canyon seems a jolly reckless sort o' thing, 'n I opine we'll make Rome howl. What say, stranger—sh'll we go pards on it?"

"But how?" asked Laurine. "I haven't any money. Besides, I am a stranger to you; and the capitalists hack yonder say the scheme is impossible. You may lose your money."

"'Jection fust—you do the scribblin' 'n head-work, 'n I furnish spon; 'jection next—I don't generallly cotton ter strangers less 'n they're wuth freezin' to; 'n es ter 'jection last 'n not wuth mentionin'—I don't figger a game es has all trumps is wuth the playin'. You jes' take the half-million 'n go ahead; 'n when thet's gone, I reckon the Billy 'll hev some more for us. Ef the Billy don't pan 'nuf, I figger the road 'll be fixed by thet so 't we 'n borry some on it."

And so a copartnership was drawn up between Henry Laurine and Williams of Silver Bar—he would give no other name. A charter was obtained, machinery purchased, and soon each end of Lost Canyon became the scene of busy activity. Skillful workmen from the East and cheap Chinese labor from the West united in subjugating the mountains and bridging the ravines.

In spite of the small army of workmen, the road developed slowly. It literally had to be drilled and cut along the face of the rock, inch by inch. By means of ropes and temporary bridges, a few of the more daring engineers were induced to enter the canyon and plan the course of the road-bed. But none of the workmen could labor there; only a fly could have clung to the smooth surface of the cliffs. Nor was it even possible, at any point, to let workmen down by means of ropes. And even at the ends of the canyon, where the road-bed was slowly creeping into the rock, the workmen refused to labor until a strong iron railing was built along the face of the precipice as the road progressed. With the dizzy chasm before them and the half-mile of almost perpendicular rock behind, the road seemed but a tiny thread drawn across the face of the cliff. Laurine and Williams of Silver Bar, for the latter insisted on sharing a pick or shovel with the men, were indefatigable and could always be found on some part of the road.

At length, the winter drove them off, and tools and machinery were oiled and packed away until warm weather would again allow them to resume work. Laurine returned to the book he had been working on at odd times during the past two winters.

In spite of the still skeptical smiles of his friends, Laurine was in high good-humor. The obstacles were being overcome as fast as he had expected, and, if the Billy held out, he was sanguine of success. The verdict that, even if the road were completed, nobody would dare ride over it, he felt was absurd. Americans were not timid, as a rule; and, after a few trips had been made without accident, there would be no further trouble. There were several places on the Union Pacific and Canadian Pacific which looked nearly as dangerous, and which were regarded as special attractions of the route.

Winter in Northern Idaho is long and severe, and Laurine spent much of his time in completing and correcting his book. By the time work could be resumed on the railroad, it was on its way to the publishers.

The road was pushed on as rapidly as possible, but another winter found it still incomplete. Its success was, however, assured; and there were plenty of capitalists who were ready to take stock. But Williams of Silver Bar demurred.

"Whole hog or none, long 's the Billy holds out," he said.

And the Billy was doing nobly. It was not until the third summer that Williams of Silver Bar was obliged to sell another third to meet expenses. Before that was gone, the road was completed and in operation, and Laurine's name familiar to every railroad man in the country. And Williams of Silver Bar was happy. He was a railroad magnate—and not of a common every-day railroad, either.

Meanwhile, the book was a success. It was strange, bold, and weird, like the mountains around; for the scene was laid at Silver Bar. As the saying goes, it "took," and the publishers wrote that they had decided to have the later editions illustrated, and would send an artist for that purpose.

Laurine went to the depot to meet him, but only one man alighted from the train. He was a Chinaman, and Laurine was turning away when one of the two ladies who had left the train came toward him.

"Miss Graves! Here?" he exclaimed.

She smiled brightly.

"Your publishers did not give you the name of the artist, I see," she said, quietly.

But there was something in her eyes which more than repaid him for the long waiting.

IN THE HAREM OF AN AFRICAN KING.

BY ROSE SHELLEY.



HE steamer "Celtic" had cast her anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, and Captain Stone informed us that she would have to lie there three weeks for repairs.

Accordingly a party of us resolved to take a trip into the interior of Africa, in order to explore a native village.

Captain Stone kindly provided us with as many of the ship's crew as desired to go, their services not being required just then. Among these was a Nubian, an active muscular fellow of a rich dark-brown color and a pleasing cast of features. His original name was Busi Bey; but the men had nicknamed him Busy Bee, so it was by this appellation we all addressed him. He could talk English enough to make himself easily understood, having at one period of his career been an attendant of the Khedive at Cairo; so he became our guide and interpreter.

It was a beautiful morning in February when we left Alexandria and sailed up the sluggish Nile, with its palm-fringed shores, to the city of Cairo.

Our boat—a long, low, flat-bottomed craft—was manned by a crew of natives whose chief occupation seemed to be that of shouting. They would shout on any and every occasion, and on no occasion at all—trying their best, it appeared, to discover who could shout the loudest.

We floated lazily past the villages of Atfeh, Teraneh, and Werdan, passing the time in watching the groups of Bedouin peasants gathered on the banks to hear the sweet strains of "America," played by our "band-boys," as we called them, who had not forgotten to bring their musical instruments.

At Boolak, we could see the Pyramids on the horizon, and then it was only a little while before our boat touched the sandy bottom and we were at Cairo, the famous city of the Nile. Busy Bee escorted us to his former residence in the Esbekeeah

quarter and proceeded to pay his respects to the Khedive.

We remained three days in the town, making preparations for our journey up the Nile to Luxor. Following the advice of an old negro woman interpreted to us by Busy Bee, we laid in a large stock of glass beads, looking-glasses, combs, and red handkerchiefs. We did not comprehend the wisdom of the purchase then, but it became clear afterward.

Through the instrumentality of Busy Bee and the kindness of the Khedive, we were provided with a special escort—a big, burly, good-natured black. He was a brother of the chief at Luxor, and was accompanied by his three wives. He rejoiced in the cognomen of Selopo, which the boys soon changed into "Slow Poke," as he made a direct contrast to Busy Bee.

We learned through the medium of this insect that Selopo's wives were called Light of the Moon, Sunrise, and Sweet Water, and it is only just to add that the trio proved a welcome addition to our little party. They had light-brown complexions, thick lips, and flat noses, and were dressed in a single garment reaching from the waist to the knees. Their necks and ankles were ornamented with strings of beads; their hair was smeared with grease and twisted into little tails. They seemed devoted to their lord and master Selopo, who evidently thought as much of one as of the other, and not much of the whole together.

We reached Luxor at last—passing, on our way up the Nile, numerous villages: among them, Roda, Asyoot, Girgeh, and Koos, where groups of half-naked blacks crowded onto the boat and demanded backsheesh, and were only got rid of by the band-boys' going ashore and playing lively tunes on the banks.

We were well received by Selopo's brother, Chief Abou Sooad, who provided us with donkeys, camels, and guides, to carry us safely across the sandy desert to El Khargeh.

The country and village of El-Khargeh are

ruled by King Ubobo, who came promptly out of his hut at the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the natives who witnessed our approach.

After a short conference with the guides, we were allowed to pitch our tents, and glad indeed were we to rest after our journey.

Busy Bee said that we were expected to pay our respects to King Ubobo, so we all prepared to go in state. It was a dignified and decorous company that marched to the king's tent, but the talking was all done by Busy Bee.

King Ubobo had pleasing regular features, and was attended by about twenty of his wives. He was much pleased with the presents we gave him—a looking-glass, comb, and red handkerchief. Busy Bee assured us that these gifts would procure us future kindness.

The king and his officers returned our visit immediately—indeed, almost before we had time to reach the boat.

By the judicious giving of presents, we were allowed to visit the monarch's principal hut or harem. Busy Bee was the only man permitted to accompany us; but, as there seemed to be as many of the king's spouses outside as in the tent, it was an unnecessary precaution.

On entering the hut, we found the king's chief wives sitting side by side on a long bench covered with grass. They were all immensely fat—so fat, indeed, they could not rise. Their faces looked like immense pincushions with small black beads for eyes. The younger wives were busy giving them milk out of a gourd dipper, and they had evidently been freshly adorned in honor of our visit, for they were plentifully smeared with grease and covered with ornaments of beads and brass.

Busy Bee informed us that it is the fashion at court to have very fat chief wives.

The women carry their babies on their backs in a huge gourd or pumpkin-shell tied around their necks with a leathern band, and at night they are all put to bed in a hut with a single hole in the top. They

all lie on the floor together, like a litter of young kittens, and are not looked at again till morning. We asked Busy Bee how each mother could find her own again, as they all looked alike and none had any clothes on, but he was unable to tell us.

The king's babies, some ten in number, were put in a separate hut, but were treated much like the common children. A child's cry in the village at night is not noticed any more than the howl of a dog.

Busy Bee reminded us that it was time for our return. So we paid a farewell visit to King Ubobo, and carried him the last of our presents. He was a greedy old fellow, and much desired to have the band-boys' instruments too; but they declined with thanks, thinking they had given him enough music to last his life-time, for he made them play almost every instant after our arrival.

Selopo was considered the chief of our party, and a grin of satisfaction spread over his features as the king made him a present of a young virgin supposed to be about sixteen years old. He came to our tent, leading her along by a string tied about her waist. We wanted to interfere, but Busy Bee quietly informed us that it was wisest not to; so we let matters take their own course, and noticed the reception of the new wife by the three others. As Selopo led her in their midst, he simply said "Your sister," and then, man-like, retreated—we thought, to get out of the fray, if there should be one. But the three wives merely nodded to each other and uttered a series of guttural sounds, but whether they expressed disgust or pleasure we could not decide.

Fearing the king would bestow wives on the rest of the party, we hastily took our departure, the band playing lively airs to an enthusiastic crowd of men and boys and howling dogs.

Selopo's new wife did not seem to feel any regret at leaving her former associates, but her features expressed surprise when we came in sight of Luxor, where we were glad to rest a day or two before beginning our return journey down the Nile to Alexandria.

WINNING.

HOLY strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;

When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

THAT AMERICAN GIRL.

BY RUTH BUCKLEY.



friend, that American girl, you know, they talked so much of, has just arrived, and that she will go to the meet to-day and perhaps follow. Fred wants me to have an eye to her and be nice to her, as if being nice to her weren't performing the work of a Hercules."

"Oh, that is nothing; all American girls are so independent, Jack, that she will be sure to take care of herself and—"

"Take care of herself? A woman who most likely doesn't know a martingale from a—well, a surcingle? Take care of herself, indeed! Oh, she will be independent enough, as you say, and will always be to the fore, in among the hounds, and kill them, and take a fence just when some other fellow is going to take it, and break her neck, and be kicked or pitched or—"

"She will probably be kicked or pitched before she breaks her neck, Jack," said his sister.

Jack only replied severely: "If you have finished your breakfast, let us be off."

The brother and sister were a handsome couple as they trotted their horses slowly down the great avenue. "Handsome Jack Stanhope," as he was called by his friends; "that supercilious Mr. Stanhope," as some others, not such good friends, spoke of him. How well he sat his horse! How perfect was his attire, from the top of his high-crowned hat to the toes of his immaculate riding-boots: how spotless the white breeches: how faultlessly fitting the red coat which adorned the manly figure! What a whole-souled pleasant fellow he was! But Jack was the spoiled child of fortune: wealth, position, intelligence, a good digestion even, had been added by the fairy godmother at his birth; so Jack thought the world was made for him, and rather expected that he was to have no trouble in it, and especially expected that he was to have a good run after a fox—that was his sole thought in the hunting-season. The sister, who sat her chestnut as only a practiced fearless rider can do, was a fit companion for such a brother.

"OH, my prophetic soul! I knew something would happen," said the Honorable Jack Stanhope, as he tossed down a letter and applied himself vigorously to the breakfast of varied viands with which he always fortified himself on hunting-days. "Confound that brute of Fred's! And why must Fred have broken his collar-bone just now?" in an aggrieved tone.

"Because he couldn't help it, I suppose," replied Jack's sister Nora, without looking up from a pile of letters; "but what's the trouble?"

"Now, don't be nasty, Noll. Isn't it enough that a fellow must be tied to a woman's apron-strings, without having his sister so horrid? Fred writes—dear me, how can he write with a broken collar-bone? left collar-bone, I suppose: pity it wasn't the right, if it must be broken, and then he couldn't write—he writes that Mrs. Fred's

"What did Mr. Sanford say about Lily's friend?" she asked, presently. "With whom is she going to the meet?"

"Oh, it was only a scrap of a note, and Fred didn't say; he never does say anything when he writes. Just as if I should recognize that girl among a hundred other people! I didn't even make out her name. I suppose she will be with Fred's kids, and take that little rascal Tom in all sorts of danger. Oh, I forgot: Fred's brother Charlie is down at the Manor; he will have that girl in tow, I suppose."

It was the first meet of the season in one of the midland shires, and a glorious day for the sport. The field was a large one. All kinds of carriages, pony phaetons, and dog-carts were driven up, with loads of handsome dowagers and pretty girls in them, many of the latter in habits and covert-coats, ready to spring upon the horses which had been taken on in advance; there were beautiful women who never looked better than in the saddle, men in red coats, jolly farmers in cutaways and gaiters—what a scene it made! No sign of rain, just a little bit cloudy—a glorious hunting-day. Many had assembled by the time Jack and Nora arrived, and, when they rode in among their numerous acquaintances, Jack looked around, but could not at first decide as to which was that obnoxious girl, for there were several strangers present—guests in the many hospitable houses in that hospitable neighborhood. Jack did not move about much in the crowd; it was not necessary to seek ill fortune, he argued, though it might come to him in the shape of that American, and then he could not help it. Presently he espied Fred Sanford's two children on their ponies, in charge of staid old Peter the groom, and just behind them Charlie Sanford talking to a sweet, shy-looking, snow-drop kind of a girl.

"She doesn't look strong-minded, though," said Mr. Jack. "The idea of sending a poor little soul like that out hunting! Of course, it's that American girl; she's on Fred's Punch, but Charlie seems to be sweet on her—I'll not spoil sport." And, having salved his conscience, he moved slowly to the side of the master of the hounds. While exchanging a few words with him, Jack heard the most musical laugh that had ever greeted his ears. "It's like the trill in the throat of a bulbul—whatever a bulbul may

be," thought he. He could not look around, and, though he listened intently for another such laugh, it did not come. He recognized, however, the voice of old Mr. Manning, a neighboring squire, in "So you are used to hunting, then?"

The reply was mostly lost, but he caught the words "Rome and Pau and—"

"Some girl staying at the Mannings', I suppose." But his thoughts were interrupted by the master's saying: "How sorry I am that poor Sanford is laid up now!"

"Yes," answered Jack, "too bad. By the way, I must look after an American girl who is staying there; but it's an awful bore—the first day out, too. Of course, she can't ride; Charlie Sanford seems so well pleased with her that perhaps I had better leave her on his hands."

"Quiet, Dido!" said a voice at his elbow, as a brown mare moved restlessly as if her mouth had been pulled just a little bit.

Then the master moved slowly away to covert with hounds, whippers-in, men and women on horseback—a gay array. Jack noticed a handsome girl, to whom he instinctively attached the musical laugh, walking her horse quietly about, talking to Mr. Manning, seeming perfectly at home on the beautiful brown mare with its pretty tan-colored muzzle.

After some time, the hounds were thrown in; then there was a whimper here and there, then the whole air was filled with their music. In an instant, they were going over the field—hounds, huntsmen, horsemen, and horsewomen were all in the glorious flight, each riding for the first place. Then a big fence was reached. Jack's horse took it flying, like the bird that he was; and, just as he landed on the other side, he heard a crash and saw Charlie Sanford's horse tumble, rise again, and Charlie himself up and on the horse's back in an instant. The pace was not so fast just now, for it was over heavy ground; and he looked back again and saw the girl whom he had quite forgotten, on the brown mare, take the fence like a feather and gallop on.

"By Jove, how she rides! She'll carry away every brush in the shire, if that's her style," he thought. Then: "Oh, that little girl is not with Charlie—got scared at the looks of things and went back with the youngsters; best thing, of course," and he

settled himself down to the enjoyment of the run. He and the girl on the brown mare were soon almost abreast; but she rode calmly and unhurriedly, as if there were no one in the field but herself.

"I wonder who her pilot was," thought Jack; "she's a stranger here. He got a crupper, probably," complacently, for Jack had had no crupper. "That's a nasty hedge we are coming to; how is she going to take it?" Then riding a little nearer, raising his hat, he said:

"Pardon me—you are a stranger; there is an ugly ditch on the other side of that hedge."

"Thanks!" was the only reply, but no sign of flinching the hedge. Her companion watched her closely as she touched the mare to quicken her speed; with her hands down, her horse well in hand, the head held straight, but with no tightening of the reins, she took hedge and ditch, and was off again over the next field.

Jack did not do it nearly so well himself. Hawk jumped short and stopped suddenly with his hind legs on the further side of the ditch, and Jack almost went over his head; a moment's pause, and horse and rider were soon off again after the girlish figure in front and the hounds in the next field.

And so the pace was kept up for nearly half an hour longer. Of the many who had started so gallantly, comparatively few were to be seen. A tumble here and there—nothing serious, though—a lame horse now and then, and many slow ones, and the discretion which is the better part of valor, all combined to render the field a small one when the finish took place. Jack had been hoping that he, and not hard-riding Harry Symonds, who was the only one ahead, would have the pleasure of giving the brush to the girl on the brown mare, when to his great surprise he saw her turn and canter back the way she had come.

"I wish that girl had been Mrs. Fred's friend; wouldn't it have been jolly to pilot her?" thought he, as he looked after her.

The brush belonged to Harry Symonds; the girl and the brown mare had disappeared before the dogs had done with the poor fox, and Jack rode back to meet Nora and her lover walking their horses slowly along.

An hour later, Charlie Sanford and a tall handsome woman brought the fresh out-of-

door air with them into Fred Sanford's hall. Both were in the best of spirits and in their riding-gear.

"Oh, Lily dear, do give us a cup of tea; we are just famished," said the girl. "And oh! what a glorious day it has been, and how Dido goes!"

"We've had a clipping run," said Charlie to his brother, who had had no run and was consequently looking disconsolately out of the window. "So sorry that you missed it; everybody asked for you. Miss Farleigh and the chicks got back all right, I suppose? Miss Farleigh's heart failed her. But, by Jove, how Miss Middleton does ride! But you are not plucky, after all, Miss Middleton; do you know, Lily," to his sister-in-law, "that she wouldn't stay for the brush—says it makes her sick to see a poor fox torn to pieces. Foxes are 'varmints'—indeed, they are pests to poultry-houses and nuisances generally. No one in at the death but Harry Symonds and Jack Stanhope. Miss Middleton whirled around and met me limping along on Major, who gave me a crupper."

After Dorothy Middleton went to her room, she for the first time had leisure really to resent Jack's slur on "that American girl," and she felt just a little vicious when she first heard it; but, in the excitement of the run, all else had been forgotten.

By a late train, several guests were to arrive for the orthodox four days' stay. Dorothy threw herself on the lounge before the fire in her dressing-room and formed vague plans of revenge. But a long day in the open air and the exercise made her drowsy, and she could only dress herself hurriedly and be in time to enter the drawing-room just as dinner was announced. On looking around and wondering which of the men before her was to be her escort to the table, she saw a pair of handsome gray eyes fixed upon her face, and then Fred joined the owner of them and gave her into his charge.

Dorothy had gone to sleep too soon, that afternoon, to settle upon her line of tactics; as she walked by Jack's side, she was wondering how she should punish him, and she had not decided by the time the soup was removed.

Jack was in his best humor: the day had been faultless, he too perhaps had dozed a little over his fire before he dressed for

dinner, and now he had the handsomest and the pluckiest girl in the room beside him.

As a rule, it is enough for two people to be young to make them sociable; but, when the two people are not only young and healthy and well-looking, but have been "in at the death" after such a run on such a day, why, the time was too short to say all there was to say.

"Such a pity about Fred's collar-bone," said Jack; "as if it couldn't just as well have happened some other time. Then Charlie came to grief at the first fence. He seems rather sweet on that little American girl."

"Yes?" queried Dorothy.

"She didn't follow to-day. I thought, as an American, she would feel obliged to do quite as much as the rest did," and those few who were not Jack's friends might have thought there was just a touch of that objectionable superciliousness in his voice.

"Oh, she didn't follow?" again queried Dorothy. "I suppose their riding-schools in America are a kind of Wild West shows," she continued. "Then, you know, so many of them live on the prairies—hold their reins in the right hand, perhaps—and consider an amble the perfection of gait."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Jack, indulgently. "America's not half a bad place, I'm told; never been there, though," and dismissed the whole American continent as if it were of just as much importance as a flower-bed.

Then riding at Rome and Pau was discussed, and Jack began to wonder "Who the deuce can she be?"

"The Mannings have a large house-party?" he asked.

"I don't know; I have never been there," Dorothy answered, much amused.

"Beg pardon—I thought you were staying there," said Jack, a little puzzled.

But Dorothy did not say where she was staying.

"Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad," and it seemed as if some malign influence were drawing poor Jack to destruction.

"That American girl is very pretty," he said, looking across to where Charlie Sanford was talking to his companion of the morning.

"You mean Miss Farleigh, I suppose," replied Dorothy. "It's a sweet flower face, and she is just as sweet as she looks."

"How many of them come here!" continued Jack.

"Come here? How do you mean—to the market?" asked his companion, with a little frown.

"Well, no; I didn't mean just that. Like to travel, you know—but lots of them do pick up titles."

"Poor little American girl! If she hasn't 'lots of tin'—that's the proper slang phrase, is it not? and for slang, I'll put an English girl ahead of any other in the world—she'll not get a title. Now, if I were that American girl, I would begin with a Duke, though I might go down the scale to a Viscount, but I would not look at an Honorable," and she turned her handsome brown eyes gravely upon her companion.

"Oh, you wouldn't, eh? You know, I'm an Honorable, Miss Middleton," stammered Jack, awkwardly, in his surprise; and, if he had been asked why, he could hardly have told whether it was at the assertion so seriously made, or the calm look on Dorothy's face as she turned toward him, that caused his confusion.

"Are you an Honorable? Well, I wouldn't have thought it," said Dorothy. Jack colored and was silent; the audacity of the girl quite put him out—or was it audacity? Why would she not have thought it? Jack was more puzzled than he had ever before been over a social question. As for his companion, she was beginning to feel that in a short time she could cry "quits" with this self-satisfied Englishman, and her lips curved with a smile as she looked down to arrange the bunch of glowing carnations which was the only ornament to her white gown.

The ladies left the table soon after; but, with the coffee, most of the men made their appearance in the drawing-room. Dorothy was standing with Mrs. Sanford when Jack came up and said to the hostess:

"I'm going over to talk to your American friend, Mrs. Sanford; I had no chance this morning."

"To whom?" asked Mrs. Sanford, but a glance from Dorothy stopped further questions.

In blissful ignorance, Jack sauntered up to where Mollie Farleigh sat talking to Fred Sanford; Fred rose, introduced Jack, then left them together.

"I hope you like England," said Jack,

stupidly but kindly. "When did you come over?"

"Only a few weeks ago, and I feel so glad to get home once more."

"Home? Yes, I suppose that, after all, it does seem like home to Americans. I can quite understand that."

Mollie looked a little bewildered, but answered "Yes." Then she said: "You see, I feel as if I knew nothing at all of England. Mamma's health has been such that she could not bear the climate, so we have wandered about on her account."

"Don't America agree with her?" asked Jack, throwing as much interest as possible in his voice.

"I don't know," said Mollie, wonderingly.

But he was watching the ever varying expression of Miss Middleton's face as she stood talking.

"How slow all this is!" he thought, endeavoring to make conversation.

Mollie, in her amazement, repeated his words: "Leave America? Why, we have never been there," and she looked as if she thought he was demented.

"Are you not an American girl?" He had almost said "that" American girl—in a bewildered manner; but he was soon thoroughly aroused: he was no longer absent-minded, and alas! he was sure of her identity before Mollie replied:

"You mean Miss Middleton; she is the only American here. Why, you took her out to dinner," with an astonished air.

Jack's utter confusion was pitiable; he sat staring at Miss Middleton in the most helpless way. Presently a young fellow sauntered up to them, and, with a hurried bow, Jack made straight for Dorothy's side.

"Miss Middleton," he said, humbly, "I came to make you all the apology I can for my remarks about American girls. I was a cad, to have spoken as I did. You know, of course, that I never suspected you of being an American. If you can pardon me, pray do; I have no excuse to offer."

The humility of the tone touched Dorothy, and, when he commenced, she intended to accord a full forgiveness; but her heart was hardened when he said he never suspected her of being an American, and she replied carelessly:

"Did you say anything against American girls? Oh, I remember: it was not of the

slightest importance," and she turned away as if Jack's opinions were of too little consequence to have made any impression.

The brother and sister had an unusually quiet drive home. Nora nestled down in a corner of the carriage, smiling to herself and thinking of her lover's last whispered word; but Jack was ready to groan aloud, and hot flushes passed over him when he thought of his remarks to Miss Middleton.

The hunting went on four days in the week, and Jack Stanhope and Miss Middleton frequently met in the hunting-field, she always giving a careless good-natured bow to Jack, he doffing his hat with the greatest respect. He tried sometimes to give her a lead over an ugly fence or hedge, but she thanked him politely enough and went on her own way. They met at gatherings at the various houses in the neighborhood; she was as bright as possible, but perfectly indifferent, and he had never had the good luck to take her in to dinner again. One evening, there was a dance at the Sanfords'; and, when Jack entered, he saw Dorothy's trim figure floating around the room with the heir of the Duke of Grantly.

Jack planted himself in the doorway, with his hands in his trousers pockets, and glanced at the young marquis, called him in his own thoughts an impertinent awkward cub, when all at once he remembered that Miss Middleton had said that it was the intention of every American girl to marry a title. He suspected now that she was chaffing him, but the remark left a sting all the same. What woman could resist such a position as that of the future Duchess of Grantly? The boy was a good fellow enough, he had to admit—an indulged only son; and even the Duke of Grantly might be proud of such a daughter-in-law.

Dorothy floated about the room like a feather; she never looked more beautiful, more animated, more high-bred. Her gown perfectly fitted her perfect figure, and her eyes shone like two great stars. Neither was she at all above being pleased with the admiration of her companion; he was her devoted cavalier, and she knew that there were titled dowagers present who would almost give their right hands could any of their daughters become Marchioness of Wilton. And the cruel unwomanly love of exciting envy in the bosoms of other women

was really delicious for the time. Still, she could not let the young heir have all the valse; so she was forced to see him take out other pretty girls. She was obliged to admit that he did not valse very well; but that did not prevent her from giving him an encouraging smile now and then, which made the young fellow gravitate toward her always between the dances. Moreover, she was conscious of Stanhope's glum looks and enjoyed them hugely, but was rather disappointed when, on returning to her seat after a valse, she missed him from the doorway. Had he left so early? She hoped not. It was time to "lure the tercel gentle back again," so, as she was taking another turn, she saw him talking to Mollie Farleigh, and smiled brightly as she nodded in passing him.

Stanhope felt as if a burst of sunlight illumined the earth after a thunder-storm. How differently the room looked to what it did a few moments before, just because a girl smiled upon him! When she was again seated, Jack was soon at her side. "Of course your programme is filled, and I can't have a valse," said Jack, humbly; "but I'm awfully glad to see you for a moment." The honest fellow's heart was in his eyes, and Dorothy felt just a little bit startled as she looked inquiringly at him. How handsome he was—how manly, how frank! Yes, she really admired him very much, she admitted to herself, and soon became most dangerously gracious.

They talked a long while, and the young marquis looked rather surprised that Jack retained his place so long by Miss Middleton's side; but Jack laughed gleefully and kept his seat. Presently, as they talked on, the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," that most beautiful of Strauss's dance-music, was heard. What was there in that sad flowing melody that touched both hearts? Jack's animated face grew grave in expression, and in Dorothy's eyes a more softened wistful look came. They sat for a little while quite silent, both looking out over the room, seeing little, hearing only the tender music that seemed to tell a story to them. Jack rose, put his hand out to Dorothy, and only said "Come." She stood beside him, making no coquettish excuses, and, when he placed his arm about her, she moved off, following those leading strains as if carried

on by a will beyond her own. Neither spoke; slowly they moved down the room, unconscious of the presence of others, scarcely conscious of the presence of each other. When the music stopped, Jack stood for one moment beside his partner, then bowed low over her hand and disappeared.

In reviewing the incidents of the evening, after retiring to her chamber, Dorothy took herself severely to task for her momentary forgetfulness of the discipline which she was going to administer to Master Jack. "This won't do, Dorothy," she said, shaking her head at her own likeness in the mirror. "So silly to have all one's plans upset by that ridiculous 'Blue Danube,' but the thing always did affect me in a sentimental kind of way. I must redeem my character to-morrow." For on the morrow, as it was an off day in the hunting-field, the Sanfords were to drive over with their party to the Stanhopes'.

As Jack stood with his hands in his pockets, whistling the "Beautiful Blue Danube" softly under his breath, looking out of his window over his lawn, he wondered with a smile what "she" would think of it. Dorothy had already become "she" to him. He was proud of his place and of his family, at the bottom of his heart. The Stanhopes were people of consequence before the ancestors of the Duke of Grantly had been heard of, and they were people of consequence still. Jack's lines had fallen in pleasant places; he was a younger son, but his mother's large property had been settled on the younger children, and Jack reigned in her old home, Welby Hall, with his sister Nora, and an elderly cousin to act as chaperon to the girl.

"I say, Noll," he said, presently, looking around at his sister, who was filling some glasses and bowls with flowers, "don't take all those carnations with you. I—" and he stopped.

"Well? 'I'—" said Nora, but she did not help her brother to finish the sentence.

"Well, I'd like them to-day, please," rather shamefacedly.

"Why, Jack! you are never going to wear a bouquet, are you—a big bouquet?" asked his sister, watching him from beneath her lashes.

"Confound it, no! Noll, you know, I—" and he stopped again.

"Yes, I know. Poor Jack!" Nora heaved a tremendous sigh and then laughed.

But Dorothy was in a different humor to-day, from that of last night. What right had Mr. Stanhope to make her dance by just that word "Come," instead of suing for the pleasure of her hand? So she was in her most provoking mood.

Jack was disappointed, but still the "Beautiful Blue Danube" floated through his brain and was like a word of hope. It was a gay party, the strangers in it flitting here and there to admire old carvings and bits of stained glass and the pictures. Jack was so proud of some of his pictures: his Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs were among the finest in the county—portraits of the beautiful ancestresses of his beautiful mother. He looked wistfully at Dorothy as they stood in the long gallery, hoping that at least she would admire the pictures, for she had hitherto appeared quite unimpressed by the house and all it contained. Jack was no snob; he only wished her to show some interest in his home, yet he scarcely knew this himself. But the girl talked of everything but of that by which she was surrounded. She wanted to humble Jack for having made her forget herself the night before—she would not like this supercilious Englishman. She knew well enough that the portraits were beautiful works of art. She was delighted with those high-bred-looking ancestors of Jack's, but little would she let him suspect it. In the conservatory, he fared no better. The choicest buds were broken off for the women to put in their buttonholes, and, when he handed Dorothy two or three great carnations, remarking "I think I have heard you say that this is your favorite flower," she took them with an "Oh, thanks!" and twirled them carelessly between her thumb and finger. After the party had left the house, Jack found the poor flowers lying on a table in the hall; he threw them on the floor and ground his heel upon them, then ordered his horse. He returned from his long ride in better spirits and retired with the thought he would see Miss Middleton at the meet the next day.

Nora was watching the progress of her brother's love-affair with some amusement, and said to herself: "He's not got it badly yet," as he helped himself abundantly to the

cold game pie at the next morning's breakfast.

When Jack rode upon the ground, he at once singled out Dorothy talking to "that idiot," as he uncivilly and jealously styled Lord Wilton. He grew savage at once. "Like all the sex—wants to be a duchess," he thought; and, when the girl gave him a most winning greeting, he bit his mustache and muttered: "She blows hot and blows cold, does she? Well, I won't stand it," and only bowed, not making any effort to join her. Dorothy raised her pretty brows, smiled, and seemed well enough satisfied. But the moth would return to the candle; as the horsemen trotted slowly away, Jack found himself by Dorothy's side. "It is a keen old fellow we are after to-day: he will probably tuck himself in some hole and have to be dug out; he's an old hand at the business," he said.

"Well, that is of no consequence; we will have a good gallop, all the same. It is only the pretense of having something to do that makes the fox of importance," answered Dorothy.

"Good gracious, what heresy!" exclaimed Jack, aghast; "anybody can ride when he wants to, and jump and all that, but to be in at the death!"

"That is just it! What savages you English people all are at bottom—always wanting to be killing things! It is the fox in winter, and the fish in Norway in summer, and the birds after the twelfth, and the deer in Scotland in the autumn: always killing something and calling it sport; yet, if a poor fellow snares a hare or shoots a bird to save his family from starving, what an ado is made about it!" and she turned her flushed face toward him.

Jack felt himself to be a great brute; was he not always doing just what Dorothy had said—killing something? That was his life; and, at the present moment, it looked to him like a very contemptible one. Little did he suspect that Dorothy had never thought such practices brutal—in fact, she had never thought about them at all; but it popped into her pretty head to say so, and she said it. Unconsciously she had warmed with her theme when she put in the poor poacher as a dramatic finish to her sentence, hence her flushed face and eloquent eyes. Jack Stanhope wondered why this girl always put him

at a disadvantage; he was not apt to feel at a disadvantage anywhere.

The hunters were going along at an easy pace, the fox had not been started, and groups of twos and threes were walking or slowly trotting over the road. Suddenly Jack determined to "take his courage in his two hands." He and Dorothy had accidentally fallen in the rear. He rode a little closer to her side, put his hand on her horse's neck, and said very quietly: "Miss Middleton, I love you very much. If you will be my wife, you will make me very happy."

Dorothy fairly gasped in her surprise, and could only ejaculate:

"Mr. Stanhope!"

"I know that our acquaintance has been short, and perhaps I should not have spoken; but I could not help it."

"Yes—no," answered Dorothy, who had not regained her equipoise. Presently she said: "Mr. Stanhope, I do not love you. I cannot marry you; and, if I have given you pain, I most sincerely beg your pardon," and her eyes filled with troublesome tears.

"God bless you!" was all he said, and they simultaneously quickened the pace of their horses and joined the party ahead of them.

In a short time, Stanhope rode away, leaving Dorothy with some friends. "Was I insane, to speak to her to-day? What possessed me? But it doesn't matter; she never would have cared for me, if I had served as long as Jacob did for Rachel."

Presently the fox was started, the hounds were in full cry, and then the hard riding began. The field kept well together; but, as usual, Jack was among the foremost. His good Hawk skimmed the ground and gradually got a little ahead. A gate was to be taken; unfortunately, it was ajar and swinging open just as Stanhope was in mid-air. His horse's hind leg caught in the bar, and rider and horse came down in a heap.

Dorothy, who was flying along on Dido, saw the fall; but, being accustomed to accidents in the hunting-field, she was not anxious till she noticed that Jack did not rise, and that Hawk was wildly careering along by himself, with flapping stirrups, but still in hot haste after the hounds. Dorothy rode up quickly, passed through the gate, which was swinging open, and found Jack lying with his white face turned up to the

gray sky. To jump from her horse, throw the reins on the gate-post, and endeavor to raise him was the work of a moment. She looked in vain for some water; she could only loosen his cravat and coat, and moan: "Oh, poor Jack! oh, poor Jack!"

Others now rode up; brandy from the pocket-flasks was forced between the pale lips, and Dorothy was plentifully bathing the white face with tender hands and tearful eyes. But no consciousness returned; a physician who was on the field said that the heart still beat, but that concussion of the brain was the result of the fall. What the end would be, he could not say; a door or something was to be procured at once, and the limp burden conveyed home on that as easily as possible. Fortunately the run had been in the direction of Welby Hall, and the sad procession had no very great distance to go.

Jack was a popular young fellow in the neighborhood, who had a cheery word for peasant as well as peer; so the services of the numerous followers always on foot at a hunt were most ungrudgingly given, all anxious to form relays and help carry the poor fellow home. As soon as possible, Dorothy remounted her horse, saying: "I will prepare his sister," and rode off at a quick pace. How was she to do it? He was not dead—the physician had said so; but oh! that white face, those blank eyes—should she ever forget them? She endeavored to form some speech that should not alarm Nora too much, but she found she was always forgetting Nora and thinking only of Jack.

Nora came hurrying into the great hall, where Dorothy was restlessly walking up and down.

"Miss Stanhope, I came to tell you that your brother has met with an accident; don't get so frightened, dear: he will be all right, but they are bringing him home."

"He's not dead? You are sure?"

"As alive as possible," Dorothy answered, as cheerily as she could, though she was shivering with fear and nervousness. But alas! the few preparations were all made long before the mournful cavalcade reached the Hall. Dorothy walked up and down, twisting her fingers in her suppressed excitement, while Nora stood like a statue, watching from one of the windows.

"Oh, it's just like a funeral. Jack's dead!" came from Nora's white lips, as the bearers of the unconscious burden, the numerous followers on foot, and the many friends of Jack on horseback moved slowly and silently up the avenue. At that stage, the doctor could give no opinion; so the crowd dispersed, leaving only Nora's lover Sir Hugh Clifford, Fred Sanford, and Dorothy with the poor sister and her old cousin.

What an hour it was for the two girls! Clifford and Sanford were in an adjoining room to Jack's, waiting to see if they could be of help; and presently Sir Hugh went quietly out of a side door so as to avoid the girls, mounted a horse, and rode quickly off to the station to telegraph for a famous surgeon and a good nurse.

Dorothy slipped into one of Nora's dressing-gowns, and she and Nora passed the night shivering with anxiety, counting the minutes as they were slowly ticked off by the clock, listening with strained ears for any sign of returning consciousness in the opposite room, and with door ajar that they might question doctor, housekeeper, or valet, who should pass out into the hall. Once or twice, they were told that Mr. Stanhope still lived but was quite unconscious, and that was all they knew. Nora sat as one stunned, but Dorothy restlessly walked up and down the room, wishing that she might scream off her nervousness.

With the morning, the physician from London, with the nurse, came; the great man was a long time in Jack's room, and left the house with a grave face, promising to come on the morrow. Dorothy went away when Nora's brother and his wife arrived, and returned to the Sanfords', completely broken down.

A week passed; but, though consciousness seemed to be returning, the doctors gave but little hope of Jack's recovery. Dorothy's trouble had been increased by a letter from her aunt, asking her to join her in Rome immediately. How could she leave whilst the chances of life were so much against Jack Stanhope?

The last day of her stay at the Sanfords' had arrived, and she had ridden over to say good-bye to Nora. She had gone into the conservatory and clipped a few of Mrs. Sanford's choicest carnations and taken them with her; she had intended sending them

to Jack's room without a word, but her heart failed her, so she laid them on a table; but, as she was going away, Nora said: "Poor Jack! that was his favorite flower; he went to the conservatory every morning before breakfast, and cut one for his buttonhole."

The tears sprang to Dorothy's eyes. "Poor faithful Jack!" she thought. She mounted her horse with encouraging words to Nora, and rode away in apparently good spirits; but she had never been so depressed in her life, and she began to wonder what might have been if this accident had not occurred.

Eight months passed before Dorothy Middleton returned to England. Now she was back again to make a visit to Nora, who had married as soon as Jack had sufficiently recovered to make the smallest degree of excitement possible. Dorothy had been told that Jack was in Scotland; but, to her great surprise, he was the first to meet her when she entered the drawing-room on the evening of her arrival. He came forward with a quiet greeting, without embarrassment, whereas Dorothy's nonchalance for once forsook her. She looked timidly at Jack and said: "Oh, Mr. Stanhope, how glad I am to see you again!"

"Didn't seem much chance of it at one time, did there?" he replied, laughingly.

Dorothy wondered how it was that Jack was so changed. She never felt how masterful he was before; he did not seek her society as he had done the previous winter. Did he no longer care for her? She wondered about him more frequently than she was aware of. Was it his illness that had altered him so? She could not tell; but it made her think about him a good deal, which, if Jack had but known it, he would have considered it greatly to his advantage. If the ladies went out to take luncheon with the sportsmen, Jack probably spoke but few words to Dorothy—how unlike the old mirthful battles they used to have!—but seemed quite willing to get back to the birds. In the morning rides, he joined her no more frequently than any other woman of the party; in the drawing-room after dinner, he talked to her only as much as he did to others of his sister's guests; and in his intercourse with her, he appeared rather indifferent, but with a courteous gravity that provoked the girl, yet had a curious attraction for her.

So there could be no love-making, which is what Mistress Dorothy would dearly have liked, although she was probably not as inclined to play with dangerous weapons as she had been the winter before. The cooler Jack grew, the more Dorothy lost her head, and she began to fear that she was going to play a losing game. In truth, Jack was playing rather a desperate game too, he thought; he was determined to win Dorothy if he could, but he had learned that to do this he must be master of the situation.

Lady Clifford's party was a gay one. Private theatricals which were performed as badly as private theatricals always are, tableaux which were reasonably good, musicals that were tolerable, all helped to make the hours slip by on rosy feet at the Grange. A dance was to wind up the dissipation before the party dispersed to other pleasant houses.

At the dinner-table on this evening, Jack appeared with a glowing carnation in his buttonhole, instead of the orthodox white flower, and Jack's vivid adornment caused some chaffing.

"Jack, what a dude you have become!" remarked someone. Jack looked gravely at the flower and replied laconically: "My lady's colors."

Dorothy wondered, could he mean her—if he meant anything—or did some other girl affect carnations? She had never worn them

since Jack's illness, they were so associated with her manner to him on the day he had cut them for her in the conservatory at Welby Hall.

Lady Clifford's dance was as gay as happy young people, well-lighted and flower-decked rooms, and good dancing-music could make it. Dorothy was talking to some friends, when she stopped short as the "Beautiful Blue Danube" began to pulsate in the air. She could not bear it; she was sure she should burst into tears if she remained a moment longer. Leaving the group with some indistinct words about looking for her fan, she crossed the room and took a seat sheltered from view by the musicians. In a few moments, without looking up, she was conscious that Jack was approaching her; her color was coming and going painfully. He stood before her and said "Come." Making no demur, as if magnetized, the girl arose with downcast eyes. He put his arm about her, was silent for an instant, and then said: "Come for always, darling, won't you?" Dorothy's body was already swaying to the swing of the music, but Jack took no step; he looked at the downcast face, held her closely, and said questioningly: "Dorothy?" Without looking up, she whispered: "Yes, Jack!" And he—he only said: "My dear love!" as they passed out into the circle of the waltzers, like two in a delicious dream



A SMOKE IN TIGER BAY.

BY F. H. PRESTON.



ONCE DE LEON was not so entirely mistaken, after all. If he did not find the "fountain of perpetual youth," you may find persons who seem to have drunk of its waters. My old friend Mrs. Gaylark is one of that number. She is over seventy years of age, and yet where is the boy who is her match in fishing or boating, or even in chopping wood, building a fence, or repairing a house?

Do not imagine, however, ye vain ones, that these suppositious draughts have preserved the bloom of youth. Not so. Mrs. Gaylark is somewhat wrinkled and very brown, showing the wear and tear of her many laborious years; and the voice with which she pipes up her grandson at daylight, assuring him that it is "big day," though soft as a flute, no longer essays to sing. Indeed, I doubt if ever, from her busy childhood up to these mature and still busy later days, Mrs. Gaylark ever found time to sing.

Young Mrs. Gaylark, her daughter-in-law, says to her husband, as they sit at the table with half a dozen boys and girls, Granny being also present as a guest: "Father, if you're going hog-huntin', you'd better go to-day. It'll soon be sugar-b'ilin' time, an' you're got that haulin' to do next week, you know."

"If I'd 'a' been goin' hog-huntin', I'd 'a' been off before this," said the tall man at the other end of the table. "What's the matter?"

"Nothin', only we're mighty nigh out of meat," returned the wife.

"Where's Mintie?" interrupted the grandmother, looking round at the circle of faces.

"Why, you jest missed her? I sent her to Glory Ann's with that sewin' I done for her last week. She never come after it nor sent for hit, and I want the money."

Mrs. Gaylark, Jr., had a sewing-machine,

and sometimes helped less fortunate neighbors for a consideration.

"In the mornin', boys," said the old lady, dropping the other subject, "we'll go a-fishin'."

"Unless I go fog-huntin'," interrupted the son; "then I'll take them with me."

"Not the little ones," objected the younger woman. "I'll want them to tote water and wood and mind the baby. Didn't you say you were goin' down on Ocklawaha with them, Granny?" she continued, without altering a line of her handsome immovable face.

The faithful "cracker" bonnet, which was seldom off her head, sat rather coquettishly above the fine features, but it had not availed to prevent or remedy the sickly sallowness of her complexion.

Before the old lady had made a reply, Mintie appeared in the door.

"Well?" said her mother, inquiringly.

"Cousin Glory Ann's got the fever; had it ever sence Tuesday, an' she don't git no better. Miss Boles set up there las' night, an' Mis' Banks and Nettie the night before, an'—"

"Why, is she that bad? Did they git the doctor?"

"She's bad, I tell you," replied the girl, who had crossed the room to arrange, before a bit of looking-glass stuck in a chink of the unplastered wall, the short curls that adorned her forehead.

"I'll go," said Granny, rising from the table.

"But I thought you was goin' with the men in the mornin'?" suggested her daughter.

"What! and leave that poor creetur sick?"

Mrs. Gaylark, Jr., glanced at Mintie, who, with a face as stolid as her mother's, looked quite unconcerned, merely saying: "Somebody that's used to nursing ought to stay there all day; they hain't been givin' the medicine right, some of 'em."

By this time, Granny had her boots on and her gown well caught up by a string

passed around the gathers just below the waist.

"If you git through that Slipper before dark, you're all right; Bozie, go with your grandmother."

The departure of this couple loosened the tongues of two conspirators.

"I'm afraid she'll come back before you git off," said the mother, with her plaintive whine.

"Are you sure she hain't heard about it?" asked Mintie.

"Yes; I cautioned the boys not to breathe it, an' she hain't seen nobody else sence hit's been talked about."

"Well, we'll have to resk it. We'll start soon in the mornin', an' maybe she will stay with Cousin Glory Ann for a while; she ought to."

"Now, what are you uns up to?" demanded Mr. Gaylark. He had been smoking his pipe at the back door after supper, and now strolled in, looking very indulgent and good-humored.

It is my belief that each of these parties, who seemed to agree so well in the tremendous combination they were forming, had a little additional arrangement of his or her own to forward—was looking forward to certain contingencies which were not mentioned in full conclave.

The mother answered: "We was jest a-fixin' to blind the old lady about this 'ere cane-b'ilin' business down at your father's. I don't want no fuss, but I don't see why Mintie can't have a little pleasure like the rest of 'em. But Granny is so afeard she'll see Jack, an' she's determined she shan't marry him."

"She shall marry him," said the man, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "if she wants to! Jack will get all the old man owns; he's as good as got it now. Let the ole woman fuss."

"Hit's not the fuss so much," said the wife, "as that she would manage to break off the match. We could make hit up with her afterward if they was once married, and, if she was mad with Mintie, she could leave her little pile of money to the boys."

Granny possessed a "little pile of money." She had kept a restaurant in a neighboring town; had sojourned near a winter-resort for Northern visitors, and done washing; had picked and sold p'nella (vanilla); had taken

boarders when stray teachers or tourists happened to fall in her way; had helped herself and saved her earnings where others might have spent theirs on carpenters, wood-cutters, and the like.

She had long been separated from her husband—she was his third wife—and believed that she hated him and his step-grandson Jack, who lived with the old man at his home in an adjoining county, while she lived in a frame dwelling built mostly with own hands on her own land, a few yards from the house in which her son resided with his family, also on her land.

While the conversation between her relatives went on, Granny was making her way toward the not distant pine woods and the Slipper.

"Bozie," she said at last to her young escort, "go back now. I'll get along by myself better than you can by yourself after dark."

The boy, nothing loath, scampered home without a doubt but that his efficient and ever ready old manager knew just what she was about and would prove fully equal to the situation.

When he was fairly off, the old woman took up her stick and resumed her rather slow progress over the fallen pines that bridged the dark pools of the Slipper, the loose bark sliding under her feet, and the tapering top of a tree sometimes ending at a considerable distance from the massive trunk of the next, the intervening space being overcome by stepping on thick tussocks of grass or some unresolvable nebula of decayed wood and stumps and clumps of palmetto.

In due time, she reached the little group of buildings elevated on pine stumps above the sandy yard and enclosed only by a disreputable-looking rail fence, which Glory Ann, the sailing kinswoman, called her home.

There was a kind of booth at the back of the house, and under this a neighbor was cooking the morning meal beforehand for the master of the house, who was to leave early the next day on business. The neighbor stepped forward, wiping her hands on her apron as if to welcome the visitor; but Mrs. Gaylark was too much at home to wait for ceremony, and, without a minute's delay, she entered the dwelling—or, to be more precise, the room.

This apartment was long and narrow.

There were two beds at the farther end of it, one against each wall, leaving just space for a person to pass between them. One end of the room was nearly filled by a wide-mouthed clay—or, as some people called it, “stick”—chimney. The most expressive feature of the place was this blackened fire-place, glowing with the blaze of two or three light-wood knots and attracting, as it seemed, a coterie of pots, saucepans, and skillets.

On every side, the lower part of the walls was hidden by homely household furniture. A tall old-fashioned bureau, dark with age, was covered with every variety of article in use among the nurses and cooks of that ilk: medicine-bottles, a cup that showed marks of having wept tears of a brown and sticky sort, rusty iron spoons, a tin coffee-pot, a comb, a book despoiled of one back, a lantern, an old letter, a pipe, some cubes of sugar-cane, etc.

The corner between this and the fire-place was occupied by a table covered with dishes and cooking-utensils. In the opposite corner was a stationary buffet, and between it and the door a huge rocking-chair. Two or three other chairs, or parts of chairs, stood near the hearth. The portion of wall visible above all these obstructions to the sight was pasted over with pictures cut from illustrated newspapers.

Two or three children were asleep in one of the beds, and their mother occupied the other. A pale thin woman was standing near, whom the sick one managed to introduce to her kinswoman as Mrs. Diaz, the new minister's wife, who had come to sit up with her.

“If I'd a-know'd you was gwine to be here, I needn't 'a' come till to-morrow,” said Mrs. Gaylark to the stranger. “’Tain't no use two a-settin' up at once, an' then all a-givin' out.”

“Oh, I'm glad you came, dear friend. I'm not sure of myself as a nurse. It's better for us all that you are here.”

“Well, I hain't got my pipe, after all,” said Mrs. Gaylark. “I was plumb sure I put it in my pocket.”

“There's mine somewheres,” said the sick woman.

“Won't the smoke trouble you?” inquired Mrs. Diaz.

“No; I sets up an' smokes awhile myself, when my head is bad,” replied the patient.

So, without further ado about the consequences, our old nurse sat down by the fire and whiffed away on her borrowed pipe. Presently the neighbor who had been cooking outside came in, and the opening of the door admitted a wholesome breath of air.

“It's time for your medicine now,” said Mrs. Diaz, going again to the bedside, “and don't forget that ‘the prayer of faith will save the sick.’”

“I don't,” rejoined Mrs. Glory Ann Sandys, hopelessly.

“‘Whatsoever things ye desire whenever ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.’”

“I know,” returned Mrs. Sandys, mournfully.

Mrs. Diaz stood silently reflecting for a moment, and then rejoined the group by the fire.

Mrs. Godown, the volunteer cook, had decided not to go home, so the night watch was augmented to three; and Mr. Sandys, who offered his services, was sent off to his hammock and blanket in the shed.

Not that he could have been induced to deprive them of the benefit of his company—and perhaps his snoring—had he not been obliged to leave so early in the morning, which, Mrs. Diaz urged, might be extremely bad for his sick wife, in case she should happen to be asleep when his hour for starting should come.

Now, among the vessels that warmed themselves in the blaze of the fizzing chunks, stood a tin coffee-pot in one corner among the ashes. A tea-pot presented counter-charms on the other side.

Mrs. Godown soon became thirsty. She rattled a spoon in a cup and poured out coffee. It strengthened her, but Mrs. Gaylark preferred tea. Mrs. Diaz refused both, and even declined a roasted sweet potato. Neither would she partake of the biscuit and sorghum syrup that were set uncovered on a reversed barrel at a convenient distance from the hearth.

After the series of naps which followed this partial repast, Mrs. Godown again awoke to the need of employment, and reached up to a shelf from which she brought down a bottle of cane-juice, and offered it all around.

A conversation ensued. The patient was quiet, there was nothing to do, the nurses

talked. They went on from the recent boilings and those that were still imminent to others in times long past. Then they spoke of the changes which had taken place since those days of privation and peril.

"When I was first married," said Mrs. Gaylark, "he used to go off an' stay for days hand-runnin'. Many's the time I've took my knittin' in my hand, with a baby on one arm an' a bag o' corn on the other, an' walked ten mile to the mill—a couple of youn'sters tuggin' at my skirts, too, very like."

"Oh, how could you?" said Mrs. Diaz, startled out of her disapproving silence by the grave difficulties of the situation.

"Well, I did," answered Mrs. Gaylark, while Mrs. Godown, her pipe in her mouth, nodded corroboratively.

"I was sot to swingin' pots by the time I was six year old, and done all the housework for my father and his family when he married again. I was only six when my mother died. I knowed how to manage when I had a house of my own."

Then she went on to tell how she had been followed by a panther once when she and her children were going after the cows, and how a neighbor chanced to be near enough to see their danger and rescue them.

The restless movements among the sleepers in the two beds awakened Mrs. Diaz's remorse for allowing herself to be carried away by this interesting account, to the detriment of the sick woman, who, she knew, ought to be kept quiet and ought not to be roused from her fitful dozes, much less be agitated by painful subjects of thought.

She attempted to set forth the necessity for silence and a little pure air, but only succeeded in kindling the fires of a smoldering determination in the breast of Mrs. Gaylark, so that she arose and announced her purpose to go home.

Remonstrances were vain. The old soldier had more reasons for her manœuvres than she chose to confide to the protesting strangers around her. She said she must have her own pipe, and that was considered decisive. Nevertheless, she started off after a few brief adieus, with Glory Ann's pipe in her pocket, only promising to take the short cut through the Bay and to come again soon.

The Bay was a thick growth of trees on the margin of an apparently stagnant body

of dark water, deep in places, yet only visible here and there among the mighty gnarled roots and bewildering undergrowth. Miles away, this beginning grew into a mighty stream; here it was crossed on a bridge composed of one or two split logs and a hand-rail. It was a small affair, but alligators dwelt in its waters, and wild-cats were known to frequent its shades. There was a path through the open field; but near the creek, within the shadow of the pines, it was lost to sight.

Stumbling over twisted roots, entangled in vines that swayed from tree to tree, the old woman hurried on till brought to a stand by the gleam of the still dark water before her, an impenetrable mystery of sullen darkness. Back again she went to the clear moonlight, to find the white line of sand that had led her thus far. She could certainly follow the line for the short distance which lay between the edge of the pines and the creek! But again the narrow foot-way, after leading her into the shadows, seemed to show at intervals, now in this direction, now in that, and at last entirely disappeared.

The chill of approaching morning began to feel a little sharp—the clumping boots of our old adventurer were not warm; but it would have required much more discomfort than a Florida winter can often inflict to weaken her stout heart. The contemptible nature, as she termed it, of the obstacles in her way, only made her more determined to overcome them.

She took the borrowed pipe from her pocket and sat down to smoke. From beyond the thick belt of hummock-growth that shut from her view the surrounding country, could be heard the baying of a dog. Probably, then, a house was near. Nothing but this small but mysterious body of water, with its treacherous margin, lay between her and enlightened progress. Not for a moment did she think of retreating. She would go on.

So she got on her feet again and stumped ahead. Right, this time: there was the log with its hand-rail! Alas, there's many a slip, even on the verge of success. A vine-branch caught her by the neck as she pressed forward, and threw her to the ground. The surface was rugged with bare roots, and in falling she sprained her ankle.

There she lay. After several ineffectual attempts to rise, she gave up the effort and lay thinking. An owl hooted mournfully in the upper part of the Bay, and she fancied she heard the screech of a wild-cat as she recalled the panther story she had related an hour before.

Then other thoughts took possession of her. Her blood boiled with impatience as she remembered what she intended to do, and she chafed over the ill luck which baffled her. Again she struggled up, only to fall fainting with pain. As she lay there, a spark from her last smoke, which had been for some time smoldering, was slowly eating its way through a woollen underskirt next to the capacious pocket which held her pipe.

Fortunately, Daddy Quash had been out with his two lean dogs on a coon-hunt, and chanced to turn in that direction.

His want of success and the remembrance of an empty cupboard at home had caused him to make a night of it; suddenly his dogs discovered something, and he followed their course, plunging and slipping till his bent legs brought him to the spot where the old woman lay. A whiff of smoke and a smell of burning wool attracted his attention.

"He! What dat?" striking a match, it being needed now. "Somebody dar? Ol' Mis' Gaylock! Dead? Why in de name—" crushing out the fire with his hard hand. "What kill her? What she doin' heah?"

He looked about with more than superstitious dread, lest some enemy should pounce on him. The dogs, too, showed signs of great uneasiness, and a rustle in the tree above caused him to look up. He caught a gleam of fiery eyes. Instinctively he raised his old gun; a bang, a rushing fall, and at his feet lay a dead monster.

This successful shot changed the current of old Quash's thoughts. A grand subject for endless boasting—a splendid skin, too! He must get help now and carry off the dead woman, or give information to her friends.

He was a better woodsman than Granny had proved herself, and made his way out promptly. About daylight, he encountered Mr. Sandys in an open cart. This gentleman consented to sacrifice a few minutes in taking his wife's kinswoman at least as far as

Daddy Quash's house, where he said the old man's African wife could watch over her until Quash himself notified the family. He also brought the wild-cat, as he called it, with some disparaging remarks about it and a grim inquiry as to whether the blundering negro had not in some way caused the other death too.

This question was answered by the corpse, who sat up in the cart and demanded where he was taking her.

Mr. Sandys was not easily startled, and Quash was fortunately walking beside the vehicle at a safe distance, or he might, as Mr. Sandys averred, have killed her in self-defense. As it was, his terror soon wore off as he saw her perfectly natural manner and heard such brief explanation as she condescended to give.

Mr. Sandys took leave of her at the door of Quash's cabin, after taking her in, being entirely unable to change his plans for the sake of the living or the dead, especially as Mrs. Gaylark showed no disposition to levy on his services in any way. She surmised that matters had gone too far for her presence at home to make any difference at this time, otherwise she might have dissembled her resentment at his conduct and claimed all the assistance he could render.

Events had happened as Granny suspected. Jack Hernandez had arrived in his buggy before daybreak. The guilty parents, who fostered and cherished an elopement, had participated in a morning meal by lamplight; and Jack—a tall, handsome, genial fellow—had driven off with his bride, followed soon after by Tom, "Fitchu" (Fitz Hugh), and Boaz, with their father, in a mule-cart.

"You didn't tell me where Granny was, when I asked you," said Jack.

"Well," answered Mintie, "what do you want with Granny?"

"I thought we might take her along with us," said the provoking fellow, coolly.

"Do you want to leave me behind?" pouted the astonished beauty.

The reply was much too gallant to leave any doubt, but was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Sandys's team at the cross-roads.

So it happened that, not long after, while Aunt Katie, with grave condescension, was bathing Granny's lame foot, the black host-

ess heard some unusual sound outside. She ran to the door and found Jack and Mintie just alighting from their carriage.

"We was on our way down to grandfather's," said the groom-elect, when we met Bob Sandys, and he told us where you was, and we come right over to see if you could go with us. You know, Granny, that I love Mintie, and she don't hate me; but

I won't take her down to our house unless you go along. Gran'pap said to bring you. If you ain't well enough, we'll take you home to Mintie's and nurse you up, an' then you'll go along to the weddin'."

Mrs. Gaylark did not go to the wedding; she went back to Glory Ann's, but in due time she forgave Jack—she said he was "too p'int-blank a fool to quarrel with."



MY DREAM-SHIP.

BY M. A. O'NEILL.

SOFTLY as over the flowers and grass
The birds and clouds together pass,
So, nightly from that dreamland sea
My long-lost ship returns to me.

From far-off ports, by slumber blown,
And borne along by breezes fair,
It comes from distant mountain-heights
Beyond the sound of grief or care.

It comes with silvery spars of pine,
And pearly sails by moonbeams wrought;
It wafts a fragrance sweet, divine,
From the sunny hours of childhood
caught.
O mariners far out at sea,
How precious the cargo you bear to me!

My ship sails up through clouds of blue
And over and into the shining bright;
It sails along, its pearly hue
Just tingeing the shadows with mellow
light.

From the land of night and far-off isle,
It brings sweet dreams to my life of toil.

Sweet dreams of youth, of life and love,
Are borne to me on snow-white sail;
They come to me on the wings of sleep,
And whisper of love that will never fail:
Of love and joy and perfect peace,
Where all earth's sorrows forever cease.

But only in dreams my ship sails fair;
When dawn appears, the wreck lies low,
Showing its hull all dark with care;
Its tattered sails fly to and fro,
Like fond hopes dying, sad and slow,
As my cherished hopes died long ago.

Only in dreams; when the shadows pass,
Despair comes back. Alas! alas!
My ship is wrecked on the tideless sea—
The treasures I waited come not to me.
Yet faith points a harbor where my ship will lie,
With its white sails furled, beyond the sky.



THE SHIPS THAT SAIL.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

I HAD waited long for the coming
Of a ship from a foreign shore;
It was freighted with golden treasures
And beautiful goods galore.
It sailed from a far bright country
In the wonderful long ago,
When the foam on the dancing billows
Was white as the drifting snow.

It sailed in the light of morning,
Like a bird, so gay and free,
With many a loving message
From many a friend to me.
But my eyes are weary with watching,
My heart, it is sick and sore;
For the ship has never reached me
That sailed from that far-off shore.

There were children with happy faces
When the ship sailed out and away,
Who sent me the sweetest of kisses
And sunshine for many a day.
For out of that beautiful country,
Where the dear departed dwell,
Comes many a comforting message
From those whom we love so well.

Oh, what if my ship is stranded
On the rocks and the reeking shoals,
With its cargo of golden treasures
And its peace for our weary souls!

For I know there are storms and dangers,
Deep currents of sorrow and fears,
And many a ship of promise
Is lost in a flood of tears.

To many a longing mortal
A ship has been coming home,
For year after year of waiting,
From the sea where it lies a-roam.
With laughter and sweet caresses
It sailed in the days of yore,
From the islands of youth and pleasure
And a mystical splendor-shore.

Alas, there are wrecks unnumbered
On the ocean of selfish pride,
And many a worldly treasure
Lies under a sorrowful tide.
But the ship that is bound for heaven,
On its voyage will not fail;
For the harbor is peace, and the angels
Are watching for every sail.

And so I will look no longer
For a treasure-ship coming to me,
But will launch my life on the current
Of the heavenward-flowing sea.
And the friends and the sweet caresses,
I shall find them all, and more,
When at last I gain the harbor
And rest on the heaven-shore.

ONE OF THE RANDOLPHS.

BY ANNE HATHAWAY.



I AM a plain man, and make no pretension to literary style. What follows in this narrative is the heart-history of two lives lived a century ago, and written mainly by their own hands. My connection with them is briefly told:

I, Arthur Carrington, a middle-aged physician of modern Athens, was called to minister to a dying woman, a stranger. After doing what I could to ease her last hours, for I could not prolong them, she reposed in me a sacred trust: a bundle of papers, yellow with age, and the faded miniature of a lovely young woman. I accepted it, as often in my professional life I am called upon to be the legatee of trifles; but I did not look over what proved to be letters and a journal kept in a stirring period of our national history, until death had released the soul of my patient from its suffering tenement. Even then these papers would never have seen the light of publication, had not subsequent events imparted the animating spirit to the dry bones and proved that I need not blush for the noble patriot of whom they speak, and strains of whose blood flowed in my own veins.

The events alluded to were these:

At the invitation of a friend, I passed several weeks, that same autumn, with a hunting-expedition in Pennsylvania. While tramping over historic ground in search of game, we discovered a cave whose mouth was closed by a huge boulder and concealed by clambering vines. Curiosity led us to explore it, and we were horrified to find, within, the bones of a human form. Beside them, enclosed in a glass bottle, was a letter addressed to Miss Virginia Randolph, Richmond, Virginia. The contents of the faded letter so wonderfully correlated with the story of the journal I possessed at home, that I resolved to compile this history of the most pathetic fate that ever overtook unfortunate lovers.

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Extract from the journal of Miss Virginia Randolph:

MARCH 26th, 1778.—My little book, I open you with joy! There must be an outlet for my exuberant life, and when my father, dear heart, called me to his side this morning, my nineteenth birthdate, and, kissing me, placed your bright red covers in my hands, I gave him a hearty squeeze for very joy, then reached up and patted his powdered wig.

Inside your covers he had traced: "Hast thou a secret? Tell it not to thy friend, for thy friend hath also a friend, and his friend a friend." Wise counselor! But shall I, Virginia Randolph, ever have that delightful thing, a secret? My life is a succession of happy days, fraught with tender love just as these spring winds are laden with the common fragrance of the magnolia and the Judas-tree. Oh, I am so happy, so happy! My life bubbles up like a fountain of sweet waters.

MARCH 28th, 1778.—"Count no one happy until dead," writes the grim philosopher; and, when our country is in so unsettled a condition, owing to the rebellious colonies who appreciate not the favor of our good king, perhaps it would look more seemly in me to repress my gayety. At least, so says my sister Dorothy. How does it happen that two blossoms on the parent stem are as dissimilar as Dorothy and I? Even in the growth of so common a sort as the apple, its hue and juices depend much on its exposure to sunshine or shadow. Is it so with a woman's life, I wonder? My eighteen years have been sun-clad, while my sister, who is much older, has known the fell blight of my mother's death and of a bitter quarrel with her lover, that I have knowledge of only through the chattering tongue of my maid Chloe. To follow, then, my simile, Dorothy should be exposed to warm rays until her acrid nature mellowed. Shall I compare my foolish life to the persimmon that is sweetened only by exposure to the frost?

APRIL 1st.—The country is sorely troubled because of the rebel patriots, who are not easily suppressed. My sister wages a bitter war with her tongue against these, whom she calls ungrateful children of a common mother. I take no side in the matter, but look upon the exploits of Washington much as I do those of Lucifer, as pictured by our blind bard, and as confidently expect to see him and his hosts put to rout.

"God will see to it that the right prevails," exclaims my father, piously, as the couriers come and go with their tidings. He has much dependence on divine aid, which tempers an otherwise haughty and implacable spirit. For were we not one of the noble families of Britain, and kinsmen to the king? I say were we not, for now we call ourselves Virginians. Through favor from the Crown, my father secured this grant of many beautiful acres, a short distance from the city of Richmond, hoping to pass his declining years in quietude, and deriving a sufficient income from the shipment of his tobacco to England.

APRIL 8th.—Hemming in our pleasant garden from the highway, stands a row of broad-girthed oak-trees, whose branches are thrust out until they touch each other like sympathetic fingers. In one of these is a curiously twisted branch like a seat, and to this nook each morning I clamber, like the hoiden I am, the pet dog Gip and my book my constant companions.

From my perch, I can see the placid course of a streamlet dimpling in the sunlight. White water-lilies lift their stately heads, as if smiling at the birds hovering over the surface. Men mounted on horses pass in the broad highway before me, often with a woman on the pillion behind them, more often carrying a bag of corn to mill, or a post-chaise with postillion riders hurries by, with a creaking clamor that disturbs our quiet.

To the left of our mansion-house stand some of our dependencies: the kitchen with its vegetable garden, the sheds and smoke-house—even the stables form a quarter by themselves that is animated by swarms of little negroes.

I had scarcely fastened my eyes upon the printed page this morning, little journal—in sooth, the prospect spread before me was more charming than twenty volumes of the

"Spectator"—when I could feel the tremendous reverberation of the earth caused by the approach of many mounted men. Soon a squad appeared, the horses throwing the dirt about them like a cloud. I could see but indistinctly, but I made out their dress to be of the Continental Regulars. I should have been unobserved, had not foolish Gip set up a most terrific barking, as if his tiny body was called upon to resent their defiant attitude toward the British. Trembling in his vehemence, he lost his foothold on my lap and fell rolling amid the galloping horses. Instantly a dozen bayonets were thrust toward him, when, forgetting my own fear, I screamed in a most unbecoming manner. A young officer—for so I knew he must have been by his superior dress—dismounted, and, picking up the ill-conditioned cur, handed him up to me unharmed. I tried to thank him, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. My cheeks burn now, little journal, as I think of the quizzical smile that brightened his dark-blue eyes. He was of goodly size and fair of complexion. Something tells me I shall see him again.

APRIL 12th.—The news has just reached us, causing great consternation in our bosoms, that France has entered into a friendly alliance with the colonies, making Great Britain a common enemy. The patriots received these tidings with ill-concealed rejoicing, England with vindictive anger. War now seems inevitable, for the Boston Port Bill and the Tea Act have so enraged the people that they are eager to throw off the English yoke.

My father and sister speak contemptuously of the Continental Congress, and prophesy, in actual conflict, the result will be disastrous to the patriots' cause; for our army is well equipped and well fed, while, during the long winter, Washington's camp at Valley Forge has been the scene of terrible anguish. The moanings and complainings in the air would have deterred a less resolute commander. Report saith that thousands of soldiers were without shoes, and the frozen ground was marked with bloody footprints.

How horrible is war! The thought, I confess, of that handsome young man, who so gallantly rescued my pet animal, falling by the musket-ball, is most repugnant to me.

APRIL 20th.—The air is full of sweet scents

from the flowers; and the leaves of the old oaks have gained a deeper hue and grown so large, my bower is quite sequestered from prying eyes.

I seek this retreat each morning, thinking perhaps I shall see, among the militia passing, the face of that young man. It would be quite impossible for me ever to have speech with him, though I should much like to thank him for his kindly aid when Gip's danger was so imminent.

APRIL 21st.—This I whispered to your pages last night, my journal, never thinking that this morning I should have both sight and speech of Major Carrington. It happened this way: he was leading a detachment of cavalry past, and seemed not to throw one glance my way. My heart beat violently and my eyes were suffused with feeling. I was so bitterly disappointed that I did not notice that, after he had rode a short distance by, he dismounted, and, leaving his horse to graze, walked back. I first discovered him standing beneath my perch, his head bowed in respectful salutation.

"Your sympathies are with the right?" he said, in grave sweet tones.

"My ideas of right and yours may be at strange variance," I answered, more pertly than the occasion demanded.

"You revere the great Washington?"

"I am loyal to my king."

"It must not be, it must not be," he said, as if agitated. "I had hoped to find a friend."

What possessed me that I said boldly, though my cheeks were of the hue of blood: "Are we therefore foes?"

"Nay, little one, not so," and, tearing a button from his coat and wrapping it in a paper which he tore from his note-book and hurriedly wrote upon, he tossed it to my lap. Was it by accident entirely that my brodered kerchief fell at his feet? He picked it up and pressed it to his lips, then reverently placed it in his bosom. "Virginia Randolph" is worked in silk upon it. He will know my name, but I am already acquainted with his; for he has traced in pencil, upon the scrap of paper, "Arthur Carrington," and this button belongs to the uniform of a major in the patriot army.

So I have a secret at last: and a dangerous one, should my father or sister discover it.

MAY 7th, 1778.—Have I become that hateful thing, a traitor to my country? I go about the house shamefacedly, not daring to admit to my own heart that my allegiance to the Crown is wavering, and all because of a handsome pair of eyes. If I mistake not, my father's prejudice is weakening too; for this morning, as I sat at his knee and heard him reiterate his pious phrase, "God will see to it that the right prevails," I asked pertly if "the God of the British was not the patriots' God?"

"Yes, yes, child, I suppose so," he answered, as if amused at my impertinence.

Many of the noble families of Virginia at first professed themselves in full accord with the Continental Congress, but a lingering attachment to the Crown and favors from functionaries in royal pay have undecided them.

My sister Dorothy, inured to pomp and equipage, cannot bring herself to the enjoyment of the simplicity of the patriots' life, though we have suffered much privation through our crops being seized by the patriot Philistines, and our tobacco could not be shipped, owing to the fact that the waters of the Chesapeake are held by the British fleet.

MAY 10th.—Our house has been in great confusion, for General Washington and staff have taken possession and ordered dinner served. There is a great scampering hither and thither of the servants; for my father, with the fine affability of a Virginia gentleman, has ordered the best the larder affords, while my sister caused our fine napery and best service of plate to be laid for these self-invited guests. As for me, little journal, my heart is a-flutter, for my sister has carried her rancor to the extent that she will not preside at the table, and so it falls upon my young shoulders. After Chloe had dressed my hair high and powdered it after the prevailing style, and I had donned my brocade dress and high-heeled slippers, I executed a pirouette before my mirror, then tried to assume a dignity that I was far from feeling, as I sat opposite my father.

MAY 10th.—I was gratified with a view of Washington, who is tall and well built and mingles the ease and complacency of a gentleman with the air of a soldier. He took small notice of anyone but my father, with whom he conversed in measured tones;

and I was glad to hide my embarrassment under cover of eating, for next to the great Washington sat Major Carrington, who, if I mistake not, was as ill at ease as myself. Indeed, Washington rallied him upon his backward deportment toward the ladies. Major Carrington cast a burning entreating glance toward me as I withdrew and left the gentlemen to discuss their wine, that has set my heart to beating so violently that I cannot locked myself in my room that I can better compose myself, though privately I am sure to contemplate the fine face of Arthur—nay, Major Carrington.

A knocking at the door startles me. Fie, fie, miss! thy guilty air betrays thee; it is but Chloe, whose boisterous mirth I cannot brook to-day. She brings me a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley and a note that, after many contortions of her face, she fishes from the pocket of her gown.

Oh, what joy and fervor in life!

A note from Major Carrington to Miss Virginia Randolph:

"SWEET MAIDEN: MAY 10th, 1778.

There is graven on my heart a picture whose beauty tempts me often to reflection during the weary marches: a sunny face surrounded by an aureole of floating curls, mischievous eyes that peep like those of a dryad from the green of an old oak-tree. As I approach, I find the nymph human and carrying a ridiculous assumption of dignity upon her girlish face, so that I scarcely dare address her. Though her manner repelled me, yet her eyes invited, and the pouting lips urged though they did not move. I know no victor but the patriots' cause, no fear but that of God; yet, curiously enough, I surrender to this fair face and fragile form.

Will the strong champion of her king meet a poor patriot 'neath the old oak to-night at eleven, lest in the providence of God we may not meet again, and I have somewhat to say to her.

ARTHUR CARRINGTON."

MAY 11th, 1778.—There has something happened. A great joy fills my heart. How can I tell thee, little journal? I am the betrothed wife of Arthur Carrington—him who in his grave demeanor most resembles

the great Washington. It was after eleven when I stole from my room last night, for I had not concluded to accede to his request for a meeting, though I dissembled a headache and sought my bed early that I might debate this question. The moon shone in upon me in calm splendor, throwing its beams upon the polished floor. The curtains swayed toward me, moved by the night winds, as if they were imploring hands—Arthur's hands. At last, I dressed myself with hasty fingers and stole down the broad staircase, fearing lest my footsteps be heard on the polished floor, past the fire-place where the embers still smoldered, and out the front door, startled at my own shadow, and across the shrubbery to the old oak. A tall form came out of the gloom, and Major Carrington, without further ado, told me his love and turned night into day. He talked long of how his life first belonged to his country, and the dangers to which he was constantly exposed, and how he hated the circumstances that made a clandestine meeting necessary to us from fear of my father's wrath.

"Now, little one," he said, "if there were no great question of right and wrong at stake, or if I were a servant of the Crown, what would you say?"

"Arthur! Arthur!" I cried.

"Virginia," he whispered, in a voice husky with tears, as he took me in his arms, "before daybreak, I shall be far away; but God is good: whatever comes, do not doubt that. I know we shall meet again, my best beloved—Virginia!"

We stood wrapped in this warm embrace for a few moments, then, taking from his pocket a golden locket in which lay one of his crisp yellow curls, he fastened it about my neck; then, kissing me fervently again, he put me from him, and, covering his face, groaned mightily. Trembling, I retraced my footsteps through the gay parterre of flowers, and at the door I turned, and by the moonlight glimmering through the shrubbery I thought I saw him move, and a tremulous sigh seemed to come floating toward me. I held out my arms toward him. I ran back, stumbling through the dew-drenched flowers, to the spot; but it was vacant. I looked again; it must have been the wind-stirred Judas-tree I saw, and the sighing air that I heard.

Letter to Miss Virginia Randolph, which she never received, and written under peculiar circumstances.

"MAY 20th, 1778.

MY BELOVED VIRGINIA: In despair that I shall ever see your loved lineaments again, I write these lines, praying that God will bless you. A great fear is upon me that you will never see this letter; for, out foraging, I was fired upon by British soldiers. I sought this cave for safety, but a huge stone has fallen over its mouth, shutting me in a living tomb. Escape is impossible without someone should hear my cries, and I have called until I am hoarse; the echoes cast back my shrieks in hollow mockery. The bitterness of it all is, that our joy should be of so short duration and you will feel that I am a recreant lover. I have been walled in here what must have been two days already, though I can keep no track of time, and it seems an eternity. I have only a part of a biscuit left, and such strange fantasies surge in my brain that I pen this letter to you before I go utterly mad. Thank God for writing materials! I will place these lines in a glass bottle, that they may at least survive this poor body, though they may never reach your sight.

God is good; God is merciful, to let you seem so near me. You are praying for me now, at this moment: I feel it—I know it is so, my beloved. It is not farewell—I cannot say farewell; there is no farewell to love like ours. This agony will soon be over, and I will be free; I will be waiting for you in the land of the hereafter. Virginia, my best beloved, I am almost there, and something tells me I shall not have to wait long for your coming.

ARTHUR L. CARRINGTON."

From the journal of Virginia Randolph:

APRIL 30th, 1779.—The trials and deprivations of another winter are almost over. I busy myself with the affairs of our household, but my spirit is slain, for no word has ever reached me from Arthur Carrington since he departed with Washington.

I feel that Arthur Carrington is slain, though his name has not appeared among the list, incomplete at best, of the dead and mortally wounded. Sometimes I feel that Dorothy, with misguided zeal, has destroyed any tidings of him that may have come.

She seems to have grown sterner and more censorious toward me since our stormy conversation in which she revealed to me her knowledge of what she called my "despicable intrigue with a patriot." Though methinks her eyes soften when they rest upon me lately, for I have grown both thin and pale.

MAY 1st, 1779.—Mr. James Clinton, an honorable gentleman and a British officer, is with us again. He remained closeted with my father during the morning. This evening, he sits with us by the big fire-place. I am picking an indifferent tune from my spinet, though despair is eating to the core of my heart. Dorothy sits on the other side, diligently stitching wristbands for my father's shirts. To-day, I walked weakly down to the old oaks and stood beneath their branches. The bursting flower-buds and the soft spring air conjured up my parting with Arthur there. A step, and Mr. James Clinton stood beside me and made me a formal offer of his hand and heart. I burst into tears.

"Oh, sir," I said, "my heart is with my lover—my lover who fills a patriot's grave. His love was not a trifling—" but I stopped abruptly, all a-tremble. Why apologize to him for Arthur's sorrow and mine?

MAY 2d, 1779.—There is news to-day. Dorothy is betrothed to Mr. Clinton. It seems she has loved him long, but praised my few virtues and strove nobly that this gallant officer might choose me as mistress of his home. It was beautiful and unselfish in her, and we are so far reconciled that she has kissed me.

How different am I, dear little book, from the joyous girl that penned your pages a year ago. Within is transcribed the history of my whole life, for I have only lived since I knew Arthur. My limbs grow weaker every day. Fie on thee, poor little body, to be so influenced by an affair of the heart! I know that Arthur is dead; but God is good, and we shall meet again.

In an old burying-ground near the city of Richmond, there stands to-day, beneath the green of the tall eucalyptus-tree, a monument. The inscription on the marble is overgrown with moss and hard to decipher, but a close observer can trace the following:

"Died, of a broken heart, on the first of May, 1779, Virginia Randolph, aged 20 years and 9 days. Faithful unto death."

A MOUNTAIN PASSION-FLOWER.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

CHAPTER I.



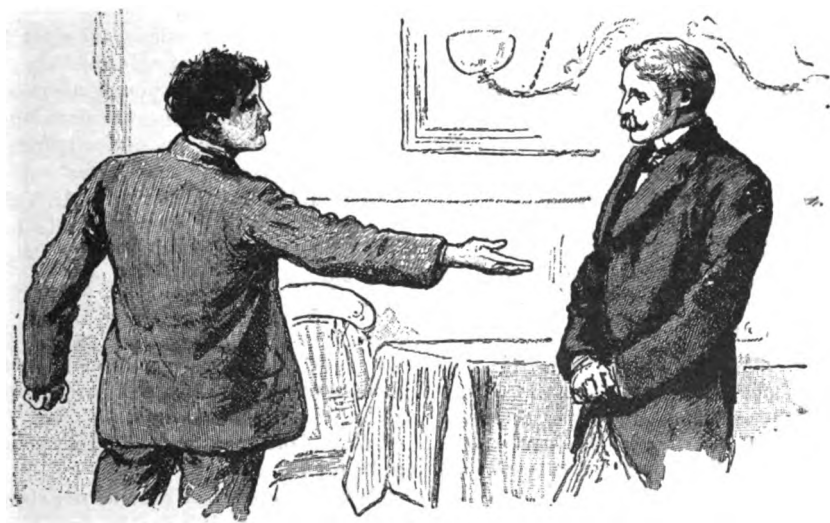
R. VAIDEN paced the room nervously. At each turn, he glanced at the clock on the mantel, and many times he paused at one of the large windows, and, pushing aside the heavy crimson curtains, looked out anxiously into the white November night.

The cloth had been laid for a late supper, but the table had not been set. Evidently Mr. Vaiden was expecting a guest. When the clock's slender golden finger pointed to nine, he gave an impatient sigh and flung himself into an easy-chair before the glowing hearth. There was a large portrait of him hanging above the richly tiled mantel, but at this moment he did not resemble it in the least.

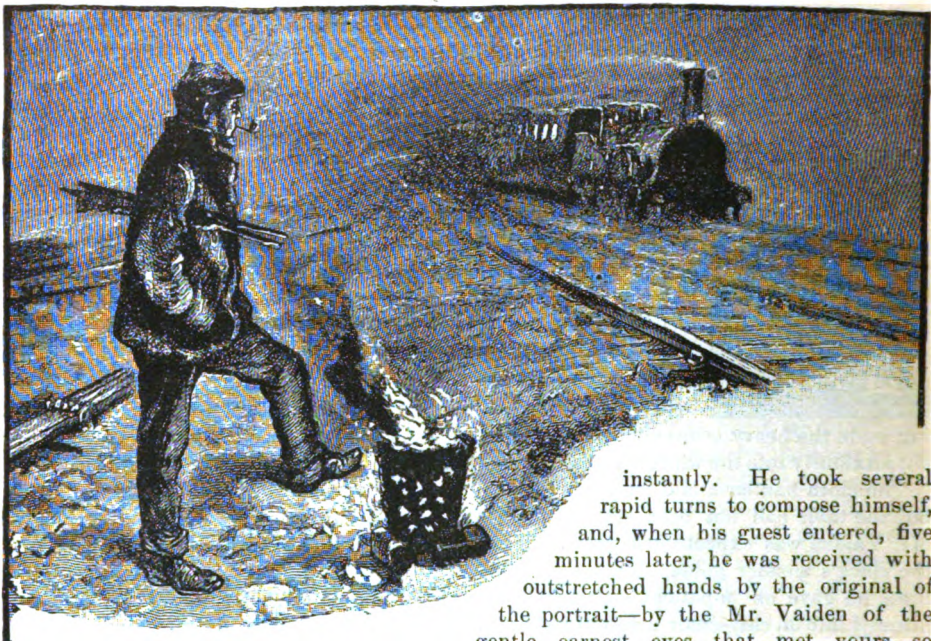
The portrait showed a man of probably forty years, with a kind and benevolent expression, earnest gentle eyes, a white high brow with heavy brownish hair waving away from it, and curling brown mustache. It was the kind of face and the expression that

belong to philanthropists and to men who unselfishly give up all they value in life for others. The man sitting before the grate had the brown waving hair and heavy curling mustache, the white blue-veined brow, but there was no trace of benevolence in his eyes or general expression. Mr. Vaiden was alone, shut in by oaken doors and heavy curtains from the eyes of the world that adored him and trusted him, and his inner soul—his real self—looked out his eyes.

"So," he said, slowly, his lips showing bloodless beneath his mustache, "I have worked and schemed all these years for nothing, have I? I have played the pillar in the church, the superintendent of Sabbath-schools, the public benefactor; I have crushed down all my own desires for a different, a freer life, just to mislead my brother into the belief that I was a saint, with the hope and trust that he would disinherit that roving young scamp and leave his millions to me! And all this for nothing, eh? Well, we shall see! The lawyer dead, one of the witnesses dead, and the other—but curse that Dutch peasant! I fear him as I fear nothing else on earth, man or devil! For



"ONE HAND CLOSED CONVULSIVELY."



"HE HAD STEPPED ASIDE FOR THE TRAIN
TO PASS."

there is always the girl! I dare not do aught that might arouse her suspicions, for I would lose all these millions ten times over rather than lose her!"

There was a terrible passion in his face now.

"She is not his daughter, but the old man worships her; and, mean as he is to everyone else, he is good to her. So, because of her, I am afraid of him and have to be careful—careful! I must bargain with him, instead of—silencing him. Oh, it is like walking over dynamite with a lighted torch in your hand! It is wearing me out, body and soul!"

He arose and paced the room again, one hand clasped with nervous force over the opposite wrist. His brow showed deep furrows now, and his temples beat fitfully. He looked old and haggard. Presently his eyes turned with the look of a desperate half-crazed animal toward an old-fashioned desk in one corner of the room.

"If I only dared burn it!" he muttered. "Now—before he enters this house! But that old John Neuchand! I dare not! I dare not!"

There was a sound of wheels coming up the drive, and his expression changed

instantly. He took several rapid turns to compose himself, and, when his guest entered, five minutes later, he was received with outstretched hands by the original of the portrait—by the Mr. Vaiden of the gentle earnest eyes that met yours so squarely, the Mr. Vaiden of the benevolent expression.

The guest was a young and handsome man. One saw at a glance that he was of a proud and passionate nature. There were passion and high spirit in his flashing dark eyes, in the lines about his mouth, in his fine nostrils—aye, in every movement. Coming in out of the cold, his face was white and there were flecks of snow on his clothing, but his eyes burned like fire.

"My dear boy," exclaimed the elder man, with affection, "you are welcome!"

"Uncle," replied the young man, coldly giving and immediately withdrawing his hand, "it would be an odd circumstance were I not welcome in this house."

"It would indeed, Cole," said Mr. Vaiden, cordially. "Come to the fire, while I ring for supper. I have been waiting."

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," said the young man, "especially as I dined on the train. And, uncle, if you can postpone your supper, I will detain you only a few minutes in this interview, as I wish to catch the next train back."

"What, Cole! Do you mean that you will not be my guest?"

"I shall neither break bread nor sleep in this house until it is mine by law, as it is now by right!"

There was silence for a moment. Then Mr. Vaiden said, in a tone of deep emotion:

"My dear boy, you grieve me to the heart. That you should feel hurt—aye, that you should feel bitter—that my brother should have left you only a hundred dollars, is to be expected. Were I in your place, I should feel the same. But I have sent for you for the sole purpose of making you what I consider a generous offer. My brother, out of charity, adopted you and treated you as a son, and I believe that he would have made you his heir, had not your course—your passion for wandering—displeased him. God knows," his voice trembled with emotion, "so far as I am concerned, you were welcome to all his fortune and lands, for my wants are few. But, Cole, he left his wishes in his will, and they must be respected."

"And your generous offer, most noble uncle?" said the young man, his lip curling in a fine scorn.

"Cole, I wish to make over to you—absolutely—twenty thousand dollars."

For a moment, the younger man was speechless. Then he laughed; but almost

instantly his face darkened, his nostrils swelled, and his eyes fairly flamed. One hand closed convulsively, and he flung out the other in a violent gesture of unrepressed anger, at his uncle.

"Now, listen!" he cried, in a tone that commanded obedience: "Your brother was my own father! He was separated from my mother—a poor Italian singing-girl—by you, because you wanted his money, and she died in wretched poverty and misery; but he loved her to the day of his death. Me he would not give up, although you did persuade him to disown me. I have seen his marriage-certificate, and I believe that it still exists! I believe, too, that he meant for me to have all that he possessed, and that the will which gives it to you is your own forgery. You, sir, I believe to be a traitor, an impostor, and a forger! I am an open enemy. I accept no hospitality from any man in my own home, nor do I accept from you twenty thousand dollars of my own money. But this I will do: When my father's millions are lawfully mine—as, sir, they will be—I will remember your offer and



"SHE DROPPED HER BARE LOVELY ARMS TO HER SIDES."

return your generosity. If you wish to confer with me at any time, you will find me up at the mountain village. I am staying for the present with old John Neuchand, the Dutch cobbler—"

"What!" cried Mr. Vaiden, taken completely by surprise and turning deadly pale. "You are staying there—there? How did that happen? I—I had not heard."

"It was not necessary that you should. Sir, I wish you a very good night."

For a long time, Mr. Vaiden stood with bent head in the centre of the room. But, when a train went rushing by, he walked to the window and watched it climb around the mountain-side above his home.

"So he is staying there," he muttered, with evil eyes. "If he should take her from me—so help me God, I should stop for nothing!"

Suddenly the burly black form of a track-walker became visible, etched against the snow on the mountain-side and the red glow from his own fire. He had stepped aside for the train to pass, and was standing, evidently lost in thought, his pipe in his mouth, his flag under his arm, and his hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"It is Peter Neuchand, John's half-crazy brother!" muttered Mr. Vaiden again, half aloud. "When she is mine, I must get rid of these horrible people somehow. A track-walker and a cobbler—ah! a track-walker, and half crazy at that! I have a thought—"

But the blackness of the thought made even himself shudder and drop the curtain, shutting out that figure.

CHAPTER II.

"It bloomed to its fullest splendor."

THE good people of the tiny village hanging under the brow of that rugged mountain had never ceased to puzzle over the domestic affairs of old John Neuchand. Why he should have come to a settlement where all were Americans, and dwell there so many years with only a half-crazed brother and the beautiful girl whom he called Virginia, learning their language and many of their ways and customs, but clinging stubbornly to his peasant dress—all this was a deep mystery to the good folk.

Old Peter obtained employment on the railroad, and soon adopted the clothes of the American workman, greatly to his

brother's disgust; but the girl, although she disliked the peasant costume, still wore it to please old John.

She was the deepest mystery of all. She was not John's child, but that was all anyone knew. She was eighteen at the time my story begins, with the wild strong beauty of a thoroughbred racer. Her hair and eyes were warm and black, her skin white as milk, but the rich blood glowed like wine in cheek and lip. Her throat was round and strong and beautiful; her well-formed arms and hands, her delicate nostrils, her superb figure—all had the same look of strength. She was like the winds and wild seas and lashing rains, in her passions of delight or rage.

"She's not like our girls, God be praised," the simple villagers said. But Mr. Vaiden loved her, and had determined to move heaven and earth to win her.

"It is easy to make a lady of her," he said, "when once she is mine and under my influence." And he thrilled in contemplation of the hour when she should be his.

Virginia possessed a remarkable influence over old John Neuchand, whose stubborn will no one else had ever been able to bend or break. Many a conflict had those two wills, the old one and the young one, had. The last and most violent of all had been one mild October day when the old man was sitting on a bench in front of his pleasant cottage, smoking his long-stemmed pipe, having just returned from his little shop. Virginia came out with a pitcher, on her way to the milk-house to get cream for supper. She paused near him.

"I have taken a boarder," she said, quietly.

"What?" almost shouted the old man. "I'll have no boarder in this house!"

"Oh, yes, you will," replied the girl. "He is already in the house. I have given him my room, and I'll sleep in the attic."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," roared the old cobbler. "He shall not stay here."

"He shall," said Virginia, with flaming eyes. "If I choose to do the cooking and extra work, it is nothing to you. I have told him he might stay—there are no accommodations in the village; he is in the house now, and, if you dare to put him out," she dropped her bare lovely arms to her sides and looked steadily into his eyes, uttering

each word slowly and distinctly, "I also shall leave the house in which I cannot be mistress!"

He knew she meant it. He smoked a moment, and then said in a different tone:

"What is his name?"

"Cole Vaiden."

He almost leaped off the bench, uttering a fiery ejaculation. Almost immediately, however, he composed himself and gruffly bade the girl go on after the cream.

"So!" he muttered, "the jade will have her will. But the uncle must not know he is here."

That was a month ago, and to-night the girl stood at the kitchen window, watching the head-light of the train that bore Cole Vaiden back to his mountain refuge. It was midnight, and the old cobbler had gone to bed; but the girl waited. She could not sleep while that train climbed the perilous mountain-road. There was a feverish crimson in her cheeks, and her eyes had the fire of a hungry animal's, as she watched the light growing nearer.

"He is coming back," she whispered, "he is coming back! Oh, God! I don't know what to pray!" She fell on her knees on the bare floor and put her hands over her hot face. "Oh, Father, only be with him along that dangerous way!"

She knelt there, sobbing that simple but eloquent prayer over and over, for an hour. Then the outer door opened suddenly. He came in, covered with snow. She leaped to her feet, but not so quickly but that he saw the attitude, the agitation, the tears. He went to her and took her hands warmly.

"Why, child," he said, "you have waited for me? Why did you do that?"

He stooped and kissed her forehead gently, respectfully; but, at touch of his lips, she burst into sudden convulsive sobbing. Taken by surprise, he drew her to his breast as he would a child.

"What is it?" he asked, laying her face against his and soothing her—aye, and feeling his own pulses beat more full and strong against the tumultuous throbbing of hers. She looked at him with those eager beautiful eyes, leaning a little from him and yet clinging to him.

"What is it?" she repeated. "Did you think I could go to sleep while you were on that dangerous road?"

Was the road more dangerous than this sweet beating of his pulses? the young man wondered vaguely, as he drew her closer to him.

"You must not worry about me, child," he said, awkwardly; "you—you must not care."

"Not care?" she said, putting one white strong arm up about his throat and speaking with lips that curled like a crimson sea-shell. "Why, did you not know—if anything happened to you, or—to take you from me, I should not live!"

He turned very pale. He remembered a portrait upstairs in his trunk, of a cold proud woman, and a line that ran across beneath the face: "From your promised wife." He knew now that he had never loved her—that he had never been loved as this girl loved him, with all the passion of her warm untrained nature. There comes a moment sometimes, to the strongest man, when his strength leaves him.

"She is like an opal," he thought, trembling a little; "she is gorgeous as a rainbow, and she loves me!"

He bent his head and laid his lips on hers in a long kiss, from which the girl at last broke away, her beautiful throat swelling with sobs born of the exalted ecstasy of her love.

"I love you! love you! love you!" she sobbed, and then fled away up the stairs to her attic, and, flinging herself face downward across her white bed, lay there motionless until dawn.

CHAPTER III.

"And closed its petals and died."

VIRGINIA'S love was so great and terrible a thing that it completely filled her soul to the exclusion of all other passions. There was a wearing doubt in her mind that such happiness could last, so she prayed always that it might continue. If he kissed her, she ran from him, sobbing; if he went away, she paced her room till dawn, pausing only to fall on her knees and stammer the prayers that struggled from her torn breast.

"It hurts—it hurts to love so!" she said, over and over again. "But I would not have it different: suffering for him is happiness."

And the month passed, and still her love had no hurt, and still she prayed.

One December day, when he was away,

his uncle came on the afternoon train and remained through the night. He attempted to press his suit with the girl, but she did not even understand him; and at last he gave up in disgust and retired to the guest-chamber.

And in her sleep she beheld a vision. She saw Cole Vaiden in a dimly lighted room, which she recognized as his uncle's private study. He was standing before an old desk, fitting a key in the lock, quietly and boldly.



"HE WAS STANDING BEFORE AN OLD DESK."

Virginia went to her room, and, worn out with the feverish unrest of her love, fell asleep on the floor beside the low chair at which she was praying. She looked very beautiful in her dark-red bodice and light skirt, with her arms bare to the elbows.

The outlines of his figure stood out against a light screen behind him; his eyes were fixed full upon the door, as if prepared for any comer.

She awoke, shuddering. She seized her lamp and went to the door of his room. It

was empty. She entered and set down the lamp. It was snowing, and there was a high wind; it beat at the doors with terrible force and rattled the casements. It was eleven o'clock.

"He has not come yet," she whispered, and fell on her knees to say a prayer for him. Something was lying on the floor, which he had dropped and forgotten to pick up: the portrait of a pale cold woman, with "From your promised wife" traced beneath it.

It seemed but a few moments, but it was in reality an hour, that she knelt there motionless. Then she got up slowly, uncon-

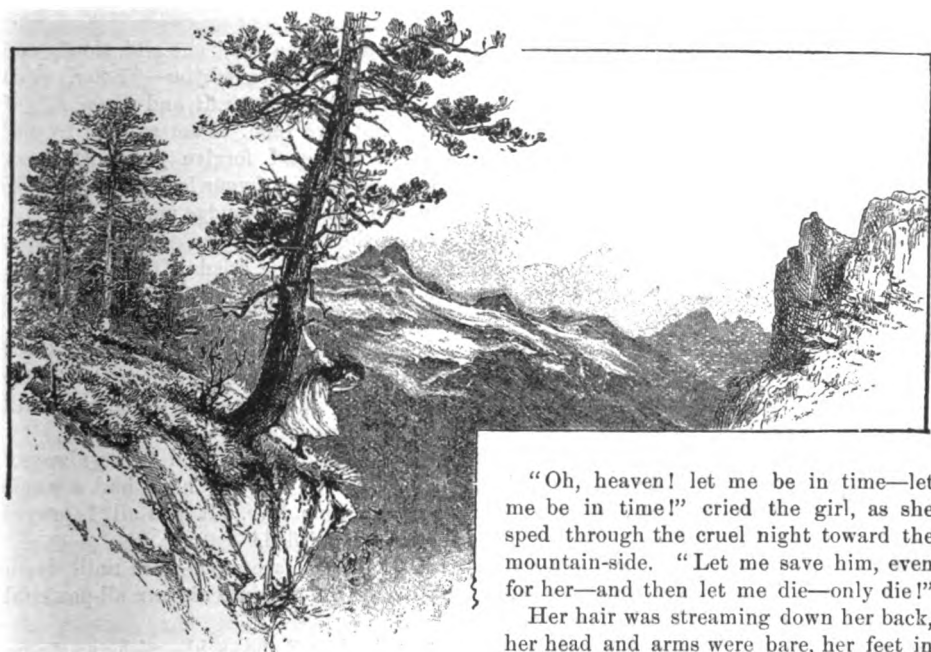
never reach the top of this mountain again. But I cannot believe that even he, bold as he is, would break into the house to look for the will. If I had thought that, John, I should have destroyed the will, in spite of your superstitions."

"There's a curse," muttered the old man, shaking his head, "on them that destroys wills. Better destroy trains. Where will it be?"

"At Horseshoe Curve. There is a precipice just where the track will be torn—"

The kitchen door creaked.

"It is the wind," said old John.



"AS SHE HUNG OVER THAT BRINK."

scious of her suffering, and set her sharp heel on the woman's face.

"The month is up! The month is up!" she cried, running like a wild thing from the room. "And now to die, dear God—to die!"

She ran noiselessly, bare-headed and bare-armed, down the stairs, but paused at Mr. Vaiden's room. His door was ajar, and he and old John were talking in low earnest tones.

"Let him break into the house like a thief, if that is his errand," Mr. Vaiden was saying, biting his nails nervously. "If we can depend on Peter's wrecking the train, he will

"Oh, heaven! let me be in time—let me be in time!" cried the girl, as she sped through the cruel night toward the mountain-side. "Let me save him, even for her—and then let me die—only die!"

Her hair was streaming down her back, her head and arms were bare, her feet in slippers; but she felt nothing, cared for nothing.

Only to save him, and then to die! Those were the only thoughts in her mind. No anger with him, no reproach, no sense of personal wrong affected her. She had felt all the time that something must happen.

The girl had never loved anybody or anything before; therefore, she was not to be judged. She was wholly untrained, uneducated. She knew every tree and rock on the mountain, every wild flower, every fern; she knew what the winds and the rains and the terrible storms said; she knew the music of the brooks, the rivers, and the cataracts; and, at a wild bird's first note, she knew

whether it was nesting, singing to its young, or grieving for a lost mate. But she knew nothing of the world, and she had no creed beyond her simple prayers.

She knew a place on the mountain where a dangerous trail wound down to the bottom of the cañon where the railroad ran. She sped to this place—to the very edge of the precipice. She grasped the limb of a tree and leaned over—far over. Would she have time to descend that perilous path and stop the train? She would try; at least, she would die trying to save him—for her!

Then, all in a second, as she hung over that brink, around a curve—close, close—burst the bright head-light of the approaching train. She flung out her free arm with a terrible cry. Merciful God! the train! And Horseshoe Curve only a quarter of a mile beyond the place where she stood! Too late! too late! too late!

A thousand noises sung in her head, a thousand lights dazzled her vision, a thousand thoughts crashed through her brain. Then one thought took shape and stood out clear, distinct: at least, she could die with him. What! with him? No, no: for him! Her body on the track would stop the train!

"Oh, God!" she cried—poor child, her last prayer—"let it not be in vain! Let me die, but save him—through me—for her! And oh, forgive him, as I forgive him!"

Then, without one instant's hesitation, without one shrinking fear, she cast her beautiful young body out from the precipice, and it sunk like a spent arrow down, down, through the midnight to the track below.

Cole Vaiden was sitting half asleep, but with one hand on the pocket containing his father's will, as the train climbed the mountain. Some days before, an old and trusted servant of his father's had found, among some clothing willed to him by his late master, a sealed envelope marked "For my dear son, Cole Vaiden." This he turned over to the young man, and it was found to contain a key and these feebly written lines: "This key opens right top drawer—old desk—study. My will and marriage-certificate there. Leaves all to you. If ever a woman loves you as your mother loved me, be good to her. I am watched. Your father." Cole Vaiden had made a bold move, and the will was his!

Suddenly came a succession of alarm-cries

from the engine, almost human-like in their distress and appeal. The sleepless eyes of the engineer had discerned a figure on the track. It was a close call; but it was a steep up-grade, and he managed to stop the train within three feet of the girl.

"She has fallen from the cliff," those brave men said, turning pale as they bent over her.

She was not dead, but dying. She spoke his name with difficulty. The men passed it along wonderingly, and presently the crowd parted and he came to her, white as the death-white of her own poor face. A great and glorious light transfigured that face now.

"It was not too late," she said, slowly and faintly. "I have saved you—for her. You see, I found her portrait and knew all. I could not live then. I am so glad to die! Do not grieve—I forgive you. At least, I had one month of your love! If she loves you, she will not begrudge me that."

Then she struggled up.

"I forgot!" she cried; "they have torn up the track—your uncle—on Horseshoe Curve—"

In speechless grief, the young man lifted her and laid her against his breast. Those beautiful eyes, dimmed by pain, were still able to thank him.

"You have been so good to me always," she whispered, "and I have had a whole month of your love. It was all I prayed for. I am satisfied."

He laid his face upon hers until death came and took her into his own all-powerful arms.

"It is best," he said, with a strong sob, as he laid one last kiss on her lips. "I could never have married her, and, in either event, she would have died. A love like hers—so pure, so strong, so exalted, so unselfish—is more suited to an angel than to a woman."

Then his father's words came to him: "If ever a woman loves you as your mother loved me, be good to her." He shuddered. "I was not good to her," he mused, deeply moved. "But no man can be good enough for a woman who loves like that! No man can even understand such love. She had the purity and the very strength of these wild cliffs in her nature. She was a very passion-flower of the mountains."

MISS PHOEBE.

BY CLARA MILLS.

MISS PHOEBE here, Miss Phoebe there, Miss Phoebe early, Miss Phoebe late! As I watched the dear old lady with the patient face, I wondered if she never tired of the summons, if not of the name.

In reply to this question, her sad face brightened and she said:

"My dear, it is all that makes life for me. There was a time when I wanted to die, and in my wild rebellion asked 'What is there for me to do?' and that night my prayer was answered. Would you like to hear an old maid's story?"

"When I was as young as you, my dear, I was said to be the handsomest girl in the county. No one would think so now, but years and sorrow have faded cheeks and eyes and worn the color from my hair.

"They had real tournaments in those days; they only play at them now. The occasion was the May-day of the South; we kept our prettiest gowns, our brightest ribbons and choicest jewels, with which to honor the occasion, for there was always the hope of being crowned the 'queen of love and beauty.'

"With breathless interest, we watched the riding; and, as each 'knight' won or lost, our hearts rose or sank in unison. And oh! when at last the strife was ended, the victors announced, and the prizes awarded, we fairly held our breath with suppressed excitement, as we waited for the victorious knights to name the queen and her maids of honor.

"A stranger, they said, had won the first honor; and I glanced anxiously toward the other successful knights, to count my chances of being selected one of the maids.

"Imagine my surprise on being addressed by the stranger in the most familiar manner:

"'Well, little Phoebe,' he said, 'may I have the honor of crowning you queen to-night? You, the child for whom I stood sponsor so many years ago?'

"Then I recognized Philip Compton, my godfather and the adopted son of my uncle,

who had been for the last five years in foreign lands.

"I could hardly realize the situation. Only one thought rose uppermost: I was to be queen! I, little silly Phoebe Braddock!

"The afternoon wore into evening, and the hour for the coronation was at hand. It was held in a large pavilion, at the further end of which was set a throne almost covered with wild flowers, ferns, and evergreens, and lighted with Chinese lanterns.

"I was but a child—just sixteen—and it was not vanity which made me pleased when I heard such whispers as 'How beautiful!' 'Too pretty!' 'Heavenly!' 'Angelic!' It seemed to me like my early play of 'Let's pretend,' and I was playing queen. I only felt it a part of 'the play' when Philip said: 'I have long waited for the day to come when I might call you my queen.'

"Besides the wreath on my forehead, I felt a weight on my neck, and discovered a wondrous string of pearls with a heart-shaped medallion on my bosom. I had no time to notice anything except that there was one huge white pearl in the centre of the medallion, for the band had struck up the coronation march, and I was led from my throne to open the ball.

"I cannot describe the evening. Who can describe what a girl's first ball is to her? And then I was queen—the greatest honor to be given in the county! So many wanting it, and I—just sixteen—the winner! I really had to pinch myself occasionally, in order to be sure that it was not a dream.

"How grateful I was to Philip my 'king'! How handsome he was, and how happy he looked! The greater the happiness, the shorter the duration; and the wee hours of the morning told us we must tarry no longer.

"My mother took me from my king, smilingly thanking him for the honor bestowed on me and asking him to call. I was hurried to the carriage, and, wrapping my cloak about me, was soon rattling home over the rough mountain-roads of old Virginia, while

sleeping the sleep of the tired. I was too fatigued even to think of my newly acquired jewels, and fell asleep again as soon as my head touched the pillow.

"I knew nothing until awakened by the sound of voices below, and, to my surprise, I found it high noon and learned that Mr. Compton had come. Then for the first time I remembered my jewels, and, putting my hand to my throat, I missed them.

"I looked on the dressing-table, on the floor, in the bed, but without success. My mother sent to inquire if I would be down soon. Again I searched. How could I go down without the pearls? for I knew they had simply been loaned for the evening. Again my mother sent for me, and I went at once, not knowing what to say or do.

"By the piano, with his fingers carelessly running over the keys, sat the man I dreaded to meet. At sight of me, he came eagerly forward, holding out both hands and saying:

"The excitement of last night was too much for Phoebe my queen; she looks pale and tired. I had hoped to find her as radiantly happy as when she promised to be my queen for always."

"But, Philip," I said, "that was only play!"

"Had I known how my words could pain him, I doubt if I should have had the moral courage to utter them. And, as the lives of those who are drowning pass before them in a few short moments, so did my childhood and all the sweet words, kind deeds, and constant devotion of my godfather rise up like a mountain about to fall and crush me. It was he who was pale now; he stepped back and said:

"Phoebe, do you mean to tell me you will not be my queen? The letter I wrote you from Paris you must have received, or you would never have answered me as you did or allowed me to clasp my precious jewels about your neck; for I said this would be the sign of your acceptance."

"I just had the strength to blurt out in the most passionate manner:

"I received no letter. I was just too happy to be queen, to think of anything else. Oh, how sorry I am! It was all a pretty play to me, but no more. It hurts to wound you—forgive me! Love me as you did when I was a child, Philip, and forget that I am anything more."

"No, Phoebe, that can never be. I have loved you so well ever since you were the child in my arms at the font, where I gave you the name of my blessed mother, I never dreamed but that you loved me as well. I think your life would be happy, dear, with me. I have name, position, fortune—but no: you are too young to know the world's value of this."

"I stood silent, and he went on:

"Never mind, child: my love is yours forever; when you find you want Philip your king, send for him—he is waiting your bidding! Now, bring me the jewels; they will be yours one day. They were my father's wedding-gift to my mother, as they will be mine to you when I marry."

"I turned white and red alternately, as the blood seemed to rush to and from my heart. I could only gasp:

"Philip, I have lost them!"

"I rushed from the room, to find my mother; an explanation was made, and the search renewed. Every spot in the house in which I had been, the carriage, every foot of ground over which I had passed on my way home, was gone over, but all to no purpose.

"I had only one thought: would he think I had hidden, kept them, stolen them? I felt as though my mind were leaving me, and, in my despair at having him think evil of me, I found that I did love him. But it was too late: he had gone.

"My mother had taken a minute description of the jewels, in order to identify them in case they should be found.

"As my mother sat by my bedside that awful night, talking over the events of that most hateful day, she told me that it had been the dearest wish of my father, who had died three years before, to live to see me the wife of Philip Compton, and that she was greatly disappointed to have me so decidedly refuse his offer. I was in a measure relieved when she told me that she knew the jewels were lost, but my courage all gave way when she added: 'But it must look odd to Philip.'

"The happiness of my youth had gone, and my heart was heavy and sad. The days dragged by and became weeks, weeks stretched into months, and the time for the tournament was again at hand. I had no heart for gayety, and sat wearily waiting my mother's return from the festivities.

"Strange as it may seem, my mother said the queen who was crowned wore a necklace which so nearly resembled the one I wore but a year before, that she was startled. The only difference was that the centre pearl of the medallion was black.

"This seemed to stir my listlessness, and I wanted to go at once to call on the young lady, who was visiting at the house of a mutual friend. The next morning, we started early on our drive, twelve miles of rough road before us. Neighbors lived within a radius of forty miles.

"We reached our destination before luncheon, and were induced to remain for the private theatricals in the evening. I was glad to stay, in the hope of seeing the jewels appear before I left the house.

"So bent was I on unraveling the mystery of the lost treasure, that, when poor simple 'Ophelia' appeared, as the curtain rose, and on her breast the necklace which I felt confident was the one I was seeking, I bounded on the stage, crying:

"They are mine! I have found them!"

"Of course, the wildest excitement prevailed. I was led from the room in a sort of daze, the jewels held tightly in my hands, followed by the hostess, her husband, and the injured young lady. My mother briefly explained the situation and ended by saying:

"I will read you the description which Mr. Philip Compton wrote, and you can see why the child's brain is, for the time, turned."

"The young lady replied:

"They must certainly be the jewels you lost, for the name 'Philip Compton' is directly under the large black pearl. My father took the jewels in payment of a debt from a lady who, being reduced in circumstances, was forced to part with them in order to keep her home."

"My mother said, if she would part with the jewels and name the price, we would gladly pay it. The dear girl was quite overcome at my story, and said:

"Take them home with you; they would burn my neck when I thought of the misery they had caused you."

"It seems, as we found out later, that one of the musicians had seen me drop the necklace, and had picked it up, knowing it must be of great value, and intending to sell it at the first opportunity. The scamp, finding it was well advertised, dared not

dispose of it in that part of the State. Finally, getting desperate, he offered it to a young girl on the road, for five dollars. She bought it, and, on taking it home to a county in the far west of the State, her mother had it valued, and sold it to redeem the mortgage on their old homestead. The gentleman holding the papers was 'Ophelia's' father. The young lady had come to visit an aunt, and thus I found them.

"I could hardly wait to reach home, so impatient I was to tell Philip of the discovery of the jewels—and of another discovery, which he was good enough to say was more to him than the jewels. The next morning, my missive started on its long journey—for Philip was in California—and I waited impatiently for the reply.

"It came at the end of two months. He told me he would be with me soon: to keep the jewels until he arrived. He told me how the white pearl in the centre turned black, and would remain so, while Philip Compton's heart bled; but he assured me that, before this letter reached me, the pearl would be white again. I went to my jewel-box—I had hardly dared look at the necklace, for fear it would again disappear—and, as he had said, the pearl was snowy white!

"But oh, child, he never came; and one day my pearl turned dark, then darker, then black, and I knew that never here would I meet Philip my king.

"My heart grew cold, and the roses fled, during the two years that I waited, hoping against hope. Then came the confirmation of my fears. One day, an old bent man called and asked for 'one Phoebe Braddock.' I tremblingly answered. He put into my hand a worn yellowed letter. It said:

"Good-bye, Phoebe, my queen! I'm dying. Meet me there. Be good to the old man, for he was good to Philip your king."

"Days afterward, they brought the old man to my bedside, and he told me everything. Philip and he had started for New York on a steamer from California, but were put off at some port because the old man had developed what they supposed was 'ship's fever.' Philip would not let him die alone, and had remained to attend to his wants, expecting to take the next steamer for home. But the old man recovered, and, when nearly well, Philip was stricken with the fever and died.

"The purse which Philip had given him had been so much reduced by the many necessary inroads made upon it during Philip's illness, that there was little left to help the old man home. He had worked and begged his way, in order to put Philip's last message in my hand. He was ready now to die, he said; and, but for him, I think I should have died. I found it eased

my pain to do for others; and when, after a short time, he went to join Philip, I bade him say that I would be good to all who were in sorrow or pain, while I waited the call which would take me to Philip my king.

"Now, dear, you know why I never weary of the call for Miss Phoebe!

"Yes, child, the pearl is still black!"



LOVE'S VOICES.

BY MILDRED McNEAL.

Love's voices are varied—ah, yes!
Love speaks in a flash of the eye,
And the deepening rose
The lover knows,
And the curving lip reply.

Love tells in a touch of the hand
Such a world of tenderness,

And the tell-tale flow
Of the pulses' glow
Responds to the dear caress.

And in each dear deed of love,
The voice takes its sweetest tone;
And a song within
Is answering
To the love that is all our own.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY GRACE LIEBENBERG.

'Tis strange that our aspiring clings
To things which lie beyond our hand;
Ofttimes we hold a jewel poor,
And deem that distance maketh grand.

The artist in his dream doth see
Bright hues which blend, too fair to last;
He grasps his palette, but in vain:
Tints are too weak—the dream has passed.

In dreams, the poet seems to see,
Writ on a sheet of burning gold,

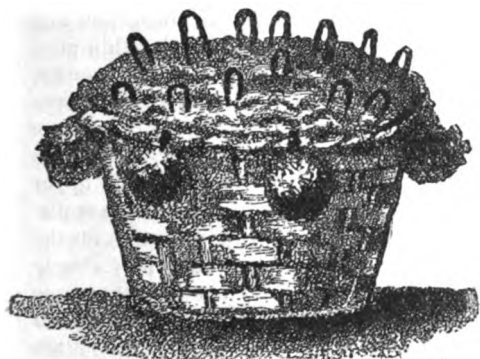
The story, sweet as opening bud,
Which soon its petals shall unfold

And breathe its sweetness on the air.
Though, unlike flowers, its fragrance shed
Sweet perfume o'er the future years,
When he who wrote lies cold and dead:

Yet, when he wakes, the dream has fled;
Its sweetness only he recalls,
Like some gay crowd passed out the door,
Its laughter echoing down the halls.

PINCUSHIONS.

BY MRS. B. C. SAWARD.



THE BASKET.

THERE are few articles which lend themselves to such infinite variety as pincushions, a statement which is proved by the fact that, although they change their fashions almost as often as ladies' bonnets, new sorts are always coming up.

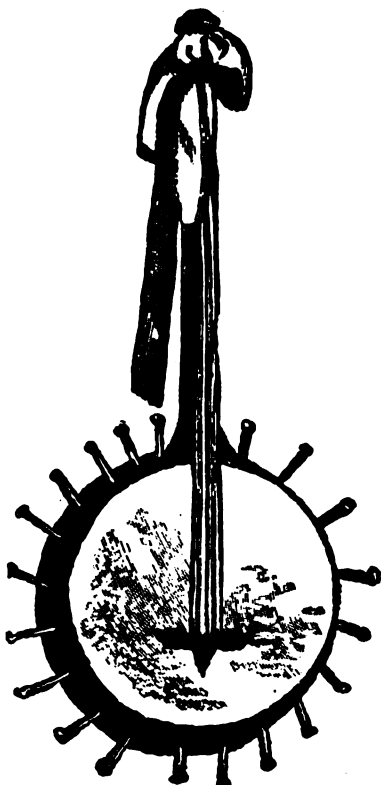
That useful articles can be made to take on so many different shapes is most fortunate, as their manufacture forms an agreeable employment for young and old; and, as they soil very soon, women fond of needlework have always an object at hand.

About the square or round solid bed-room cushion, there is not much to say. Its foundation is of colored sateen, and it has a cover of muslin or Irish lace; the change which such a cushion needs is easily given by varying the bows that ornament it or by the introduction of folds and puffings of blue, pink, or yellow silks among the frills of lace or crochet edgings. It is in ornamental pincushions that the greatest taste is required, and for which novelties in form are sought.

Among recent shapes, there is the pipe, the boot, the arm-chair, the spoon, the horse-shoe, the star-fish, and scores of other devices, many of them so easy to make that no illustrations are required to supplement the descriptions.

The basket is made of ornamental wicker, and the basket itself is filled up with odd

pieces of Berlin wool. The cover is of knitting single Berlin wool, scarlet in color. Use pins No. 12, and work backward and forward in plain knitting. Make a square of knitting in length rather longer than the width of the basket, and, when it is finished, stuff it out in the centre with the wool shreds, and then draw its ends together underneath, so as to keep the cushion firm. Force this ball into the basket and sew it in round the edge and finish off, first with a thick silk or tinsel cord, and lastly with pompons of plush hung over the cord. This cushion is intended for hair-pins, and will be found very useful, the coarse knitting and the woollen shreds allowing the hair-pins to pass through them with ease, and also preventing them from getting rusty.



BANJO PINCUSHION.



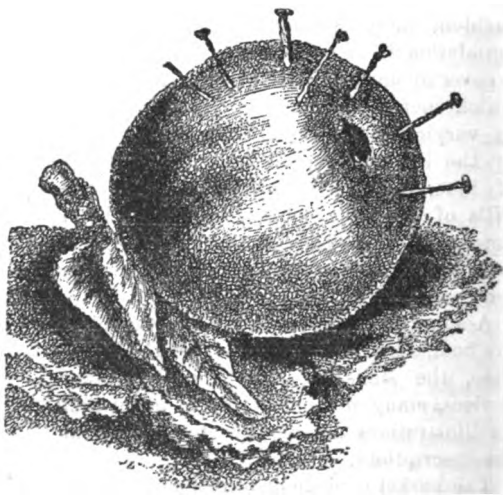
CUSHION AND PEN-WIPER. .

A banjo or a violin cushion makes a pretty present for a friend with musical tastes. The shape for the violin is cut out in chamois-leather, and the cushion is glued on to its back. To make this cushion, cut out the shape in card-board, lay folds of flannel thickly on the card-board, and cover the whole with dark velvet or silk, turning the edges of the material to the front of the cushion. Glue firmly to the leather, which previously ornament with a line of stitching and with violin-strings made of fine whipcord. Hang up the violin with ribbon bows. For the banjo, make the back and the cushion as for the violin, but cut the front out of a piece of thin parchment. On this parchment, paint a landscape or a group of flowers in water-colors, and make the strings of the banjo of whipcord. Overcast the edge of the parchment to the edge of the cushion with mare's-tail silk, and, if possible, make the edges so neat that the stitches need not be hidden; if they must be hidden, sew a very narrow cream-colored cord round them. A bunch of ribbons with long loops is hung from the top of the banjo, and a bow of ribbons can be stuck on the cushion where the arm joins the round, if more ornament is desired. Another musical-instrument pincushion is made the shape of a harp. This is rather difficult to form correctly, but looks quaint when accomplished. The pins are

stuck into the thick part of the harp at its base, which is purposely made broad. The strings of the harp are made with fine gold cord or colored purse-silk, and the frame is covered with pale-blue or pale-yellow velvet, and a loop of ribbons hung to the top of the frame.

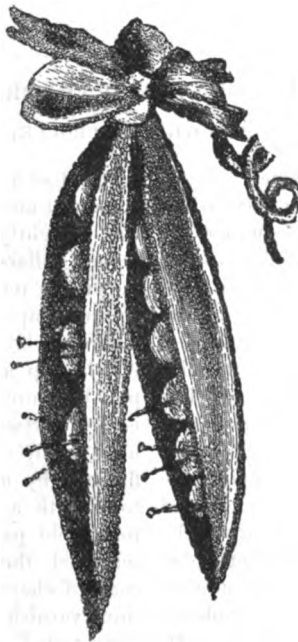
The apple is a combined pincushion and pen-wiper. It is made by laying thin muslin over a real apple and shaping the muslin, but cutting away any fullness, and overcasting the raw edges together. The shape formed—but not sewed together at the bottom—is then stuffed with wool, the upper part being raised round the eye of the apple, as in nature, and the deep depression for the eye being made by sewing that part closely down on to the wool. The rest of the apple is then filled in and the lining sewed up, all superfluous fullness being cut away, not folded in. This foundation is covered over with pale yellow-colored silk, which is pasted down and arranged with as few creases as possible. As the base of the apple is not shown, the silk can there be folded under. The streaks and rosy coloring of the fruit are imitated by painting the silk with water-colors. The leaves are simply artificial leaves sewed to the cut-out folds of cloth that form the pen-wiper and the foundation of the apple.

The pea-pods and cherries are intended more as ornaments to the mantel-shelf than for practical purposes. They are pinned on to the drapery of the front of the mantel-



THE PLUM.

board. The bunch of cherries is made of rose-colored satin, some of the cherries being of a light shade and others of a darker shade. The stems are made of green wire, the leaf of an artificial leaf, the stalk of chenille wound round wire; the cherries are painted with water-colors, so that they are not entirely of one color. The best stuffing for the satin is the little plush balls sold for sewing on to cushions and other furniture. The pea-pods are made with cartridge-paper covered with green silk, the little peas of balls of green chenille of a lighter shade than that used for the pods. Tendrils are made of twisted cap wire covered with chenille or purse-silk. A very



PEA-PODS.

fine wire is sewed along the ridge of the half-open pods, to keep them in shape and to allow of the ornament being twisted and arranged gracefully. Three or four pods look better than only two on a bunch, but this cushion is never made large. It is tied into position with a bunch of green and blue ribbons.

A bunch of plums is easier to imitate than a bunch of cherries, as the fruit is larger; but it is not so effective. It is formed as the apple, and a wire stalk fixed into the lining before it is covered. Purple velvet and maroon velvet form their best covering; and this, when glued on, is brushed over with some Chinese white mixed with a little weak gum-water. A hard brush is used, and the white paint only put on where the fruit catches the highest light.

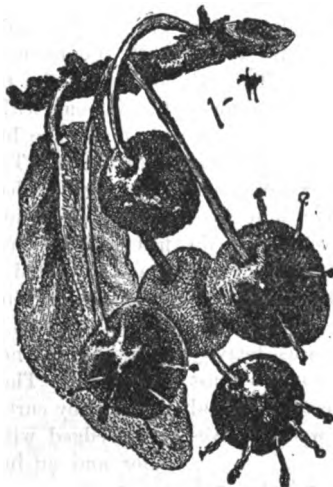
The horse-shoe pin-cushion has for its foundation a real horse-shoe that is gilt or silvered over. To the centre of

this shoe, a small wicker basket is fastened by being tied to the horse-shoe by ribbons passed through the nail-holes. These ribbons are also wound up the shoe and used to hang up the article. The cushion, made of a dark silk, is fastened into the basket. This is a very simple way of making some use of the horse-shoes most people bring home for luck when they come across them during their country walks.

Another figure has as its foundation one of the large dried poppy-heads to be purchased at any chemist's. Select a large and well-shaped head, and with a very sharp knife cut an irregular-shaped segment out of it. Get rid of the poppy-seeds

and fill in the opening with a satin cushion. Make this of a rich-colored red satin, and catch it down in places as if it were to be buttoned down, but do not put on any buttons. Glue this cushion into the opening, and tie a bunch of ribbons round the stem of the poppy-head. Any colored satin can be used to stuff the poppy, but deep rich reds and blues tone in best with the mellow brown hue of the natural seed.

Still another figure is a spoon made from an ordinary wooden salad-spoon, painted with enamel either a pale-blue or terracotta color. The pincushion fits into the bowl; it is made of dark-blue or green satin. A fine silk cord or a gold lace edging is sewed round the outer edge of the cushion. Narrow quarter-inch ribbons of several contrasting colors are wound round the handle, and then finished off with loops, one of these being used to hang the spoon against the wall.



BUNCH OF CHERRIES.

A COUNTRY PARLOR.

BY DOROTHY HASBROUCK.

WHEN Cousin Grace came, a bride, from the big bustling city to the quaint old farm-house under the elms, she uttered a little scream of dismay when she opened the blinds and let a flood of sunlight into the parlor. Such a hard unlovely room as it was, with an atmosphere of funerals about it, and a close musty odor that no amount of airing could change. The carpet was a Brussels, with mammoth red roses scattered over a ground of green ferns; the chairs and sofa, stiffly ranged against the wall at equal distances apart, were covered with slippery funereal-looking hair-cloth; and the walls were papered in gray and blue stripes, with arabesques of black that were painfully dazzling to the eye. Family photographs of severe elderly couples in antiquated dress were hung around. The wide fire-place was filled with asparagus-plumes, and a braided mat of all the colors of the rainbow, with strips of red flannel cut into fringe at the ends, lay before it. On the high mantel above were ranged a couple of sea-shells, a pair of gaudy glass vases holding bunches of red, pink, and yellow paper roses, and a glass globe under which reposed a ghastly cluster of white wax flowers. Green paper shades were at the windows, and a marble-topped table in the middle of the room held an album, a Bible, and a couple of gayly covered books carefully laid across each other with an air of studied negligence. Between the windows hung a mirror framed in imitation mahogany.

Poor Grace thought of the city friends she would have to show into this room when they came to visit her, and her blue eyes filled with tears. But what could she do to better it, with the slender means at her command? When she married the handsome young farmer and came to live at the homestead, she knew that it was heavily mortgaged, and that all their expenses must be governed by the strictest economy, and the first few years of their wedded lives would be devoid of luxuries.

"But I must do the best I can," she said.

She had a few dollars left over from her trousseau-money, and she began by selling the unsightly Brussels to a neighbor for seven dollars. The hideous blue-striped paper was torn off, and a plain thick cream-colored paper, that comes at a few cents a yard for laying under carpets, was put on. At the top and bottom, she put a finish of pale-blue upholstery felt, a foot deep. This is seventytwo inches wide, and sells at ninetyeight cents a yard. This in turn was finished by a narrow border of small pink roses with a fine line of gilt, cut from a roll of old paper found in the garret. She scrubbed the bare floor and gave it two coats of cherry paint, and covered that with thick varnish, as it chips off like enamel if unprotected. The effect was that of a new hard-wood floor, as the old house had been well built, and the floor was evenly laid, and the boards had never been colored save by the mellowing touch of time. The bricks around the old-fashioned fire-place were enameled in pink, white, and pale-green, to imitate tiles. The fire-place within was a soft velvety black, from the smoke of the mighty logs that had crackled there for a century past; and this she left undisturbed, as an artistic background for the iron fire-dogs, which she gilded to look like brass. She laid across them a rough log with the lichen-patched bark on, and here and there she touched the silvery edges of the lichens with gilt. From a projecting pot-hook, she hung a small iron pot, also gilded over. The time-stained frame of the mirror was gilded too, and it was put lengthwise above the mantel, which it exactly fitted. She bought some cream-colored cretonne, flowered with dull pinks and blues, at thirtyfive cents a yard, and covered the chairs and sofa. The frames being of good rosewood and neat design, they made a very pretty set. The green paper shades were replaced by curtains of cream-colored cheese-cloth, edged with an outer ruffle of cream-color and an inner one of pale-blue nun's-veiling from a worn-out party-dress. They

were looped back with pale-blue ribbons from the same dress. Across the lower half of the windows, she shirred pale-blue sash-curtains made from the same discarded gown. The ancient photographs were banished to the general sitting-room, and in their places on the walls she hung an etching framed in white and gold—one of her wedding-gifts—and a delicate little picture of blue sky and sea and white-sailed ships, for which she made a dainty frame out of an old palm-leaf fan and a piece of white plush that had been part of an old opera-cloak. She cut a space for the picture in the middle of the fan, and so that the lower left-hand corner came even with the handle. She then covered it smoothly with the plush, fastened a strip of gold gimp—ripped from the brim of last winter's hat for the purpose—around the opening and on the outside edge of the fan, put in the glass, laid the picture on it, and fastened both in place by crossing two pieces of broad tape. Blue paper muslin was neatly pinned over the back, as stitches would show, and the handle was treated to a coat of gilt and tied with blue ribbon. Another smaller fan was coated with pink enamel, painted with a cluster of water-lilies, tied with a bow of white ribbon, and stood on the marble-topped table, on one of the little brass easels that are found on five-cent counters. Another wedding-present, a pale-blue lamp, occupied the centre of this table; and the cold white marble, so gloomily suggestive of headstones and mortuary inscriptions, was hidden by a scarf of blue nun's-veiling, with bias strips of white plush and a fringe of tiny tinkling golden crescents on the ends. The drapery for the mantel was left until the last, for the young housekeeper was at her wits' end to know what to do with it or where to get any suitable material for adorning it; for the money she had received for the carpet had gone for a couple of white goat-skin rugs—a large one to lay before the fire-place, and a small one for the door—and the enamel, gold paint, and paper had eaten up all the rest in her purse, save a quarter. With a kind of wifely pride, she had resolved in the beginning that she would not let the newly furnished parlor cost her husband a penny; and she bravely adhered to her resolution, but was in despair until her eyes fell on the blue and white curtains waving in the sum-

mer breeze, and a bright idea brought a smile to her lips. She bought two yards of blue cheese-cloth at seven cents a yard, cut it half a yard deep, sewed the breadths together, hemmed them, and, leaving a heading an inch deep, shirred it like a flounce around the mantel.

Rummaging in the garret, the day she found the roll of wall-paper that had furnished her with the rosebud border, she happened on a pair of very rusty iron candlesticks. Gilded over and holding wax candles, they were a pretty addition to the mantel and matched the andirons below.

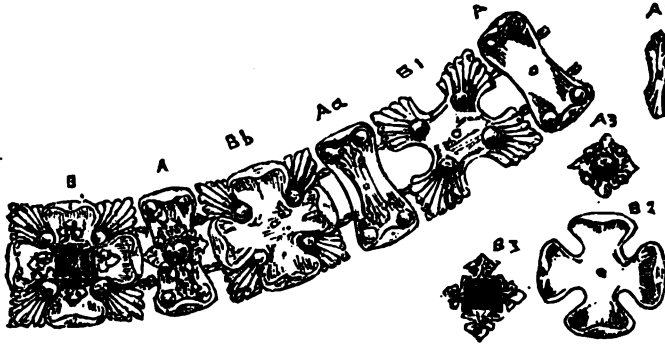
The wax flowers were taken from the glass globe and replaced by a Cupid that had been aiming his arrows from the top of an old desk in the sitting-room for years. The image was only plaster-of-Paris, but she made it look like purest alabaster by coating it with white wax. A couple of head-rests and a sofa-pillow were made of the odds-and-ends of silk and velvet and ribbon to be found in every woman's bureau. Unable to find a piece of any kind large enough to cover the sofa-pillow, she made four squares of white plush, blue silk, blue satin figured with white, and yellow velvet, and joined them in one whole piece with a running vine of gold silk embroidery. For a long time, she was worried by the empty space where the mirror had hung between the windows; but one day she found an old table—an ordinary kitchen table—in the barn. One leaf was gone, and she also had the other taken off, cleaned and polished it and gave it a coat of white enamel, all but the top. A square piece of pale-blue felt had been left from the wall, and, on pleasant afternoons when her work was done, she embroidered the corners with a design of water-lilies and golden-rod. At regular distances all over it, she appliquéd white plush clover-leaves. The result was well worth the trouble.

It was not without many hours of anxious thought and weary labor that Grace furnished her parlor. But, when her city friends came to visit her, it was with honest pride that she ushered them into the dainty room, with its harmonious tints of cream and blue and gold.

"What a charming parlor!" they said, but Grace did not tell them that she did it all herself.

PRESERVED IN PICTURES.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



FROM A PICTURE BY HANS ASPER, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND, DATE ABOUT 1550.

THERE is much talk, a good deal of it very foolish, in regard to realism in art. In certain quarters, it is sometimes tacitly assumed, sometimes proclaimed with offensive dogmatism, that, in literature and painting, realism, if not exactly the creation of the last and the present generation, has within our own day reached a development so full and complete that perfection can no further go.

Into the question of literature, I cannot here enter; but sundry illustrations which accompany this article will, I think, bear me out in the assertion that many of the painters of the past were as devout realists as the most advanced disciples of any modern school.

Had it not been the custom of the old painters, in order to carry out their realistic ideas, faithfully to copy specimens of quaint and valuable articles of gold, silver, and bronze, such as vases, clocks, church and table ornaments, there would in many cases be no relic left thereof, unless it might be some brief mention in the pages

(434)

A2 of diaries or old catalogues.

We are accustomed to regard our own as the age which is most noticeable for extravagant expenditure in jewelry and household decorations of all sorts; but an examination of the pictures of long-gone celebrated artists shows that, considering the relative difference in fortunes, the titled and rich people of the

past fully equaled and indeed sometimes surpassed the lavishness of our era.

A proof of the importance given to ornaments is shown in the fact that an artist with so great a reputation as the Flemish painter Holbein found it worth his while to produce so many designs for jewelry and goldsmiths' work that they fill a large volume.

As a recent writer well says: "One of the great charms of the personal ornaments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is their individuality, almost every one having some special and allusive design embodied in it; for there seems in those days to have been no Birmingham whence these things came by the gross. One of the best means



CLASP OF GIRDLE, FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE BRUSSELS GALLERY, DATE 1518.

now of improving the condition of that much-enduring race of art toilers, the working goldsmith, silversmith, and jeweler, would be by all who can afford such luxuries insisting on an individual design being produced for them. The ulterior value of such jewelry would be increased far beyond the additional outlay at first required, and, as family relics, would prove of lasting interest."

As an example of the careful and intelligent manner in which the mediæval goldsmiths did their work, the initial cut in this article is worth examining. It is a section of a necklace worn by Margaret Knoblauchin, and preserved in a picture painted by Hans Asper, a fifteenth-century artist of great repute.

So conscientiously is the painting done that one can positively take the ornament to pieces and study the process of construction. It was composed of alternating narrow and square plaques linked together by very fine chain-work. Each of these plaques is made from sheets of thin gold beaten up slightly and jeweled. The idea is at once simple and brilliant and well worth reproducing, as the necklace would be light yet very strong and comparatively inexpensive.

Another lovely specimen of old-time ornaments is the illustration of a girdle-clasp. The original doubtless perished long ago, but its exact likeness is preserved in a portrait of its owner—an exceedingly plain young woman, by the way—which hangs in the picture-gallery of Brussels.

A marvelous bit of workmanship that clasp must have been, beautiful in design and wrought with loving care; and the painter—I do not remember his name—has copied every line with a patient fidelity and a richness of color which are indescribable. The clasp was a disk of gold exquisitely chased

and profusely set with pearls and coral, the initials of the wearer—or perhaps those of the giver—being represented in the middle. The girdle itself was composed of twisted gold wire and coral, and was worthy of the clasp.

Of course, the belt could not be a terribly expensive affair; but its originality, as well as its beauty, makes it worth noticing. Still, when we examine some of the copies given in pictures of the ornaments of past ages, we are amazed by the thought of the really vast sums which they must have cost. A very good reason, however, can be suggested why wealthy folk in the Middle Ages put so much money into personal or table ornaments, independent of the love of show. In those days, banks did not exist, stocks and shares were things unknown; so these treasures of art became actual investments which must, of course, in the process of time, have found their ultimate destination in the crucible.

"The great pieces of domestic plate have well-nigh all perished," says the writer from whom I have already quoted, "and, excepting for the notices in old inventories and wills and the record of them in old pictures, we should be ignorant of the marvelous amount of art with which the goldsmith dressed the buffets and tables of the great and wealthy in the by-gone ages."

The Flemish painters, with their exaggerated love of detail, rank foremost in this good work; and, among them, an artist called Jean Mabuse was specially prominent. His pictures are to be seen in almost every great gallery of Europe, and he justly maintains a very high reputation, circumstances which render still stranger the fact that so little is really known about this celebrated man that he is styled by different names in different catalogues, and even the date of his birth cannot be fixed with any satisfactory degree of



DESIGN IN GOLD,
FROM A PICTURE BY MABUSE,
DATE ABOUT 1500,
CASTLE HOWARD COLLECTION.



FROM A PICTURE BY MABUSE,
BRUSSELS GALLERY.

precision. Could the irony of fate much further go?

There is evidence, more or less trustworthy, that his real name was Jean Gossaert; but he was not unfrequently dubbed Jean of Maubeuge, after the city in which he was born. Sometimes one finds his pictures catalogued under the Flemish equivalent for that title—Jemynde Hennegonwe. Then again one will discover Jean catalogued by the Latinized form of Maubeuge, which transforms him into Johannes Malbodium. However, he is most generally known as Jean Mabuse, a cognomen which I take to be simply a corruption of the name of his birthplace.

Some writers say that he was born in 1470, others relegate him to the closing year of that century, and only the date of his death is fixed beyond a doubt—it is recorded in the register of the Church of Notre Dame in Antwerp as having taken place in 1532. He seems to have wandered about a good deal; lived in Italy, and was called to England to paint pictures for various great families.

In the famous gallery of Castle Howard, there is one of the finest examples of his skill as a designer for goldsmiths' work. The picture represents "The Adoration of the

Magi," and the beautiful accessory here copied is the gift one of the three kings brings to the infant Messiah.

The object is of gold, nearly three feet in height, and is so carefully elaborated, down to the minutest detail, that it could be easily imitated from the design in the painting.

In another fine picture of this artist's, "Mary Magdalen in the House of the Pharisee," in the Brussels picture-gallery, there is depicted a clock supposed to be made of wrought-iron, which is simply a miracle of accuracy and high finish; one cannot realize that one is looking at something depicted on a flat canvas—it is a real clock hanging on the wall.

No such clock is now to be found in any museum, palace, or town hall; so we owe much to the artist who has preserved for us this specimen of antique handiwork.

A treasure which another Flemish artist, Peter Roestraten, has preserved in one of his pictures is the design of a highly wrought silver vase, the quaintness and beauty of



REPOUSSÉ SILVER VASE, FROM A PICTURE
BY PETER ROESTRATEN.

which would, I think, tax the skill of the best of our silversmiths to copy.

The works of the great artists of the past abound in instances of realism such as portrayed in these illustrations, and to my mind they point to a realism which is higher and better than that of the modern school of pre-Raphaelite painters. The difference in the realism of the old and the new school was a difference in motive, altogether on the side of the ancient artists. Nowhere in the modern realistic pictures do we find such minute care bestowed on the copying of the many beautiful objects the goldsmiths, bronze-workers, and jewelers of our era have produced—copies which, in case of the destruction of those objects, would be invaluable as relics of the customs and luxuries of our age. Instead of devoting himself to a task so useful, the realistic painter of to-day is more likely to give us a painfully worked-out portrait of a muddy-complexioned young woman attired in a green gown and reposing in an impossible attitude on

a purple sofa. But awe-inspiring as the effort is, carefully elaborated as are the young woman, the gown, and the sofa, these matters are, after all, subservient to some absurd or repulsive accessory which fixes the gazer's attention and causes him to loathe both picture and painter with an energy too strong for words.

This accessory, as likely as not, will be a withered rose, a decayed apple, or a blue-bottle fly—the latter, among all winged creatures, being apparently the favorite of several famous English pre-Raphaelists. But, whether the sallow lady contemplates with her preposterously large eyes an apple, rose, or blue-bottle fly, that object is so pushed forward, made so important, that it seems almost that the entire picture was painted as a background on which to exhibit the unsightly flower or fruit, or to form a setting in which to enshrine the blue-bottle.

For my own part, I prefer the realism of our friend Jean Mabuse and the painters of his day.

HOPE.

BY E. H. PACKARD.

OH, the sunrise, gold and red,
All the sky with color spread!
Coming with a blaze of glory,
After all the world seemed dead.

How it cheers the hearts of all,
Waking us to duty's call,
As we strive to reach the summit,
Looking upward lest we fall!

Let us struggle on and on
While the day is not yet gone,
Knowing that the darkest moment
Always is before the dawn.

We shall reach the goal some day,
Toiling up the narrow way,
If we only do our duty,
If we only wait and pray.

"AFTERWARDS."

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I THOUGHT I could not live if you were gone,
But life has taught me sterner things;
The bird whose mate is dead lives on,
Aye! lives and sings.
Perhaps his song has more of sadness—
A note or two of pain:
'Tis sweeter music, with the mournful cadence,
Than was the careless joyful strain.

I stood beside your grave and wept alone,
And thought love was forever dead to me;
My life had early lost love's glorious sunlight,
And nevermore my heart could happy be.

But time has taught me many tender truths,
That life can never wholly be unblest.
I cannot live all lonely in this world of woe,
Because I loved you, dear, the best.

The tender love that bears so much for me,
I gladly take, nor feel
My love for you, dear one, has weaker grown,
My heart less staunch and leal.
I loved you first, and you were always dearest;
Yet, like the bird whose mate is gone,
I still can find a tender joy in loving,
Nor wish to dwell forever here alone.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY ANDRÉ GÉRARD.

TRANSLATED BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 348.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOR Mina and Gaston, the ensuing weeks proved an idyl as enjoyable as it was beautiful and pure. On the tomb of his great love, Gaston erected an altar to friendship, and his affection for Mina was as self-sacrificing and disinterested as it could have been for his own sister in like circumstances of suffering and neglect.

When summer came, Mina could not bear the idea of going back to the chateau of Boissière, so filled with painful memories. She hired a pretty house in the neighborhood of St. Germain, a perfect little bird's-nest hidden among fine old trees.

Gaston remained in Paris, but went out to the cottage each day and staid till late in the evening. The weather proved exceptionally fine for many weeks; and every morning, when he reached the little railway station, he would find the small Jean eagerly awaiting his arrival. In company with the lad and Mademoiselle Dumont, the two friends took long rambles in the forest. The gardener's son would follow them with a donkey bearing baskets that held a substantial luncheon, together with books and sketching materials. Jean's lessons were studied in the wood, Mina and Gaston sketched, while Mademoiselle Dumont read aloud. As a rule, they spent the entire day, returning to the cottage just in time for dinner, after which meal the evening was devoted to music and conversation.

In this abode of peace, as Mademoiselle Dumont termed it, Mina rapidly recovered her strength and freshness. She was even able to put by the memory of the terrible past, to forget the gloomy outlook of the future, and to rest her heart and soul in the sunshine of the present.

In the morning, when Gaston arrived, she would hasten out to meet him, looking fairly girlish in her costume of rose-color or white, smiling and happy, able always to say:

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"I slept like a baby all night long."

While life passed thus with the friends, the Marquis de la Boissière and his brother-in-law, the Count de Noves, were wandering from one watering-place to another and indulging in excesses which helped to darken the unenviable reputations both had already achieved.

The apparent indifference with which Renaud accepted his position where Mina was concerned, and the silent acquiescence with which he received her determination to live free and independent, filled the Countess d'Orlandes with a vague dread. Less confident than those most intimately concerned, she feared that Renaud's complacency hid some deep-laid plot.

A few weeks after Mina had established herself in her cottage, the countess went to Trouville for a week. One morning, she met Renaud on the sands, and he approached her with his customary friendliness. There was a group of their mutual acquaintances about, and Renaud appeared in the best possible spirits. Somebody indiscreetly made inquiries after his wife. He answered without the slightest hesitation, managing gracefully to pay her several pretty compliments; but, while he spoke, Madame d'Orlandes saw in his eyes an expression of such wrath and hatred that her blood fairly ran cold.

When she returned to Paris, before setting out for her country-seat, she paid a visit to the St. Germain cottage for a couple of days. She could not bear to trouble Mina's peace by any expression of her vague fears; but she spoke to Gaston, warning him to exercise the utmost prudence for their dear friend's sake. To Mademoiselle Dumont, she spoke even more freely, relating the incident which had occurred at Trouville and impressing on her the necessity of being present at every interview between the other two, in case Renaud should have spies in the neighbor-

hood or even in the little household itself.

The countess was right in her fears; Renaud was only waiting for some available pretext to show his hand, and his wrath and burning desire for revenge increased with every week of delay.

Only a short time after the ball at which Mina and Gaston so joyfully renewed their old friendship, the Marquis de la Boissière paid a visit, one afternoon, to a woman who had lately acquired a great influence over him, and whose intellect was as keen as her conscience was unscrupulous and her manners gentle and insinuating.

The Baroness d'Ysaurin was an English-woman of good family and a widow; she was not far from Renaud's age, but looked much younger, as her perfect health had preserved her beauty in a marvelous fashion. Various imprudences had to a great extent ostracized her from society, both in London and Paris; but her money and her gift of fascination kept her a good many friends still. She had fallen in love with Renaud, and was fully determined to marry him in case any pretext could be found which would place Mina in a position that might render a divorce possible.

As Renaud entered the boudoir in which she sat dressed in some combination of yellow and black, which set off her beauty to the greatest advantage, she greeted him with a little wave of her hand and motioned him to a seat by her side.

For an instant, she looked fixedly at him, her great eyes glowing like those of a panther; then she said:

"You have been losing heavily at cards."

"On the contrary," he replied, "I was in luck last night! No: the truth is, my wife—"

"Oh," the baroness interrupted, with a little laugh, "your wife! And what has she been doing now? Having Masses said in advance for the repose of your soul?"

"She has set up a studio, and that insupportable Gaston Bernard—you know all about him—is to give her lessons."

The baroness smiled sweetly; she had a special dislike for Gaston, because he had declined to be presented to her.

"I thought the famous traveler was a rich man," she said; "I had no idea that he was obliged to give drawing-lessons."

"He is rich," rejoined Renaud, gruffly. "The lessons are only an excuse to permit him to visit my wife as often as he pleases. It seems that some years ago this lion of the days spent months at her father's chateau, and—"

"Oh! oh!" interrupted the baroness, mockingly, "I understand! To call things by their right names, the two propose to take up the threads of an interrupted romance, and go on weaving it under your roof!"

"Evidently; and you can easily understand, too, that the idea does not please me. I don't choose to have my wife make me ridiculous."

"Especially when your bad conduct toward her has rendered her interesting," laughed the baroness; "it really is exceedingly ungrateful on her part. But, do you know, being merely interesting and injured soon bores a woman beyond endurance."

"Women who don't know how to keep their husbands are born to be bored!"

"That phrase comes well from you! So you blame the poor little soul because she ceased to please your fickle fancy?"

"Of course I do! Why didn't she manage to go on pleasing me?"

"Instead of that, she has managed always to please Monsieur Gaston Bernard, it appears—a mere question of taste!"

"Oh, if I had not neglected her so openly—shown her that I regarded her no more than a withered flower—she would still be on her knees before me!" cried the marquis, his miserable self-love so deeply wounded that he could not restrain the boast.

The baroness smiled at him; her eyes shot out their greenest flames.

"Really! really!" she said, exasperatingly. "She only turns to Monsieur Bernard for sympathy, because you no longer love her!"

"Oh, if that is all the comfort or advice you have to give!"

Again the baroness laughed softly as she rejoined:

"Advice, indeed! You have not asked for any. Why do you get vexed with me? I am not to blame because your wife is happy at meeting her very, very dear and intimate old friend!"

"In any case, she will not be happy long. I propose to kill that fellow with neatness and dispatch!"

"Bah! bah! The man of it—never able to see round the corner! Kill him, indeed! And so put revenge—real revenge—out of your power!"

"What would you do in my place?"

The baroness nestled more comfortably down among her cushions, half closed her eyes for a moment, and then began as if thinking aloud:

"In the first place, instead of feeling irritated about this little matter, I should be delighted; for it would give me an opportunity to reveal this saintly lady in a light which would prove her no better than the husband against whose wickedness she has been crying out so loudly."

"Ah! but how?"

"Why, I should help on the denouement in every possible way. I should have the air of being perfectly tranquil and satisfied; I should say nothing against the lessons or their giver. So far from appearing suspicious or playing Bluebeard, I should leave madame and her old friend completely free."

"Have my wife made love to—"

"Nonsense! I believe your wife is as good as gold—so do you! But can't you see that you would have your revenge without trouble? You have only to be quiet and to wait."

"Wait—wait—for what?"

"Till she ceases to fear you are watching her; till, secure in her own innocence, she commits some imprudence that will place her at your mercy—or would if you had any, which you have not!"

"Oh!"

"It only needs money, intelligent assistance from some servant, and patience!"

"Oh! and then—"

"The rest would be easy enough. If I were the husband, I should have all the information needful; I should appear at exactly the right moment, accompanied by two witnesses. Then would follow overwhelming denunciation and threat of divorce. I should repeat to the saintly marquise fragments from the sermons she had delivered to me. I should gently remind her of the time when, finding me unworthy of her society, she desired an amicable separation. I should show her clearly that we two had changed rôles most decidedly. Why, it would be her turn to go on her knees! She would see how completely appearances were against

her; she would be forced to beg you to guard her under your roof."

The marquis rubbed his hands, exclaiming:

"And then I will kill Bernard!"

"There you go again with your butcher's ideas! And suppose you happened to be the one to get killed?"

"All the same, I cannot let myself pass for a coward!"

"Everybody knows you are brave; besides, had you not already fought several duels before your marriage?"

"Yes; four."

"Very well; you have established your reputation and can afford to rest tranquil. You must do something more novel than fight or kill a man. I see in the proposed drama a husband's part which would be superb and positively unique."

"What may it be?"

"Before the witnesses and the wife, you should say with cool crushing contempt: 'Dear Monsieur Bernard, do not for an instant suppose that I am annoyed with you; on the contrary, you have done me a favor! It would be absurd for us to cut each other's throat about a woman who is nothing to me—whose little escapades will no further be any concern of mine, since, thanks to your amiability, the law will grant me a speedy divorce!'"

"It is superbly imagined!" cried Renaud, admiringly.

"The canvas is all sketched in; you have only to finish up the details with care."

"But if—if nothing should happen?"

"I tell you that, with money and intelligent assistance, a catastrophe can be managed, no matter if the man be as wise as Solon and the woman as pure as ice!" retorted the baroness. "With the stage arrangements properly carried out, a play with such a plot must succeed!"

The repetition of this dialogue will show that Madame d'Orlandes was not mistaken in her fears, and that the counsel she gave Mademoiselle Dumont required to be followed to the letter.

From that hour, an able and incessant system of espionage surrounded Mina, and it was all the more dangerous because, no matter where Renaud might go, the better to lull every suspicion, during the entire summer the Baroness d'Ysaurin remained in

Paris, directed the campaign, and daily received a detailed report from her secret agents.

The summer, however, passed without the wily woman's having been able to discover the least indication that the longed-for catastrophe was even to be hoped for.

One man among the few domestics Mina had taken out to the cottage was completely in Madame d'Ysaurin's power, owing to some past misconduct, and ready and willing to obey her behests. This creature became a vigilant spy on the household at St. Germain, but all in vain.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUTUMN came. The little party still lingered in the country, for the thought of returning to Paris filled Mina with horror and dread.

The marquis found the time pass very slowly. He had sufficiently tasted his revenge in anticipation; he was eager now to enjoy its realization. In his excited brain, troubled by stimulants and the fever of play, that hope of seeing Mina at his mercy, of beholding the woman whom he hated dishonored in the eyes of the world, had grown a fairly insane longing. How pitilessly he would humiliate and crush her! But the waiting seemed so long, so long!

Not until November had arrived, and so nearly passed that the forest-trees stood up desolate and bare, and heavy fogs rendered the days dark and dreary, did Mina make up her mind to return to the great house in Paris.

Once established there, the lessons were continued; and Bernard was a daily visitor, always greeted by the marquis with frank cordiality whenever the two men chanced to meet.

One evening, toward the beginning of December, the marquis was visiting Madame d'Ysaurin and trying to amuse himself by ridiculing Bernard. The baroness paid little attention to his attempted witticisms beyond a smile or a few indifferent words. Suddenly she roused herself from a brief reverie and exclaimed:

"It is incredible! After all these months of incessant watching, not even to have found the slightest incident that would serve as a pretext to act!"

"It is unendurable, I know!" grumbled Renaud. "I don't perceive that your clever-

ness has served any better purpose than what you were pleased to style my masculine stupidity."

"Don't be rude, my dear friend—I am not your wife," rejoined the baroness, laughing. "Well, I think I see the way clear at last. You told me once that Mademoiselle Dumont has the habit of going every year, somewhere about Christmas, to pass a week with an old relative in Anjou."

"Yes—she never fails; it is her one relaxation."

"Then find out whether her rôle of duenna will permit her to absent herself this season; if it will, everything will march on velvet. When you tell me that she is certainly going at some fixed date, I shall have a plan to communicate—a plan that cannot fail. Patience a little longer! The vengeance shall be more complete for the waiting."

Ten days later, De la Boissière carried the baroness the information that on the eighteenth of the month Mademoiselle Dumont would start for Anjou. Madame d'Ysaurin listened with a smile, and then rapidly and clearly unfolded the plan, every detail of which she had prepared with consummate skill and care.

Much as Mademoiselle Dumont suffered at the thought of leaving Mina, she could not resist the pleading letters of her old relative, whose health was rapidly failing.

The day but one after Mademoiselle Dumont's departure, the marquis showed Mina a telegraphic dispatch he had just received from one of the park guards at the Chateau de la Boissière, stating that several wolves had been seen in the forest. The marquis said that he proposed to give himself the pleasure of an exciting hunt, and had arranged to start that evening, accompanied by his brother-in-law and several friends.

So Mina was left alone with Jean, as Madame d'Orlandes had gone for a couple of days to Fontainebleau. The day after, her maid, a woman who had been in her service only a short time, said to her:

"Has madame decided to go to Madame de la Verrière's to-night?"

"No. I have written her that I cannot; my cold is somewhat troublesome. I shall stay at home and go to bed early. Why did you ask?"

"Some friends of mine are in town, and

they have invited me to the theatre; but, since madame is not going out, and I should not get back until very late—"

"You can go, just the same. Do not hurry home; I can very easily undress myself for once."

The new maid was profuse in her thanks and hurried away, ostensibly to write a note to her relatives; but the messenger was the spy whom the Baroness d'Ysaurin had placed in the house, and the message he took was directed to that lady.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MINA'S suite of apartments was situated in a wing of the great house which gave on the garden; and a side entrance, seldom used, communicated directly with a narrow street.

It was half-past ten in the evening; Mina was seated by the fire in her dressing-room. A couple of friends had spent an hour with her, on their way to some ball; and, after their departure, she had gone upstairs. She had exchanged her dress for a tea-gown, had unbraided her hair and let it fall loose over her shoulders.

A low knock sounded on the door, and Mina called a permission to enter, although wondering what any of the servants could want of her at that hour. To her unbounded astonishment, when the door opened she saw Gaston Bernard standing on the threshold; he entered quickly.

"You here—at this hour?" Mina exclaimed. "What has happened? How could you come?"

Bernard stopped short, growing deathly pale.

"You sent for me?" he hurried on, in a questioning tone. "I received your note at seven o'clock, asking me to come on a matter of importance—sending this key—"

"I wrote—a note—that key?" stammered Mina. "No, no: I did not write or send!"

"Ah!" cried Bernard. "It was a snare! I ought to have thought of the possibility. But it was your writing—at least, exactly like it."

"Let me see the note."

"I did not bring it—"

"No matter," interrupted Mina. "Go—go at once! Come in the morning early, but go!"

As Bernard turned, the door opened and

Renaud de la Boissière entered, followed by his brother-in-law the Count de Nôves and a man-servant.

"Too late to slip away, my dear monsieur!" the marquis said, with a wicked little laugh. "Pray, sit down again—and you too, madame, I beg. Allow me to compliment you on your becoming *deshabille*!"

Mina and Bernard stood positively petrified.

"Let me begin by explaining my appearance," the marquis continued: "I started with my friends, and reached the chateau last evening. This morning, I received an anonymous note which informed me that madame was certain to profit by my absence, to enjoy the pleasure of receiving monsieur, so I came back—very opportunely."

"It is false!" broke in Bernard.

The marquis did not even glance toward him; he continued to address Mina in that cold pitiless voice:

"I came back, madame, not to verify the truth of the warning; I had no doubt of that, after your conduct of this summer. I came to take advantage of the opportunity of surprising you, as I have done. Hitherto, you have been too artful for me to obtain any proof of actual misconduct; this time, your feeling of security has rendered you sadly imprudent, as you will learn to your cost."

"Coward!" Bernard exclaimed.

"I have come, accompanied by the two witnesses demanded by the law," pursued the marquis, unmoved. "You will understand, madame, that my intention is to take the case into the courts with as little delay as possible."

Bernard, livid with choler, made a quick step toward the insulting wretch; but Mina placed herself in his way with a supplicating gesture, then turned toward her husband, saying:

"All this is a vile calumny, and you know it! On his side, Monsieur Bernard received a letter which brought him here. I will not abase myself enough to point out the absurdity of your accusations; it is only the culpable who defend themselves. I will not reply to your insults; they are beneath notice."

"You play the rôle of martyr as well as ever," Renaud rejoined; "but it cannot serve you any longer."

"I have only this to add," pursued Mina:

"When you apply for separation or divorce, I shall produce the letter which Monsieur Bernard received, the handwriting of which was so adroitly imitated that it deceived him in a hasty reading; but I shall be able to prove it was not mine."

"I own," said the marquis, with an ironical bow, "that, if you can produce this letter, it will tell wonderfully in your favor. Might I be allowed to see it?"

"Comedian!" exclaimed Mina. "Your acting does not deceive me! Monsieur Bernard, have the kindness to go for the letter at once. Monsieur de Noves will accompany you, no doubt."

The two men left the room in silence; the husband and wife were alone. During the half-hour which elapsed, not a word was exchanged between the pair. Mina sat with her eyes fixed on the clock; the marquis walked slowly up and down the chamber. Once he paused, then moved toward her as if about to speak; she put up her hand with a gesture of disgust, and he resumed his promenade.

At length, the silence was broken by a knock. Renaud opened the door; Bernard and the count entered. The painter hastened toward Mina, exclaiming in a tone of despair:

"The letter has disappeared! Those who invented the plot have found means to steal the proof I so carelessly left in their reach."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mina, her courage failing for the first time, "Providence abandons us!"

The marquis laughed in insolent triumph.

"You seem to me able to act very well yourself, madame," he said. "The scene is neatly done, but your acting does not deceive me—your own words, I think."

"Coward!" Bernard exclaimed, turning toward the speaker with uplifted hand; but the marquis had already reached the door. He paused to fling back a last terrible insult:

"I have no quarrel with you, monsieur—you have done me a great favor; accept my sincere sympathy for the unpleasant position in which you find yourself."

He was near the door as he spoke, and his brother-in-law stood between him and Bernard. The latter sprang forward and struck De Noves in the face, exclaiming:

"You miserable accomplice in that
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wretch's villainy, will you refuse to fight because I inspire you with sympathy?"

"No," De Noves answered, livid with rage. "To-morrow morning, I will send a friend to you."

A door further down the room had opened, unheard by either of the group; as the count ceased speaking, a low deep voice said quietly:

"Monsieur De Noves will do well to seek a friend to-night; by to-morrow, he will not have one in all Paris."

Mina started to her feet; the men turned in the direction from which the voice came. Renaud and the count recognized the tall dignified man who stood in the doorway, and stood rooted to the ground in dread.

"Madame, I have to apologize to you for this intrusion," continued the gentleman, moving toward her. "I am the chief of police; I am here to assure you that Monsieur de la Boissière's plot against you has failed utterly, thanks to the vigilance of your friend Madame d'Orlandes. Some time ago, she told me of the danger which she feared for you; my agents have kept a ceaseless and vigilant watch."

"I cannot thank you; I have no words," was all Mina could manage to articulate, as she sank back in her seat.

"None are needed," was the reply; "I have simply done my duty."

Then the chief turned toward the marquis and said in a chill passionless voice: "I cannot tell what steps madame may decide to take, but you and your accomplices have put yourselves within the grasp of the law. For weeks past, the man you hired last summer has brought me his bulletin before he carried it to the Baroness d'Ysaurin; he feared the baroness, but he feared me more."

"Oh, monsieur," cried Mina, "all I ask is to be left in peace—in peace!"

"Gentlemen," said the chief, "the marquise is worn out; kindly leave her at once. Madame," he went on, "take my word for it that hereafter you can live in peace; you are safe at last."

The next morning's journals announced the departure of the Baroness d'Ysaurin for England, and they also chronicled the death of the Marquis de la Boissière by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he had supposed unloaded.

[THE END.]

AFTERNOON TEA.

BY SARAH ATHERTON.

THE afternoon tea is a distinctive feature of our modern civilization. It is the outcome, perhaps, of the more homely tea of our grandmothers' time, when gossip, with much wagging of capped heads, was "rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue." In those days, the mahogany table, with its finest napery and best china, was loaded with all the delicacies procurable: oysters in various styles, muffins, waffles made enticing with sugar and cinnamon, many kinds of rich cake, and toothsome preserves went with the souchong and bohea, with tabaret and paduasoy gowns.

In these days, it is an altogether different affair. Our afternoon tea has also, as one of its chief concomitants, tidbits of gossip, but not perhaps the heavy gossip that went with the too rich cake and preserves, but the airy accompaniment of the thinned slices of bread and butter or delicate cake or some pretty bonbons. The small tea-table stands in one corner of the room, with its cloth of finest damask, plain or embroidered in cross-stitch Russian fashion, in red, or blue and red, or edged with deep Irish or crecheted lace. The daintiest or most unique cups and saucers that can be obtained—not too large, but large enough—stand invitingly placed; cream and sugar in old silver or new cut glass are temptingly near; a few flowers—only a few—sometimes grace the table; and this economical beverage of the gods is usually presided over by the prettiest girl on the hostess's list of acquaintances.

Of course, the pretty girl is well gowned and deft: quick, not only with her slim fingers, but with her nimble tongue. Her repartee should be as ready as her lumps of sugar, her smiles as bland as the cream she daintily pours from the jug. Such a presider over the tea-table is never left alone; all the young people naturally gravitate to her, and, though the male element is not a large accompaniment of the afternoon tea, young men have been known to swallow many cups of the—to them—dis-tasteful concoction because the prettiest girl

in the room has coaxed them just to taste her tea. Wry faces are no doubt made behind the uplifted cup; but the drink, too often lukewarm and many times diluted, has been manfully gulped down, and even more asked for, that the deluded young man may remain a little while longer in the neighborhood of the siren.

But, though young men and healthy girls are indifferent to lukewarm tea, beware of giving a poor concoction to the knowing dowager or wonderful housekeeper.

The silver or old-fashioned copper kettle should be on the table, the water just boiled, the brew strong, but not allowed to stand soaking till nothing is left of the delicious beverage but tannin.

It may seem odd to those who think that, if the water boils or has just boiled, it is all that is sufficient; not so: the virtue of the water changes, so says the expert in tea, if it boils too long. The tea-pot must be scalded just before the tea is made, and the maker should not be too chary of the herb. A careful mixture of green and black tea is considered by connoisseurs to be the best—both of the choicest variety, of course.

It will be safer for the pretty girl to let the connoisseur help herself to sugar and cream; she usually wants "just a little," but, if the cup is for the young man, it will make no difference: he will swallow it in any condition, though he may parley about the quantity of cream and sugar in order to have a longer chance for a few words more with the dispenser of good things.

Some persons take the tea Russian fashion, with a slice of lemon in it, using no cream and but little sugar. Others like it cold, with the pure tea poured in a glass, the beauty and taste enhanced by a large lump of transparent ice, and a slice of lemon floating on the top. Nothing can be prettier than the color of a glass of cold tea. On a hot day, this is delicious, though it has not the exhilarating effects of the steaming hot cup. And then, too, for a day's journey or a picnic, a jug of cold tea is admirable.

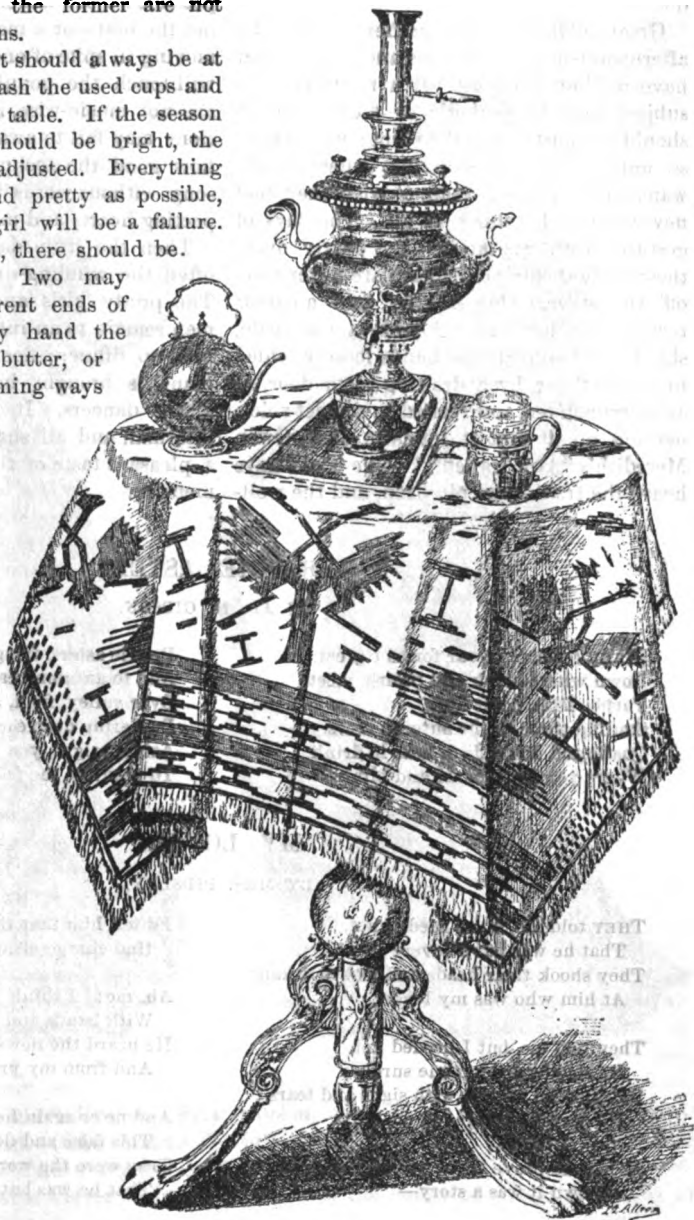
For the woman who has passed part of her day busy in the open air, exhausted herself by many domestic or social duties, or who has driven some distance to the gathering, the tea is not always sufficient; so it has grown to be the custom to add the thinnest slices of bread and butter, and sometimes a suspicion of grated ham is placed between the slices. The sandwiches of ham should not be mixed with the plain bread and butter, as the former are not agreeable to all persons.

If possible, a servant should always be at hand to remove and wash the used cups and to replace them on the table. If the season requires it, the fire should be bright, the lamps or candles well adjusted. Everything must be as dainty and pretty as possible, or even the pretty girl will be a failure. In fact, at a large tea, there should be several pretty girls. Two may pour the tea at different ends of the table, others may hand the tea and bread and butter, or assist in a dozen charming ways to make the hostess's little gathering pass off well.

But beware of spilling a drop on the pet gown of a rival beauty or the well-preserved one of a thrifty mother of a family. Such a fault cannot be forgiven. One may wear a frayed or old-fashioned gown on many occasions, but the afternoon tea is the place to show off one's smart clothes. All the rival belles and their mothers sit in judgment, and be sure that no new trimming on the gown, no unusual arrangement of flounce or plume in the bonnet, no beauty, and alas! no defect, will pass unnoticed. The hour of leisure, the cozy seat, the stimulant of the tea, all

combine to a feeling of criticism, be it good or bad, as the gayly dressed throng passes before the judges. Many a one in it is confident that the fit of the back of her dress, the shape of her jacket, or the arrangement of her hair has been commented on and she has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. So, dear friends, dress your best for the afternoon tea.

A hostess who can have the best new



books and magazines on her tables, a few photographs lying about, a well-selected bunch of flowers here and there, some odd bits of china, old silver, or a collection of souvenir spoons gathered from different places, confers a boon on her guests. Such objects induce conversation with the shy or reticent person; they start talk on congenial subjects between strangers, and thus aid a hostess quite as much as the pretty girl does.

Great additions to a gathering like the afternoon tea are recitations and music. But have neither too long. If a recitation, the subject may be pathetic or merry, but it should be short and to the point; it is always so much better to stop just when people want to hear more than to wish they had never heard the thing at all. The days of gestures with recitations are nearly over; these little theatrical displays are never good off the stage. One of the best amateur reciters we have ever heard—a tall, pale, slender girl—stood with hands loosely folded in front of her, by a drawing-room door, at an afternoon tea, and recited in a quiet voice, making no attempt at dramatic effect, Owen Meredith's "Aux Italiens." One could have heard the traditional pin drop, and the well-

known verses seemed to take a deeper meaning on them. And once a professional reader stood in the middle of a large drawing-room and recited that sad Provençal story, "Adieu, mon cœur," in so quiet a tone that one did not seem to hear it, only to see the pitiful little drama acted before one's eyes; a whole roomful of people stood spell-bound.

And then, too, music should be as good as possible: a sad lament, perhaps—but that is not the best—or a merry thing that sets feet moving in spite of one's self; something that will touch the popular taste, for all people are not music-wise, and the elaborate selections may fail to awake a throb, no matter how good the technique is, when a "little song without words" may creep into unsuspecting hearts and make a home there.

Then the little dance in the evening is often the winding-up of the afternoon tea. The pretty girls and the martyred young men remain to an informal "high tea" or a pick-up dinner; floors are cleared, and the piano is brought into requisition for the merry dancers. It should be social and informal, and all should go home with only a pleasant taste of the afternoon tea in the memory.

PRAIRIE ASTERS.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

STARRY blooms, your forms I greet,
Down where brook and prairie meet;
Purple, lilac, paler hues,
Smiling through the autumn dews.
Quails and doves flock here to drink,
Where you love to nod and blink.

Prairie asters, fringed and bright,
Add to autumn beauty-light;
Over valley, field, and hill,
Bordering deep each modest rill,
Asters bright, you bring sweet cheer
To beautify the fading year.

MY LOVER.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

THEY told me, but I heeded not,
That he was but a rover;
They shook their heads and looked askant
At him who was my lover.

They told me, but I heeded not,
He sought my fortune surely;
But then he vowed, with sighs and tears,
He craved and craved me only.

At last, to prove them wrong, I thought
—I own it was a story—

I'd tell him that the bank which failed
Had charge of all my money.

Ah, me! I think I see him now,
With hands and eyes uplifted;
He heard the news with dire dismay,
And from my presence flitted:

And ne'er again he came to woo,
This false and fickle lover.
True were the words my friends had said,
That he was but a rover.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an evening-dress, of black figured lace worn over a silk skirt—primrose-colored silk is very effective. It is trimmed

correspond with the skirt. Pink or lilac or very light green silk looks very well under black lace.

No. 2—Gives us a pretty design for a jacket for cool days. The gown is of plaid



No. 1.



No. 2.

with a flounce of lace headed by vandykes of black velvet ribbon. The bodice is V-shaped, the sleeves full. Bodice and sleeves are trimmed with velvet ribbon to

woolen, with plain skirt. Bodice slightly full under a narrow pointed belt of black velvet. The Spanish jacket is of a cashmere, of one of the colors of the plaid: short at

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the back, and is drawn up to a knot in front of the chest. The collar is large, with sharp points, and the sleeves moderately full.

No. 3—Shows a pretty way of making a walking-dress, and the side trimming is a decided novelty. The gown is made of a striped woolen, and the side trimming of

house-dress, where they are more appropriate. The pretty bodice of the gown is slightly full at the waist, and worn under a ribbon with a butterfly bow in front. A row of butterfly bows ornaments the left side of the bodice. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, and full above it. A butterfly bow may be added for the hair, when the dress is worn in the house.



No. 3.



No. 4.

five rows of butterfly bows of a color to correspond with the color of the dress. The lower bow has long ends which reach nearly to the ground. This is the style of our model, but we must protest against the ends of ribbon which are so common now, which move and fly about with every step; they are inelegant for the street, though the same objection is not to be urged for a

No. 4—Is a morning-gown, of cashmere. The bottom is trimmed with brown fur, and above it are several rows of braid. The blouse is somewhat of the Russian style, has a trimming of fur and rows of braid on the right side. The bodice is fuller than the skirts of the blouse. The girdle is composed of cashmere covered with rows of braid and fastened with oxydized clasps. The trim-



Nos. 5 and 6.

new fancy to wear fur in the house for morning-dress, though for some time some of the most elegant of the imported evening-gowns have been of white satin with fur trimmings. Our model would answer very well for a street-dress, if the skirt were shortened.

Nos. 5 and 6—Show us two pretty ways of trimming the bodices of house-dresses for evening-wear. In No. 5, the ribbon looks better to be two or three inches wide, while with No. 6 it is desirable to use a wider ribbon. The skirts of either of these gowns may be trimmed with bands of ribbon, or have a flounce or flounces studded with bows here and there, or the flounce may be draped in points and caught up with bows. On the skirt of No. 5, the bows should have short ends; on No. 6, there should be no ends to the bows on the skirt.

trimmings of the collar and cuffs are of braid and fur. The sleeves are very loose. It is a

No. 7—Gives us a stylish coat for a boy. It is slashed at the sides, double-breasted,



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.



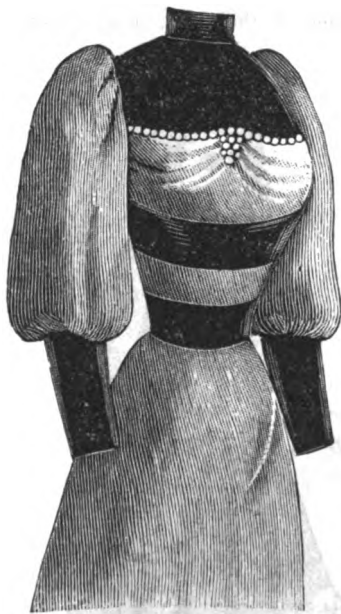
No. 10.

No. 9—Gives us one of the newest styles of sleeves. It may have a tight lighter sleeve to the elbow, if it is desired, because of the danger of taking cold, or because the arm may be too thin to display; but, if the arm is a pretty one, there is no more becoming sleeve in the world than one reaching to just below the elbow, with a fall of lace on the edge. If the close under-sleeve is required, it should be of some light rich material.

No. 10—Is a very dressy sleeve, which may be worn when an exposed arm is not desirable. The cuff is of light silk braided in gold, or it may be

and fastened with large buttons. There are false pocket-flaps at the sides. The belt is of wide leather, fastened with a big gilt buckle. Machine-stitching finishes coat, collar, and cuffs. Tam O'Shanter of cloth of the color of the coat.

No. 8—Is a warm dress for a little girl. The bottom of the skirt, the



No. 11.

waist, yoke, and cuffs are all trimmed with a narrow row of gray Astrakhan, or gray feather-trimming. The bodice is full from a plain round yoke. The felt hat is ornamented with gray curled ostrich-tips.



No. 12.

made of rich brocade; above that is a puff not very full, striped lengthwise with black velvet, over which falls the full upper sleeve.

No. 11—Shows one of the prettiest new styles of dresses for a young girl. The material is of gray foulé cloth. The bell skirt has a band of blue velvet around the bottom. The bodice and full elbow-sleeves are of the gray foulé cloth, while the yoke, collar, band across the bust, belt, and cuffs are of blue velvet. The corselet bodice is slightly draped in front under an orna-

ment of blue cut "jewels," and a row of the same finishes the bodice where it joins the yoke.

No. 12—Shows us a pretty model of a gray cashmere cloak for a little girl. The skirt is plain, with two rows of large bone buttons down the front. The cuffs and three capes are embroidered in buttonhole-stitch, done in gray silk. The capes are lined with silk. The bonnet is of white silk with Normandy crown, much gathered and standing up from the face.

OAK-BRANCH DESIGN.

We give many designs, this month, on the Supplement, among the prettiest of which is one of oak-leaves and acorns. The subject is suitable for a curtain-border, and it may

be repeated several times, or an adept can vary it if she wishes to do so. It also looks well on one of the shopping-bags now so popular.

DESIGN FOR A CUSHION.

On the Supplement, we give an unusually beautiful design of poppies, for a sofa-cushion or chair-seat. The selection of material, of

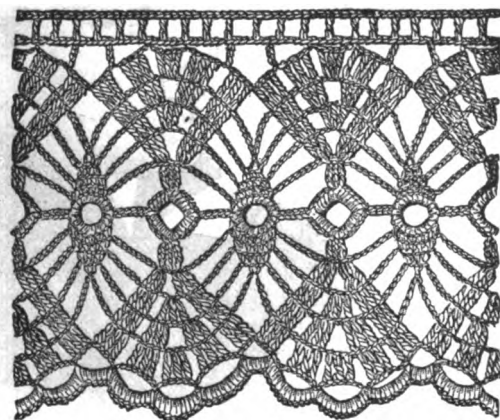
course, rests with the worker; but the color should be such that it will look best with the crimson poppies and their black centres.

NARCISSUS DESIGN.

The narcissus design given on the Supplement is a very pretty one for the end or middle of a bureau-scarf, a cushion, or the

corner of a table-cover. The flower should be done in white silk, and the leaves in a pale-green.

DESIGN IN CROCHET.



AUTUMN COAT. TAILOR-MADE BODICE. HAT.



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BONNET. MANTLE. SLEEVE.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.



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HANGING POCKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

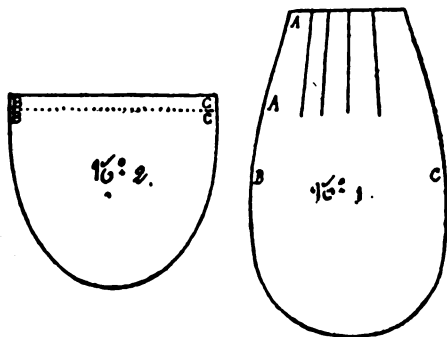


We give, on our Supplement this month, the pattern of a most useful hanging pocket for the bed-room, to hold the smaller pieces of linen for the laundry. Our model consists of two pieces:

1. THE BACK OF THE BAG.
2. THE FRONT POCKET.

The bag may be made of butcher's-linen or Java canvas. A simple design of poppies, daisies, or wild roses can then be embroidered with linen floss or crewels on the front

pocket, and a few sprays upon the top frill, in the natural colors of flowers and leaves. To make up the bag, cut out the back by pattern No. 1, then cut a second piece exactly like it, adding the frill at the top for both pieces. The opening into this back part of the bag is for the larger pieces of linen. The front pocket, No. 2, is to be embroidered and then joined to the back, as seen in the illustration. A frill of torchon lace or gathered ribbon finishes the pocket all around. Two loops at the sides of the frill at the top are placed to suspend the bag to the wall, on some small brass hooks. If the pocket is destined to be more ornamental, make the front of No. 1 of plush, the back of a contrasting satin, the same to line the frill; then make No. 2 of a piece of flowered brocade or of satin, embroidered, and trim



with gold lace or satin ribbon. This same design makes a beautiful cushion for a chair or for a sofa.

SOME HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

We give, in advance of the season, some hints for Christmas presents, so that, in a moment of leisure now and then, the work can be picked up and done with no apparent effort, and yet much accomplished. In this way, the giving of Christmas presents, which so often becomes an onerous burden when prepared in the hurry of the season, is a work of love.

A nice present for an elderly person or an invalid is a pair of slumber-slippers, knit in a pretty shade of wool in garter-stitch, a strip long enough to slip the foot in, and sew up the two ends. Crochet a row of shells around the top, run a ribbon through

it, and it is done. The foot shapes the slipper. These shoes can also be crocheted in rib-stitch.

Another pretty gift would be a jewel-casket made of a small cigar-box lined with satin and covered with plush.

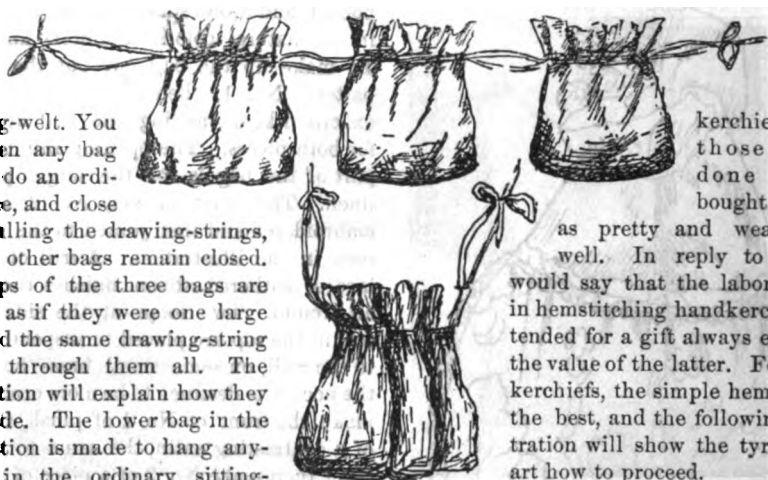
A set of bags is another pretty Christmas gift; it is novel and useful. Our model consists of three bags of light India silk, two of them of green, one rose, all delicate tints; the rose-colored one is in the middle, and the drawing-strings are made of baby-ribbon in the green tint. The bags are each five inches long, four wide, and have a top three-quarters of an inch deep above the

drawing-welt. You can open any bag as you do an ordinary one, and close it by pulling the drawing-strings, but the other bags remain closed. The tops of the three bags are treated as if they were one large bag, and the same drawing-string is run through them all. The illustration will explain how they are made. The lower bag in the illustration is made to hang anywhere in the ordinary sitting-room—on the back of a chair, or the corner of a cabinet—and is to hold scissors, dark and white thread, thimble, and needle, so that the "stitch in time" can always be taken. Calico bags are also useful for the kitchen drawer, where strings, cork-stoppers, and all the et-ceteras that are so necessary, but so troublesome if tumbling about, can be put.

A pretty work-bag is made of a palm-leaf fan, and, while very dainty, is substantial. Steam the fan so that it will bend easily. Press the edges together, and sew half-way up, using tinsel and colored zephyr, and putting the stitches about a quarter of an inch apart. The bag is suspended by the handle of the fan, a bow of ribbon being placed at the top of the handle, one at the root where it meets the leaf, and one at the point where the folded edges meet. Work the handle over and over with the tinsel. You can paint a pretty bunch of flowers on each side, and fill the opening with a silk or satin bag.

Other charming Christmas presents can be done in drawn-work on handkerchiefs or house-linen.

Some people may say that it is waste of time to hemstitch hand-



kerchiefs when those ready done can be bought, looking as pretty and wearing as well. In reply to this, I would say that the labor, of love in hemstitching handkerchiefs intended for a gift always enhances the value of the latter. For handkerchiefs, the simple hemstitch is the best, and the following illustration will show the tyro in the art how to proceed.

I will suppose the article to be a doily, for the same plan exactly suits a handkerchief—calculating, of course, your proportion of threads to the coarseness or fineness of the cambric.

Draw six threads one inch and an eighth from the edge, on all four sides of the doily. Baste the hem together so that it may be half an inch in width. Begin at the left side of the doily, and there fasten the thread, taking great care to conceal the knot, which can easily be done within the folds of the hem. Place the needle under five or six threads from right to left, draw it through, and take an ordinary stitch as if you were hemming, at the right of the threads, as in Fig. 1. A beginner will do well always to

count the threads; but, after a little practice, it will be found quite easy to guess the number, and yet have them quite equal.

This work greatly aids in the beautifying of table and house linen. Table-cloths look very much more finished, if ornamented in this way, and small tray and tea cloths, amply repay the trouble taken over them.

Certainly linensheets are greatly improved if the border is drawn, at least for the top

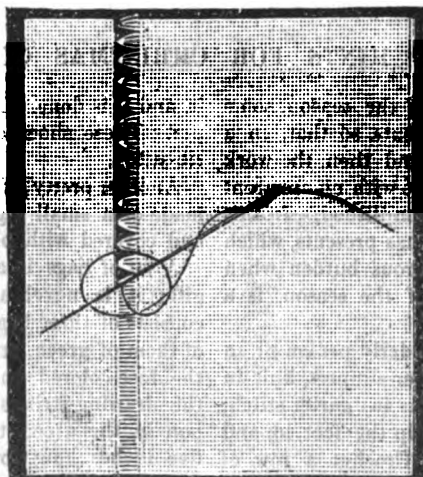


Fig. 1.

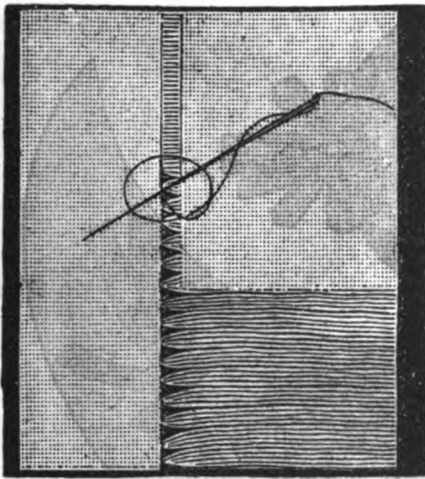


Fig. 2.

sheet, and towels also can be coarsely drawn and look very well. Bed-spreads can have a border of this order.

When a fringe is desired, it can be done as follows: Draw out three or four threads about two inches from the edge, the distance determining the depth of your fringe; then taking up a group of threads, as in Fig. 2, draw the thread with which you are working down tightly under the point of the needle toward your right, thus tying a very firm knot and securing an edge which would otherwise soon become loose and untidy-looking, if it did not ravel out altogether.

At first, this said knot may prove a stumbling-block to you, and, as you look at it, it may strike you as being very clumsy indeed. However, in that knot is the very essence,

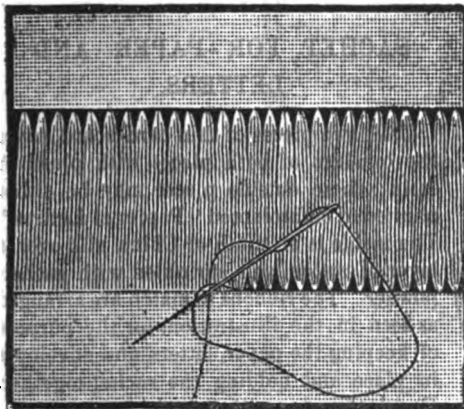


Fig. 3.

so to speak, of drawn-work, and, once you have conquered it, you will find that you can make it quickly and easily.

When you have been all round your piece of work with this stitch, begin at the inside to draw the threads for your fringe. Once you seem fairly on your way to conquering the knot, you will be ambitious to do more in the way of variation, and have your ambition set upon a pattern. Please look carefully at Fig. 3, and then mark the following directions. To prepare your work for a nar-

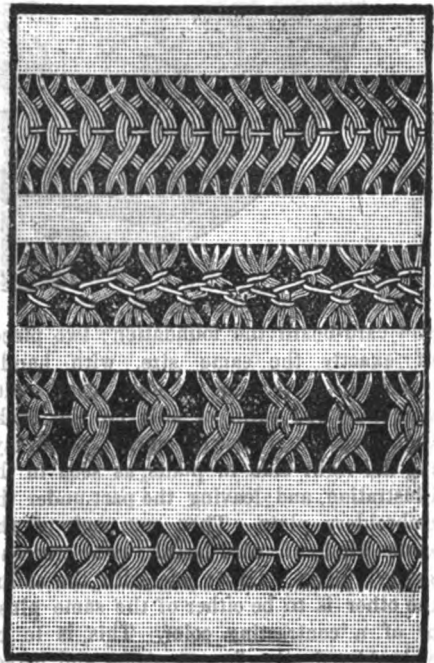


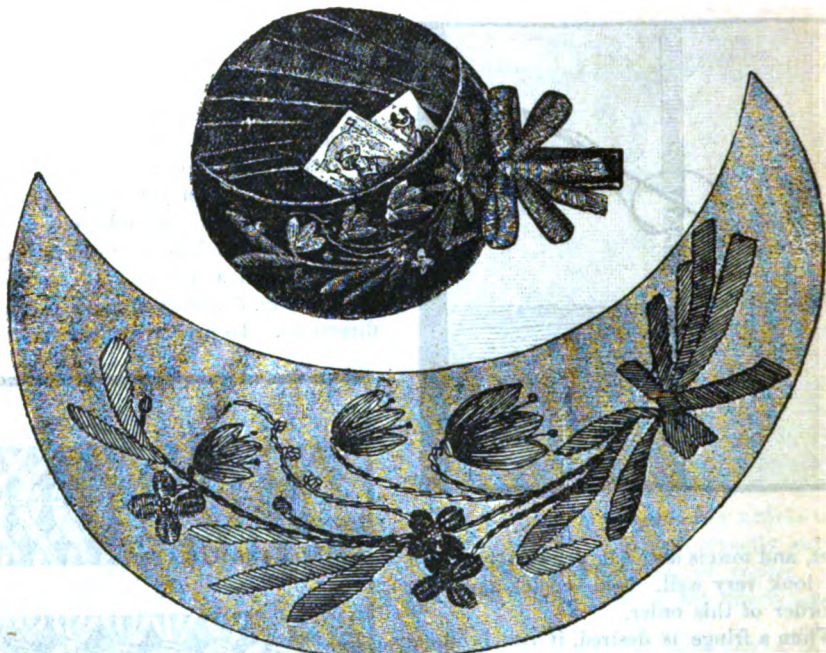
Fig. 4.

row pattern, say an inch wide, you should draw out threads for that space and fasten each side with the stitch shown in Fig. 2. All work ready for a design to be executed on it must present the appearance of Fig. 3. Any uneven division of threads will cause confusion and unsatisfactory results.

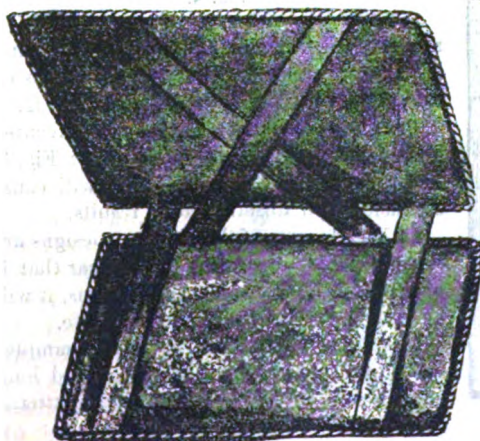
In Fig. 4, some of the simplest designs are shown. This illustration is so clear that it needs no comment, and the patterns, it will be owned, are pretty if not elaborate.

It is an excellent plan to have a sampler—a slip of coarse linen about a yard long and an eighth wide—and to work patterns on it for future use.

FAN-SHAPED PHOTOGRAPH-HOLDER.



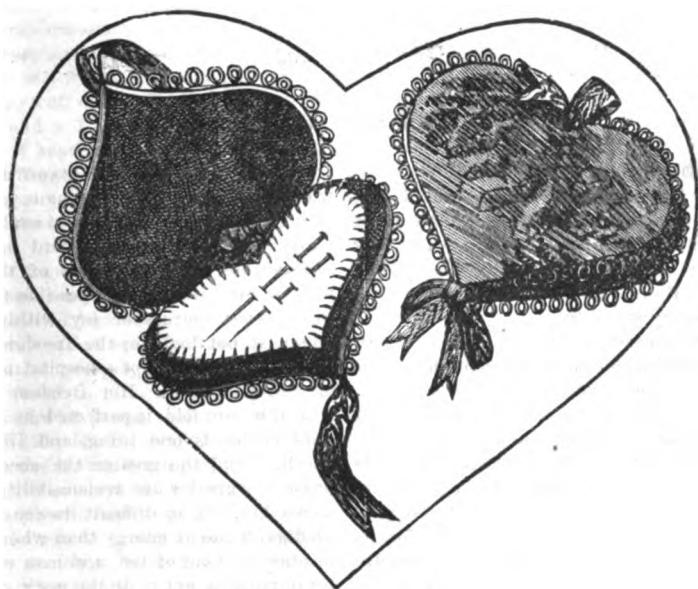
Take a large palm-leaf fan, or cut out of stiff card-board the foundation: two pieces of exactly the same size, with handle attached. Cover one of the pieces with garnet-colored satin or silk, for the back; then cover the front with garnet plush, laying the right side in plaits, as seen in the illustration, and leaving the part under the embroidery plain. Then cut, out of the same kind of card-board, two crescent-shaped pieces. Cover one with the satin; the other is to be either of the same plush or of a contrasting color. This is to be embroidered—the flowers, stems, and leaves in their natural colors. The bow-knot at the end, embroider in gold thread; also the centres of the little flowers and the stamens of the larger ones. After the embroidery is done, cover the card-board neatly with it, and put the two pieces of the crescent together, in overhand stitch. Finish with a gold cord; also the entire fan, finish in the same way. The knot of ribbon on the handle is of old-rose moiré ribbon, or any other pretty contrasting color, in harmony with the embroidery and the background. This photograph-frame can be hung in any convenient place, or simply tacked to the wall.



SACHET FOR PAPER AND LETTERS.

Take two pieces of thin card-board, cover the outsides of both pieces with plush or satin; these outside pieces may be either painted or embroidered "Papier et Lettres." The inside is of surah or China silk over a layer of cotton well sprinkled with sachet-powder. The ribbons to match are arranged as seen in the illustration, for the purpose of keeping the paper, letters, and envelopes in place and holding the sachet together. Finish the edge with a cord.

NEEDLE-CASE, HEART-SHAPED.



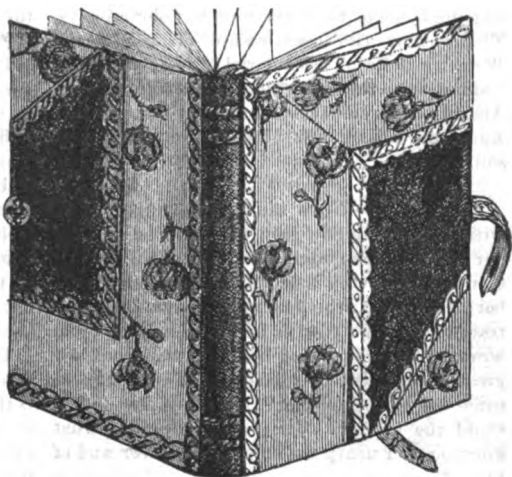
Our model shows this pretty needle-book both closed and open, also gives the diagram the proper size. Make the outside of the case of plush or velvet in some pretty shade of pale-green, and line the inside with rose-colored satin. The leaves to hold the needles are made of white cloth, the edges being

buttonholed with gold-colored silk. A tiny edge of gold-colored silk is crocheted and sewed neatly on both sides of the case, as seen in the illustration. A pretty bow of watered ribbon to match the outside at the top, and strings of the same at the points, complete the case.

COVER FOR BOOK.

This useful and ornamental cover is made of antique brocade and plush. Our model calls for a bit of delicate green brocade, with small roses, stems, and leaves dotted over the ground, but any pretty piece of old brocade will do. The plush may be garnet or olive-green. Cut the card-boards the size of the book you want to cover; lay on the plush and the brocade in the shapes indicated. Finish the edges of the brocade with narrow gold galloon or lace; the inside is to be lined with satin, and ribbons strapped across to slip the book into and keep in place. The piece down the back is also of the plush, covered separately and attached to the covers by loose stitches.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TO OUR READERS.—As we announced last month, the present number closes the record of this Magazine as a fashion periodical. The new management will carry into effect the idea of the present editors, and convert "Peterson" into a purely literary monthly.

For several years past, "Peterson" has been rapidly developing in that direction; numerous of our most popular authors have contributed to its pages, and its illustrations, fiction, and miscellaneous articles could challenge comparison with those of the highest-priced magazines. Its upward progress has received such cordial appreciation and support from the cultured public at large, that the time is now ripe for its evolution into a periodical devoted to literature and art, wholly unincumbered by any extraneous matter.

Important changes in the personality of the publishing company have placed the Magazine under fresh management that will spare no pains to insure success in its undertaking.

A prospectus of "THE NEW PETERSON" will be found on advertising pages 5 and 6, and we are confident that our readers will find the coming periodical eminently worthy of their patronage.

WORLD'S FAIR ITEM.—The women of North Carolina are organizing throughout the State for the purpose of raising \$10,000, with which to erect that State's building at the Exposition. The building will be a reproduction of the "Tryon Palace," a celebrated structure which was the home of the Governors in Colonial days. The women also contemplate placing in the Woman's Building a memorial of Virginia Dare, claimed to be the first white female child born in America, thus emphasizing the fact that the first American woman was born on North Carolina soil.

JUDGE NOT.—None can have thought much without noticing how soon we reach the limit of our knowledge of each other. The true history of no human being is decipherable to his neighbor; even love, which is intuition, cannot penetrate the strange reserve in which we each walk wrapped. Is there not here an argument for greater calmness, less haste, less certainty in condemning one another? I, who scarce understand the mystery of my own being—by what sanction do I usurp the office of lawgiver and of judge?

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OUR MODERN SAINT ELIZABETHS.—The girl who devotes herself to nursing is joining a body of high and noble tradition, co-eval with Christianity itself, whose watchword must ever be self-sacrifice. The pleasures of the world are not for her; it is not impossible that she may find deeper sources of joy within her reach. She must not look for the freedom of a selfish life. The discipline of a hospital must be military in its nature. Her freedom is only that which, we are told, is perfected by service. But self-sacrifice is one thing, and life-sacrifice is another; and the greater the obedience of the nurse, the greater the responsibility of those set above her. It is difficult to conceive a more prodigal waste of energy than when, as happens in nine cases out of ten, a woman with a genius for nursing is put to do the work of a scullery-maid; or, as also happens so often, is ruined in health and mind, and thrown back on the compulsorily selfish life of the invalid by the excessive drudgery of her novitiate. The most unselfish characters are often found in women of the slightest physique. Why, then, so adapt the training that you eliminate all but the strongest? Good nursing does not come naturally; it requires careful training and has to be learned. Why, then, keep your staff within such narrow limits that you can afford no time for the training of your younger nurses, and have to waste your best tools on tasks which any maid-of-all-work could perform better? These are some of the practical questions which it would be well for the managers of hospitals to put to themselves.

THE BICYCLE.—A well-known physician said recently: "A bicycle for the general health has no equal in modern ways and systems of travel. It fills the lungs with pure air, stimulates all the muscles of the body to do their natural functions, and throws dyspepsia and troubles arising therefrom to parts unknown, leaving their victims feeling as good as if they owned the world. To a man who rides a wheel regularly, insomnia is an unknown quantity, and nervous troubles are not heard from."

THE JOYFUL CHRISTIAN.—It is a common error to suppose that a melancholy countenance is the index of a gracious heart. Cheerfulness is to be recommended to all who would win others to a religious life; not levity and frothiness, but the loving ways of a happy spirit.

BUSH-FRUIT.—Under this concise term, it is the horticultural custom to class gooseberries, currants, and raspberries. Perhaps no kinds of fruit are, taken as a whole, so profitable as bush-fruits. They do well on almost any soil and in any position; and a bush will last for twenty years or more, if kept properly pruned, cleaned, and manured. They crop, too, almost invariably every year. Poor crops of gooseberries and currants are rare, whilst abundant ones are common.

Hence the cottage gardener should never neglect to plant these fruits. They may, if thought desirable, be planted beneath apple, pear, plum, and cherry trees, six feet apart, and thrive there. They will, indeed, prosper almost everywhere, and are thus useful to fill up odd corners or to run along borders of paths. All like a rather strong, holding soil; black currants especially so.

Gooseberries and currants are propagated most easily by means of cuttings made from the shoots of a summer's growth, each cutting being about twelve inches long, with a clean cut just below a leaf-bud, at the bottom end of the shoot. From every cutting should be removed, with a sharp knife, all the buds except four at the top. Early in November is the proper time to make and plant cuttings. They should be planted in rows fifteen inches apart, in furrows four inches deep. The cuttings should be four inches apart, and should be planted firmly in the soil. By the following autumn, they are well rooted, and may be planted more thinly. Thus capital bushes may soon be had for planting in permanent quarters. It is often the wisest course, however, to buy young bushes, which may be had very cheap, and so save time.

PRUNES.—It is only in recent years that the prune has come into anything like general use. This has been partly because of the price asked for a first-class imported article, and partly because few housewives knew how to prepare it acceptably in any but the stereotyped form of stewing. Its medicinal qualities—which equal, perhaps exceed, those of the date or fig—were totally unrecognized. Too much stress cannot be laid on its usefulness in families where there are children. While serving as a delicious dessert if properly prepared, it will also take the place of many of the cathartics, “fruit laxative,” etc., so injudiciously administered by ignorant and perplexed mothers.

A PITIABLE WEAKNESS.—The desire for social supremacy is one of the most pitiable weaknesses of human nature.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—“Know thyself” is good advice, but “know about your neighbors” is unfortunately the general practice all the world over.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Dora Darling. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is a story of the Civil War, which had a well-deserved success when it first appeared a good many years ago. The present publishers have issued it in their fifty-cent Good Company Series, and it is certain to enjoy another season of popular favor. Few tales of the great rebellion will so well bear a second perusal as this book, whose author is well and favorably known to the readers of this Magazine.

May Flower Tales. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—A charming volume of stories, as the names of the various authors will in advance convince our readers. Julian Hawthorne opens the series with “A Modern Girl's Story,” which is one of the best of his short efforts. Then follows “Maise Bowman's Fate,” by Grant Allen, which is equally good in a different line. “The Other and I,” by Richard Dowling, comes next, and will prove of absorbing interest to every lover of the weird and supernatural. “My Two Wives,” by George R. Sims, is a capital tale; and “Through the Gap,” by Hume Nisbet, is striking and original enough to make a fit conclusion to the series.

A Modern Dick Whittington. By James Payn. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—This novel is the latest number of the popular Broadway Series. It is written in Mr. Payn's most attractive manner, and is a very interesting story. The author is a great favorite with a wide circle of readers, and the present book cannot fail to meet with success.

Four Destinies. By Théophile Gautier. New York: Worthington Co.—This is one of the most fascinating stories that ever came from the pen of the most versatile of French authors. The scene is laid in England and India, and the descriptions of the latter country form a series of vivid word-pictures which few writers could equal. The story itself is weird and strange enough to satisfy the most advanced student in theosophical mysteries, while the incidents are so novel and the leading characters so interesting that the ordinary novel-reader will find his attention absorbed to the very end of the book.

For His Sake. By Mrs. Alexander. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—We always anticipate passing an agreeable hour when we take up a book of Mrs. Alexander's, and are never disappointed; although, like most authors who write a great deal, she is somewhat uneven in her efforts. This new book, however, shows her at her best; in our opinion, she has done nothing to equal it since the production of “The Wooing o' It” and “Her Dearest Foe,” two works which enjoyed a thoroughly deserved success and at once lifted their writer into the front rank of the later English novelists.

A Big Stake. By Mrs. Robert Jocalyn. Phila-

delphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A well-written and exceedingly readable novel. The incidents are numerous enough to keep the reader's interest thoroughly alive, and the characters are very human in their faults and blunders. The slight plot is worked out to a real denouement, which cannot be said of many novels of the present day, and another point in the book's favor is the fact that the winding-up is a happy one.

The Deserted Heiress. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. —This novel ranks among the most popular that Mrs. Southworth has ever written. It is founded on incidents in the career of one of America's best-known and wisest political men. The book is now included in the publishers' popular twenty-five-cent edition of standard novels.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' BICYCLE FREE! On easy conditions, without one cent of money. Write us to-day if you want one. Address Western Pearl Co., 334 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

RECEIPTS.

Oyster Omelet.—Beat six eggs to a light froth; add half a cupful of cream, salt and pepper; pour into a frying-pan, with a tablespoonful of butter, and drop in a dozen large oysters. Fry a light-brown. Double over, and send to the table immediately.

Cream-Cake.—Three eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of water. Bake in jelly-pans, making six cakes. Between the layers, put a cream made of one pint of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Worth trying.

Bread Omelet.—To a large teacupful of bread-crumbs, add a teacupful of cream or rich milk, a dessertspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to suit taste, also a little nutmeg. When the bread-crumbs have absorbed all the cream, add three well-beaten eggs and fry in butter.

Apple Shape.—Pare, cut, and quarter two pounds of apples, put them into a saucepan with a pint of water, one pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of blackberry or red currant jelly, and one ounce of isinglass. Boil gently, and beat the mixture until perfectly smooth. Pour into an oiled mould for the night; when set, turn into a glass dish garnished with clotted cream.

Rice Fritters.—One teacupful of cold boiled rice, two well-beaten eggs, two teacupfuls of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; add to these a little good baking-powder and a

pinch of salt. Fry on a hot griddle. Eat with butter and sugar rubbed together, and season with a little nutmeg. This is a good way to use cold rice.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

SPECIAL ARTICLE.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

GERMS, MICROBES, BACTERIA, ETC.

The researches of medical investigators in relation to germs, spores, bacilli, etc., causing many diseases to which we are subject, are so very important that I deem it my duty to mothers especially to slip in an article upon the subject outside of my regular series.

It is now shown that micro-organisms cause catarrh, the grippe or influenza, hay fever, quinsy, whooping-cough, consumption, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlatina, measles and most skin diseases, as well as small-pox, yellow fever, cholera, carbuncles, ulcers, etc. And the great study of scientists has been, and now is, to find the antiseptic possessing the best properties to destroy the germs and at the same time to be wholly innocuous to the human family. All virus, say the chemists, is albuminoid and is destroyed by coagulation or rendered inert by the oxydizing action of an agent called ozone—a normal constituent of pure fresh air—which is sufficient in small quantities to destroy germs; and it is further shown that, in places where cholera has raged, there was an absence of ozone in the air. Now, the wonderful antiseptic property and value of ozone being discovered, a number of chemists devised different methods of its production; but all failed to bring it out in a form that could be used by all, medicinally and safely, till Charles Marchand, of New York, prepared his peroxide of hydrogen and another agent called glycozone. The nostrils, mouth, tonsils, and throat should be sprayed with the former, diluted, at the very first symptoms of diphtheria or any of the above-named contagious diseases, at least twice—or better, several times—a day, after which the same parts should be penciled over with a large camel's-hair throat-brush dipped in the glycozone. With these remedies at hand and this treatment pursued, no mother need fear the dreaded diphtheria, scarlatina, etc. "The Therapeutical Application of Peroxide of Hydrogen (Medicinal) and Glycozone, by Chas. Marchand, Chemist, New York," should be in every family and consulted by every mother. The "grip" yields at once to this treatment. The pamphlet can be had free.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. 1.—DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED CRÈPE AND SILK. The back of the skirt, which is made with a short train, is of the silk. The apron-front is of lavender crêpe and is edged

with a narrow fluted ruffle. The full bodice of crêpe is worn under a wide Empire band of the silk, which is tied in a wide bow with long ends at the back. The open bodice has wide Directoire lapels and is finished at the back with a high plaited standing collar. The lapels and cuffs are piped with the silk. Folds of white crêpe are worn with the open bodice, and the whole of this pretty toilette is finished by a bunch of natural violets.

FIG. II.—SKIRT AND BODICE, CUT IN ONE PIECE, OF BLACK VELVET. It is untrimmed, the bodice cut low and in points back and front. A plain straight piece of light-green silk comes above the bodice, and over it is worn a gathered bodice of light-green spotted gauze, with very full sleeves reaching to the elbow, and large bows on the shoulders.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF CINNAMON-BROWN CLOTH, spotted with velvet. Around the bottom is a broad band of brown velvet. The coat-basque has long tails at the back, and is also long in front. It has revers of plain cloth faced with brown velvet, a plain cloth vest which is trimmed diagonally with buttons, and a brown velvet plastron and collar. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers. Feather boa.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF BLACK SILK. A very deep fall of black lace is put on the front. Over this is a pointed shawl-shaped piece of silk, edged with a deep row of jet and silk fringe. Two other pointed trimmings of jet are placed above it. The round bodice has a wide band of three folds of the silk. It is plaited from the left shoulder to the waist, and a jabot of black lace crosses from the left shoulder to the band. On the right side are two rows of narrow jet. Jet collar. The very full sleeves have deep jet cuffs. Small jet bonnet.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF GREENISH-BLUE CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of otter. The Russian bodice is belted at the waist by a band of otter-colored cloth. Collar and cuffs of the same cloth. A band of otter fur passes down the left side, from the shoulder to the bottom of the blouse. Blue cloth toque, trimmed at the back with a stiff fawn-colored wing. Silver buttons ornament the blouse. Gray feather boa.

FIG. VI.—DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with four rows of fur graduated, the lower one being the heaviest. The waist is also trimmed with fur, the front laid in organ-plaits, cut square, and opening over a plastron of black and green plaid. The sleeves are of dark-green cloth, striped with black. Fur collar. Toque of green cloth, trimmed with ribbon, a small bird, and a very narrow row of fur.

FIG. VII.—DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed at the bottom with three ruffles of gray silk. Round waist, with organ-plaits. Cloak of heavy black cashmere, trimmed with rich black

passementerie. High shoulder-places. Small black bonnet, ornamented with jet.

FIG. VIII.—DRESS, OF WHITE SILK-MUSLIN, with three ruffles of the same at the bottom. The upper part of the bodice is cut in points back and front, the outside drawn in two series of gathers and ornamented with bows of white satin ribbon. White silk waistband, below which there is a puff of the silk-muslin. Long full sleeves.

FIG. IX.—DRESS, OF HEATHER-COLORED WOOLEN, the bottom trimmed with brown fur. Square bodice, edged with fur, opening over a plastron of striped woollen material of two shades, of brown. The waistband is of silk of the, lighter brown. Very full sleeves of the heather-colored woollen.

FIG. X.—DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE BEDFORD-CLOTH. The skirt is edged with a row of black Astrakhan, above which are five rows of black braid. The jacket is of black Astrakhan, opening over a vest of blue cloth with hussar fastenings of black braid. This vest can be made removable, and black or tan-colored substituted. Muff and collar of black Astrakhan. Black felt hat, ornamented with bows of broad blue ribbon and a black aigrette.

FIG. XI.—JACKET, OF BROWN CLOTH, double-breasted and not tight-fitting in the back.

FIG. XII.—TAILOR-MADE BODICE FOR A WINTER COSTUME. The seams reach from the neck, and the habit-skirt is rather long and square. In front, the corsage is cut in a point; or, if preferred, it may be made without a point just in front, but cut away and two points formed a little at the side.

FIG. XIII.—SEAL-SKIN TOQUE, ornamented with feathers at the back.

FIG. XIV.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with upright loops and large bows of purplish-pink ribbon and a wreath of chrysanthemums of the same color.

FIG. XV.—MANTLE, OF GRAY ASTRAKHAN, lined with pale-yellow satin. The yoke is of black velvet, and the square collar is of the Astrakhan.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE FOR A HEAVY WINTER GARMENT. The lower sleeve is fastened across the back with tiny buckles and straps. At the hand, it is braided and edged with fur. The wide upper sleeve is trimmed to correspond with the finish at the hand.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It seems impossible that there could be any change of material or design in goods, so many are those which have appeared season after season; but each spring or autumn produces something new in color or decoration. Every woman may suit her own fancy, whether for rough woollen materials or smoothly finished cloth, and be equally in the fashion.

Short jackets of the Spanish and other shapes are pretty and popular. For house-wear they

may be made of velvet, lace, or passementerie—but always of some material differing from the gown—and have a tight-fitting vest or front, in place of the full shirt-waist worn during the summer. Blouse-waists of plaid silk will take the place of the flannel and cotton shirts popular in the warm weather.

Cheviots, homespuns (very rough), sable cloth, poplins, Bedford cords, rough camel's-hair, are as popular as the smooth-faced broadcloths, light reps, and cashmere. Indeed, it is said that silks will probably come to the front again for winter-wear, after having been so long discarded except for the house. Small lozenges, specks, and dots are seen on many of the new goods. Plaids are to be carefully worn, for they look well only on tall women, and should be well made, as they are so conspicuous.

Various shades of red are popular, from the darkest wine-color to the lightest poppy, or from the palest rose to peony; gray, green, and purple are seen in all shades.

The best-dressed women are wearing shorter skirts for the street; they escape the ground. Bell and cornet-shaped skirts are the most popular; as yet, they have but little trimming, though the revival of flounced skirts is predicted; not one flounce, but flounces to the waist. Thin muslin or laces would not look amiss on slender figures, but for a big woman in a gown of heavy silk or satin! The mind refuses to dwell on the subject. A few dressmakers are trying to add drapery to the plain skirts, but there appears to be a tendency in Paris to return to the short waists and scant skirts of the Empire; and the latter do not admit of drapery, without it may be a lace flounce or so.

Tailor-costumes retain their vogue for walking or traveling: the skirts do not touch the ground. Sleeves comfortably loose, and either a woolen blouse or a tight waist is worn under the jacket.

Bodices will undergo a decided change, if the Empire style come in favor. As it is at present, they are much trimmed and the individual fancy has free scope in the way of ornamentation. Points are not so sharp as they were, but long postilion-backs are shown on many of the imported costumes. A wide waist-belt is frequently worn, coming from under the arms, with these postilion-backs. These very wide waist-belts are made of plaited silk, and seem to be the wedge to introduce the short-waisted Empire gown. Slender women may adopt the wide-belted style at once, but stout ones should be very slow to do so; the long-pointed English waist is much more becoming to the latter.

Sleeves are growing larger and larger, but are not so high on the shoulders as they have been worn, which is an improvement. The best-dressed women, however, do not exaggerate the size. The one large puff to the elbow, from which the sleeve is fastened closely to the wrist,

is the ordinary sleeve for day-wear; but, for evening-gowns, the medium-sized one reaching to the elbow, edged with a lace ruffle, is the prettiest in the world—or the sleeve like that worn in the time of Charles the First, which is perhaps equally pretty. Many of the sleeves are quite different, both in color and material, from the dress: light-colored gowns frequently having dark-colored sleeves and of a different color. Lace sleeves are much worn with evening-toilettes.

Capes are not cut as deep as they have been; when the loose cape-shape is retained, it is usually cut very long, has full shoulders, and really becomes a mantle. Jackets are not of the exaggerated length of last year, and are therefore more becoming to the figure. Long coats and cloaks are worn, but are usually kept for traveling or driving, and are not so fashionable for ordinary walking-use.

Bonnets are still small and close, and, for ceremonious occasions, are smaller than those for ordinary wear. Trimmings are not worn as high as has been the case recently; broad Alsatian bows are in great favor, sometimes with a large buckle fastening the bows down in the middle. Toques are made of soft folds of cloth or velvet, oval in shape, and without strings. Hats are of medium size, with slightly irregular brims, deeper at the back than those recently worn, and therefore more graceful. There are a few cavalier hats, with long plumes that fall to the back: these are very becoming. Fancy feather wings, quills, etc., are all popular.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY WOOLEN, figured in a darker shade. The bottom is ornamented with a narrow band of fur at the top of the hem. The basque-bodice is trimmed with fur, and the jacket and vest are of the same material as the dress. The vest may be of a different fabric or color, and will look equally well.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF BROWN CASHMERE. The skirt is put on to the bodice, but is not very full, especially in front. The cape is lined with silk, is full, and has a small hood at the back. A cape and hood of this kind look well only on slender girls. Broad felt hat.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA CHEVIOT TWEED, with fluffy lengthwise stripes. The skirt is trimmed with fur at the bottom and up the right side, and with large horn buttons. The Russian blouse-bodice opens on the left side and corresponds in trimming with the skirt. Pocket on the right side. Astrakhan collar and cuffs. Felt hat, with band of narrow Astrakhan on the edge and trimmed with dull-pink ribbon and feathers.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF BROWN SEAL VELVET, trimmed with a band of seal-skin and wing.



Painted by Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.

"CALLER HERRIN"

THE NEW PETERSON MAGAZINE

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No. 6.

THE AMATEUR'S CAMERA.



A PORTRAIT.

IT will perhaps be franker to state at the outset that I am not an amateur photographer, although I have had aspirations in that direction.

I even went so far once as to purchase a book upon the subject; but unfortunately the first paragraph to which I opened advised me to buy one pound of hyposulphite of soda, one pound of protosulphate of iron, one ounce of dry oxalic acid, together with a few other hypo-proto-bromides of something or other.

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My memory is a poor one, and I knew that I could not remember all these things long enough to get to a chemist's; so I gave up amateur photography after this—brief experience, can I call it?

This paper, therefore, will possess little interest to the amateurs themselves, for I cannot make suggestions that have any value whatever to them. My only object is to give, for the benefit of those who like myself can hardly tell a camera from a silver print, a little account of the vast amount of work accomplished by amateurs, and a brief description of some of the beautiful pictures they have produced.

One writer—an amateur—in a recent article, has very unkindly remarked, apropos to this subject, that a host of amateurs have arisen who have ignorantly worshiped the sun and coaxed him to do a vast deal of work of which he is probably ashamed. I am happy to add that punishment speedily overtook

the offender, as was only meet and proper, in the shape of a five-by-eight pane of window-glass without a vestige of anything on it, although the plate had been carefully exposed and treated to a bath of every chemical the amateur possessed.

There are so many lions in the path, that my admiration for the photographer who produces even a poor picture is only equaled by my wonder that more do not sink into photographic graves; but perseverance is the watchword, and success, as a rule, the final result.

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It was just about thirty years ago, that the first amateur photographers' society was formed in this country. It was organized in connection with the American Institute Fair. Three years later, Philadelphia formed a similar society. Within the last year or two, clubs or societies have sprung up all over the country, until now they number about one hundred in the United States alone.

The Society of Amateur Photographers of New York is the largest and best-known organization in the country. It was started eight years ago, and possesses over three hundred members.

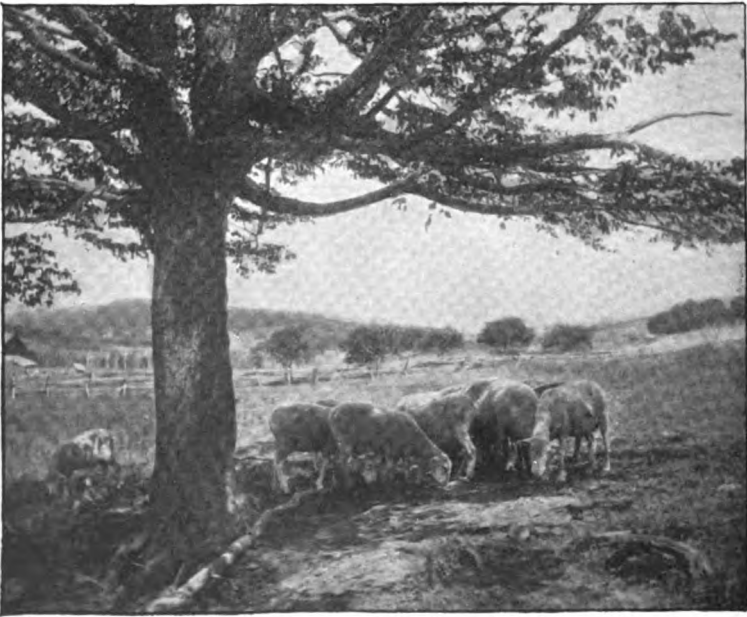
The Society has recently moved into new quarters in West Thirty-eighth Street. The members now have the largest and most complete photographic club-room, not only in this country, but in the world. Besides the laboratory, there are club-rooms, a directors' room, a library, and a hall where exhibitions are given.

Frequent meetings are held, and matters of interest to photographers are discussed; new methods are demonstrated, and lantern-slide exhibitions are

given. A library of works on photography is kept, and periodicals are on file. There is a large camera, a copying camera, an optical lantern, a dark-room, and all the facilities necessary for the most difficult work.

About the same conditions exist at the Camera Club, New York, which was incorporated in 1888, with this exception: that the resident membership is limited to one hundred, and the non-resident membership to fifty. Among the members are lawyers, doctors, chemists, artists, as well as ladies and gentlemen possessed of plenty of leisure as well as plenty of money, both of which are nearly indispensable to the pursuit of photography.

One of the cleverest and most successful amateurs in this country is Miss Mary E. Martin. In the selection of her subjects and in delicacy of handling, her photographs show the keenest artistic perception. In her home, she has a studio fitted up with skylights and dark-rooms and ruby lights, and all the thousand-and-one things dear as well as necessary to the ardent amateur. The pictures that she makes are all works of



IN A SHEEP-PASTURE.

art. One of her photographs, a portrait, received a prize at the Vienna Exhibition last summer.

"In a Sheep-Pasture" is a copy of one of Miss Martin's pictures, and a very charming one too. "À la Japonaise" is another of her photographs.

Miss Martin spends her summers at Cooperstown, a place close to every amateur's heart—so many beautiful bits of lake, forest, and valley scenery does it possess. The burning of the Cooper House, which occurred last summer, was

studio, photographs are piled everywhere; charming old ladies in white caps, famous literary and artistic folk, look out from frames and open albums, and more frequently than all does one find pictures of the three small Lounsberys, taken in all manner of quaint costumes and in every stage of the day's duties and pleasures.

Mrs. Lounsbery has even accomplished the somewhat unique feat of photographing herself, with trifling aid from an assistant whose duty it was to remove the



À LA JAPANESE.

photographed by Miss Martin, and is herein represented. "Three Little Pickanninnies" is also the work of her camera.

Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbery is another member of the Camera Club who produces very artistic work. She does her own developing, printing, and mounting. At her summer home, "Jocuistita Hall," Bedford, N. Y., she has a delightful studio. The photographs she takes in town, she develops at the Camera Club. Portraiture is Mrs. Lounsbery's specialty, and for posing subjects she possesses a positive genius. In her

cap from the camera and to count six. The photograph we show is the identical portrait taken by her. The costume—one she wore at Madame de Barrios' fancy ball, about a year ago—is that of a Turkish lady. Mrs. Lounsbery, who before her marriage was Miss Edith Haggin, is the granddaughter of a Turkish lady—Adalina Ben Ali—whose history was a romantic one, but rather too long to relate here. She married, when very young, an Englishman—Mr. Haggin.

The illustration of the Alamo is taken from one of Dr. Nagle's photographs, which he kindly loaned for this article.



BURNING OF THE COOPER HOUSE.

The Alamo, as probably the reader knows, was formerly the Mission-house of San Antonio de Valero; in 1836, it was the scene of the slaughter of one hundred and seventy-two Texans, including Colonel Bowie, Colonel Davis, and Davy Crockett.

In Dr. Nagle's collection are various pretty pictures taken nearer home—on the Shrewsbury River, at Palenville in New York, at Seabright, and off Sandy Hook.

Mr. William M. Huckel has been particularly successful with interior views, although I believe he prefers landscapes; of the latter, he has a valuable collection, many of them taken in the neighborhood of Great Neck, L. I.

Mr. George B. Agnew visited Alaska a year or two ago, and brought home with him some very charming photographs of many places that he visited. Among the pictures is one of the Greek church at Sitka—a most interesting object. The building is cruciform, surmounted by an immense dome. Upon its gilded cross, the Sitkans say the ravens gather in large numbers to welcome every incoming ship, long before she is visible to human eyes. Within the tower is a chime of six sweet-toned bells, sent from Moscow. The interior

decorations are magnificent; the paintings alone are marvels of art and beauty, and, with the exception of the face and hands, which are painted on ivory, these pictures are of beaten gold and silver, set with precious stones.

Marine views seem to have presented the most charms to Mr. Alfred L. Simpson; he has pictures of all the famous racing yachts—Puritan and Genesta, Galatea and Mayflower, Volunteer and Thistle.

Colonel Elbridge T. Gerry always takes his camera with him when he goes on a yachting-trip; among his collection of prints, the most interesting are those of his own yacht *Electra*.

Central Park, Ausable River, Whirlpool Rapids, and Onoko Glen are a few of the negatives taken by Mr. Daniel K. Young. Three very pretty pictures of his, which he exhibited last year at the American Institute Fair, are "Rebecca," "Arab Girl and Greek Girl," and tableaux arranged from "Ben Hur."

Mr. Hugo S. Mack turns his attention mainly to landscapes. He has photographs taken at Oberammergau and in the Tyrol, also pictures of the palace of Linderhof, of the hunting-lodge of Louis of Bavaria, and an instantaneous picture, "Taking the Waters at Carlsbad."

Mr. William Bunker excels in portraiture and in pictures of animals.

The studios of celebrated New York artists have attracted the attention of Mr. E. S. Bennett; as a result of his labors in the line of photography, he has some handsome pictures of the studios of W. M. Chase, J. Carroll Beckwith, Walter Shirlaw, and J. H. Dolph.

Appropos to mounting prints, Mr. Horace Markley, a most successful amateur as well as an enthusiastic one, has volunteered the following information. He says: "While I do not claim any originality for my method, it may prove of interest to some reader. Assuming that the neophyte does not understand the glacé process—if he does, so much the better—let us begin at the first stage. The prints, after careful toning and fixing, are put in a tray or other receptacle for washing—if possible, in such a way that the water runs out almost as quickly as it runs in, thus giving a constant change of fresh water. By all means, wash the prints thoroughly, for on this depends their durability of tone and color. Then have ready prepared a sufficient number of glass plates—I prefer highly polished metal plates—and, tak-

ing the prints from the water, they are placed, face down, on the glass or metal surface, and then squeezed so that no air-bubble remains underneath. When well down, I paste the back of print and mount thereon a piece of heavy paper of the same size; then, gumming the back of this paper, I set it away to dry. When dry, it peels off with a most brilliant surface, and the gum can then be moistened and the picture mounted on the card. The object of this heavy paper is to protect the glacé surface; as, without it, when pasted for mounting, the damp would deaden the gloss at once."

Mr. George Post at one time afforded a great deal of amusement to his friends with a novel camera, of which he claimed to be the inventor, though, like almost all of the craft who have found a new thing in the photographic line, he failed to apply for a patent, preferring that the whole world might make use of his idea. The camera was in effect an opera-hat, with a hole in the top and a lens inside. If Mr. Post, while walking about with his opera-hat on, saw an attractive face or anything else that struck his fancy, he would take off the hat, level his little lens, and make a snap shot. No one



THREE LITTLE PICKANNINNIES.

knows where he carried his plate-holders, but he had a few with him at all times.

It is said, and very justly, that no other branch of art has made the strides that this one has in the last decade, and it is safe to assert that almost all of the latest improvements have been conceived, if not perfected, by amateurs. For instance, the gelatine process, from

the action of the sun was the work of an American amateur—Dr. Draper.

The platinotype, or a picture printed on paper prepared with a solution of platinum instead of silver, was discovered by an English amateur—Dr. Willis.

A German in the Prussian service, named Colonel Anschultz, also an amateur, has invented an electric apparatus



MRS. RICHARD P. LOUNSBURY.

which was evolved the present dry plate, was first applied by Dr. Maddox, a Scotch amateur photographer and microscopist.

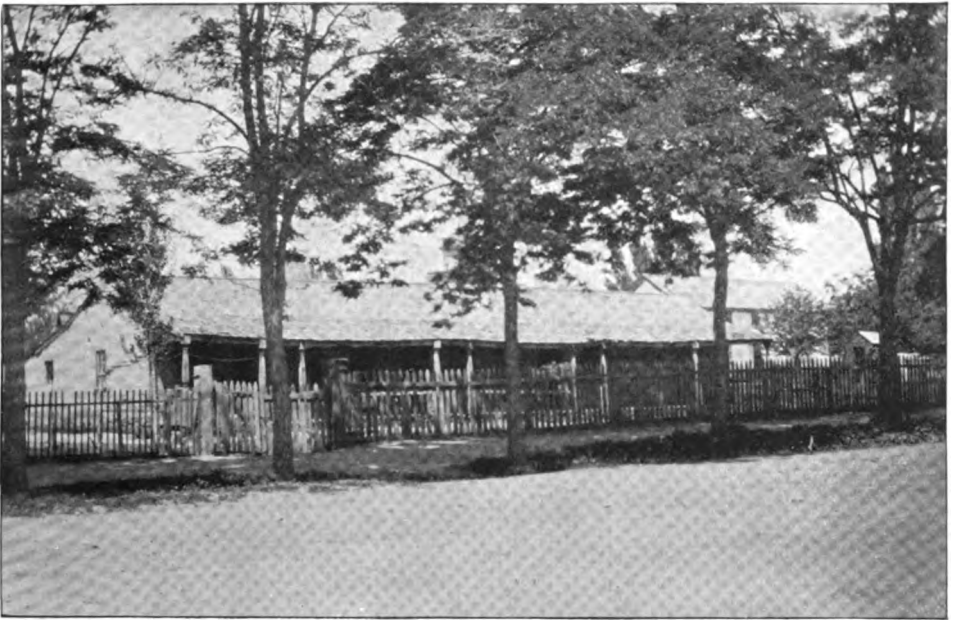
Mr. Bennett, of London, also an experienced amateur, conceived the scheme of boiling the gelatine, and from this idea came the perfected gelatine emulsion dry plate now used all over the world. The first portrait ever made by

called a tachyscope, by which he is able to show the motions of men and animals, from the instantaneous photographs which he has made, in such a way that the subjects seem actually to be living before us. The series of photographs is put on a circular glass plate which rapidly turns around its axis, and, whenever a picture appears before the eye of the observer, it is lit up by an electric spark. By this means,

the natural motion of the object is reproduced with a degree of truth and accuracy that is absolutely bewildering. Looking thus at the representation of a man on a galloping horse, for instance, every single movement of horse and rider can be followed. Not only do the legs of the horse move according to the gait, but one sees the dust rise, the horse's mane and tail fly out, and the nostrils expand. The rider urges his horse, pulls the curb-chain, and moves back his foot to apply the spur, exactly as in life.

York amateur—Dr. Piffard; before he came to the rescue of the ambitious young men and maidens who were trying experiments with it, there were more burned fingers than flash-light photographs. Dr. Piffard devised a means of using the magnesium powder without danger, by spreading it over gun-cotton and then igniting the cotton by a fuse.

"Better than daylight," is the amateurs' verdict regarding the magnesium light. Daylight is very uncertain and very deceptive; the time of day, the season of the year, and many other



THE ALAMO.

Each series in this apparatus represents a bit of life—not a life-like picture, but life itself—with wonderful naturalness and truth. When the apparatus was shown to the late Emperor Frederick, he declared that the truth to nature, down to the simplest details, was "simply astounding," and that "the first glimpse almost takes one's breath away."

Colonel Anschütz has made instantaneous photographs of various wild beasts, besides the numerous subjects to be found in the Prussian imperial cavalry.

Although the flash-light originated in Germany, it was perfected by a New

details having to be considered, quite irrespective of the apparent illuminating power of the daylight. With the flash-light, it is always "so many grains of magnesium, so much light."

The young men have had great fun in experimenting with the flash-light, and some have made very successful pictures. One made by Mr. Hotchkiss is remarkable for its detail. It represents a quartet of musicians—all of whom, with the exception of the flute-player, are singing. The flash-light exposure caught them with mouths wide open, and so naturally that one can almost hear their voices.

Some of the amateur efforts look ludicrous or ghostly because the flash occurred too soon.

Mr. Burton, Secretary of the Society of Amateur Photographers, has some very good flash-light pictures, as well as a number of instantaneous views.

For taking parlor-groups, such a light is invaluable. A side-light from a window is always hard to manage, and few amateurs are in position to cut holes in

to myself, although my friends look on me as a sort of harmless lunatic. When any one of them comes to me to sit for his picture, I am put through an endless number of questions as to the use of this or that thing, all showing that he thinks the whole thing an utter waste of time, only that it does him no harm and indulges me in a fancy. When the picture is finished, his exclamation 'Oh! I didn't think it would look like that!'



their ceilings in order to get a "studio light."

Another difficulty in the path of the amateur is the dark-room—if, as one enthusiast explains, his home is not his home, "somebody else having a decided voice in the question of how the various rooms shall be utilized, and that voice seems always to be against using any part of the house for a dark-room. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, I ride my hobby often, and nearly always with satisfaction

may be either complimentary or otherwise—it is wiser not to take it as otherwise."

Among distinguished amateur photographers may be mentioned the Princess Beatrice of England, the Crown Prince of Italy, the Grand Duchess Theresa of Austria, Earl Rosse, Baron Rothschild, and Lord Brassy. Miss Parnell is an accomplished amateur in this line; some of the pictures she took of Mr. Parnell are said to be remarkably good, and it is proposed to use them in his biography.

Frances Stevens.

SANGDIGGER DAN.



HE was as uncouth, unattractive-looking a specimen of the genus mountaineer, as one might see in a whole year's rambling. He was low of stature, shambling, halting in his gait; with shaggy forbidding brows, and of a vicious quarrelsome temper. A hideous livid scar disfigured one side of his face, and at least once a fortnight he became thoroughly drunk on "wild-cat" whisky.

He was known impartially as "Sang-digger Dan," "Digger Dan," or "Dan Digger"; these peculiar and interchangeable cognomens having attached to him from the fact that he had once been a gatherer of medicinal roots in the mountains, for barter at the country store.

When I knew him, however, he seemed to be a kind of hanger-on and man of odd jobs about the mountain hotel where I was stopping that summer. In this capacity, he exercised without let or hindrance the peculiar prerogative of his kind—that of working only when the humor pleased him.

Notwithstanding his repulsiveness and faults of temper, there was one redeeming feature in his character: his love and tenderness for the little child who claimed dependence on him. She was a bright winsome little thing of five or six years, and it was plain that, whatsoever others might think of him, "Daddy Dan" embodied, to her, all human perfection. All day long, she followed him about his work or his loafing, and even when in his cups she was ever near him.

There were two or three young fellows about the place, who had been in the habit of teasing him occasionally when he had been drinking. On these occasions, his temper would flash out in a manner that should have warned the reckless youngsters of their danger.

Once I saw him with livid face and muttered curses, just about to rush on them with an ugly-looking knife, when,

at a word from the child and a touch from the baby hand upon his arm, he suffered himself to be led away, and five minutes later was prattling baby-talk with her about some childish subject in which she was interested.

I remonstrated with the young fellows about this imposition upon one for whom they should rather have felt pity, and he ever afterward seemed to remember my interference with gratitude. He fell into the habit of attending me in my occasional excursions on the mountains, in search of health and the picturesque.

During these little trips, I picked up his past history; there was not much of it. There had been a wife and another child—a twin sister to the one now with him. They had lived on a little "place" down near the foot of the mountain. His life had not differed much from its present conditions—given principally to drink and bad temper. The wife and the other child were dead; since then, he had lived as I knew him.

He was of few words in his intercourse with me, and these meagre details were gathered during the course of many trips, running through the latter part of the season.

As the autumn came on, I thought I could notice a gradual change in his life. The periodical sprees grew less frequent; the fits of anger were less violent; and his intercourse with the little child grew, if possible, more tender.

One day in the late October—the glorious Southwestern October—I had gone on a trip to an elevated point a mile or more from the hotel, to try to catch, if possible, with brush and canvas, some of the gold and haze of the wonderful scenery. Dan and the child went along as usual, the former carrying my traps, the latter beguiling the way with childish prattle.

Once upon the spot, I was soon absorbed in my work, and paid no further heed to my companions.

After two or three hours' close appli-

cation, I grew tired and went for a little stroll about the mountain's brow.

Although I had often been at the place before, I had not observed that an old and moss-grown fence at one side of the clearing, and which I had supposed was the lingering landmark of some abandoned mountain homestead, was in reality the decaying enclosure of that saddest and drearest of all earthly spots—a country grave-yard.

So interested did I become in the neglected clayey mounds, with here and there a rudely carved and lettered headstone, that it gave me something of a start when I suddenly came upon Dan and the child, both lying prone upon the ground beside two of the graves, a large and a small one. In my surprise, I did not fail to note that these two were green and tenderly kept—in striking contrast with their neighbors in the desolate field.

The child was asleep upon a slight bed of leaves and grasses which Dan had gathered, while his tattered coat was folded for a pillow.

Dan himself lay upon his face, with one arm thrown over the smaller of the two mounds, as if he fain would gather to his rough bosom the little one who slept beneath. I think I had never before beheld an attitude so expressive of the utter abandonment of grief.

It needed no words to inform me that these were the graves of wife and child.

I would have withdrawn, but, at sound of my footsteps, he slowly raised his head. I could not find fitting words to break the silence, nor did he speak for a moment; but somehow I felt that he desired me to remain.

"'At you, Mister Brown?" he spoke at last. "We's a-comin' back afore now; but Roweny, she went ter sleep, an' I thes hated ter waken ther little thing up."

"You did right, Dan; but"—and, moved by an impulse I did not stop to analyze, I went to his side and put my hand upon his shoulder—"but, Dan, won't you tell me more of yourself than I know? I will leave you in a few days; can't I do something for you and the little child before I go?"

I felt a great sob go through his frame as he looked up full in my face. I had never had a good look into his eyes before, and, as I met that upward gaze, I wondered that I had ever thought it a vicious countenance. The hard lines about the eyes seemed smoothed away, the disfiguring scar upon the cheek was unnoticed; I saw only the grief—profound, unutterable—that was expressed by the transfigured eyes.

"I ar' mighty glad ye axed me that ar' questyun, Mister Brown," he answered at last, "b'cause I ar' been powerful pestered in my min' ever sence I knowed ye war gwyin' 'way so soon; b'cause ye ar' the on'y one, 'cept little Roweny thar, 'at's had a frien'ly word ter say ter me fur many an' a many a long day—"

He broke off, trembling in the sudden effort to suppress another sob.

"I ar' glad ye axed me, Mister Brown," he continued at length, "b'cause thar ar' sumpin' 'at I been a-wantin' ter ax ye 'bout fur a long time—sumpin' 'at ar' pestered me a heap, an' 'at sometimes hit thes seemed 's ef I couldn't stan' nohow, but 'd thes go plum' clean out'n my min'."

"Tell it to me," I said, as I sat down beside him, with my hand still upon his shoulder.

"I ar' been a-wantin' ter ax ye, Mister Brown, ever sence ye been so frien'ly like, ef hit ar' true, what I hearn them fellers a-sayin' down yander, one night more 'an a month ago—at thar hain't no Gawd, 'n no hea'arter o' no kin', 'n no heaben, 'n no—no tuther place—an' 'at, when we dies here in this worl', 'at ar' thes the eend o' hit all?"

"Why, no, Dan, it is not true," I hastened to answer, surprised at the nature of his trouble.

He looked up, and a gleam of hope shone in his face.

"I ar' powerful glad to hear hit, b'cause hit ar' pestered me a heap—not on my own 'count," he added after a pause, "not on my own 'count; I hain't a-keerin' fur myself, b'cause I done had my chance here in this worl', an', whatever happens ter me in ther nex', I feel 'at hit won't be no wusser 'an I d'serve. No, 'tain't that—'tain't that; but hit's

on 'count o' the little twinny 'at's a-lyin' here onderneath ther grass, 'at's took when she's so little 'at she never got ter say nairy word in this worl'—'n then ter think 'at the little thing wan't never ter have no more chance, but this war ter be ther eend o' hit all, hit thes seemed 's ef I never could bear hit nohow."

There was no longer any effort to conceal his tears. With a pitiful cry like that of a stricken woman, he again bowed his face to the very earth: "Oh, the little chile! the little, little chile! Sho'ly, sho'ly thar's a good Lord somewhar, an' He'll give ther little twinny a chance."

In the very abandonment of his grief, he hid his face in the grass and threw his arm over the little mound, where he lay sobbing.

It was all too sad for words; I could only weep in sympathy.

After a time, he looked up.

"I hope you'll 'xcuse me, Mister Brown, a-gwyin' on so; but ye a-comin' on me so unexpected like, an' them frien'ly words o' yourn, an' hit seem like hit been sich a long time 'at I been a-carryin' sich a heavy load o' trouble 'thout nobody ter tell hit to—an' now hit seem like I thes want ter lie here tell the eend o' the worl' come.

"Hit wouldn't be so hard ter bear," he continued, "ef I had allus been good ter the little thing while she war here; but I wuzzent—I wuzzent—an' now I can't bear ter think o' hit, an' still I can't think o' nothin' else. 'Twar ther whisky an' my own bad temper, an' I war ha'sh an' cross 'ith ther little thing, an' whupped her when she cried; an' now all ther time I'm a-feelin' like'n I cheated ther little thing out'n her chance here.

"I ar' been sich a bad man here, 'at I know I won't never be 'lowed ter live in ther nex' worl' long o' sich a inner-cent thing as her; but, ef I c'd on'y be 'lowed ter see her thes a little, little while, an' hol' 'er in my arms, an' tell her how sorry I am fur hit all, an' know 'at she war a-havin' 'er chance which she never had in this worl', then I'd be willin' ter take my punishmint an' suffer f'rever an' ever, ef I c'd on'y know 'at she war a-havin' 'er chance.

"I ar' seed a heap o' trouble, Mister Brown, but I am thankful ter the good Lord 'at He left me little Roweny thar; I ar' been good ter her, ur tried to, sence the tother one war took. She ar' been a power o' comfort ter me, an' yit thar hain't been a day nur a hour 'at she ain't kep' my trouble fressh by mindin' me o' the one 'at's gone. I never see her a-playin' 'bout, ur hear her a-talkin', 'at I wouldn't think o' the one 'at's a-lyin' here an' never had no chance. I ain't never done nothin' ter please ther one 'at's alive, ur gone a-projec'in' 'ith her 'bout none o' her little cute tricks, 'at I ain't thought o' the one 'at's dead; an' many an' many's ther time 'at I've wakened up at night, a-cryin' an' a-rechin' out my arms fur ther little thing."

I would have been less than human, had I failed to tell him what I could of Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and of the love which the all-pitiful Father has for a broken and penitent heart.

He shook his head sadly when told that he might not only see the little child again, but would remain with her, if he lived the right life here.

"Folks can't go ter heaben less'n they's got r'ligion; an' I ar' tried a-seekin' r'ligion, but somehow I couldn't never seem ter git hit. I ar' been ter meetin' an' ter ther mou'ners' bench a power, but somehow I couldn't never feel 's ef thar war anythin' in sto' fur me but ther 'rath o' Gawd."

I cannot follow in detail all that was said between us.

It was a new experience to me, thus assuming the part of adviser in matters usually pertaining to a clergyman's duties; but I have always been glad I did it, after what happened. No word that I said in the effort to comfort that poor burdened soul, but has since proved a source of infinite comfort to my own heart. I left him at last, "feelin' better in his min'," as he expressed it.

I returned to my work, but my brush had lost its cunning. The circling panorama of mountains clad in the trailing robes of autumn, the distant peaks of tenderest blue, the golden mist over

all, had no power to stir the depths that had been touched by the pitiful cry of a human soul in distress.

I desired to return, the next morning, to finish my sketch; but, when ready to start, Dan and the child were nowhere to be found. The landlord said they had come in, the previous afternoon, soon after my own return, and had been about the premises during the evening, but had not been seen that morning, nor did the bed they usually occupied in one of the out-buildings present the appearance of having been used. No concern was felt, however, because it was a common occurrence for them to go off without a word, to the little place down at the foot of the mountain, which they still called home; and it was supposed they had done so in this instance.

I went to the mountain alone, and endeavored again to interest myself in the work of the day before. But I could not; my mind would continually revert to the scene of yesterday. That attitude of unutterable despair, that wail of intense longing for the vanished one whose little broken life lay heavy on his soul, so weighed upon my mental powers that ere long I was fain to throw down brush and pallet and give up the attempt.

So wrought up did I become that every now and then I fancied I could hear the pitiful wail of a sobbing child.

"It is no fancy," I said at last, as the fleeting impression came more distinctly upon the morning breeze; "there is a child crying somewhere."

Again came the wailing sound. A sudden thought struck me, and, dropping everything, I sought the desolate graveyard. Picking my way among the neglected mounds, I came to the two green ones at the farther side. There was a sight sadder and more heart-breaking than that of yesterday: Dan and the child; the one lying cold and still, with face to the ground, and arm outstretched—the other plucking at the cold hand and crying to the poor deaf ears to waken.

She looked up as I came near.

"Daddy Dan ar' bin c'yin'," she sobbed, "an' ee ar' so told, an' I tan't wake ee up; an' Woeny ar' told too,

an' ung'y, an' Woeny 'ants tum bec'-tus."

With gentle hands and tender words, I won her from the spot.

Two days later, we buried poor Dan beside the little mound where his broken heart had ceased to beat, and the weary burdened soul had found rest at last.

No relatives appeared to claim the little Rowena; and so, when a few days later I started for my distant home, she went with me as my own adopted child.

Every season since, we have visited the spot, lingering long into the mellow autumn. With loving hands and tender hearts, we watch and tend the three graves upon the desolate mountain's brow. The grass grows green above them; the fairest flowers bloom over them.

I would not have my child forget them—I say "my" child, because in very truth she has become such to my old and desolate heart.

Did I say desolate? It is no longer so. Possessed of ample means, I have been enabled to give her the "chance" in this life that poor Dan could never have done. And there is never a day that she does not repay my tenderest care a thousand-fold. The wealth of filial affection she gave to him in that far-off mountain home is now mine. Folks smile and nod their heads approvingly at sight of the old man and the winsome young girl going, hand in hand, up and down the streets or about the public libraries and galleries of the city.

There is never a day that I do not thank God for this blessed gift of child-life coming thus into my latter years. And yet in the still and silent watches of the midnight, after I have taken a last look at the sweet face asleep upon the dainty pillow, I often go to my room and walk up and down for hours—walk and think and think and think! I recall the days of my early manhood—my struggle for success in the world—a little child and her mother, my very own, who slipped out of my life while yet I was too busy to reveal all the love I felt for them.

Ah me, something of poor Dan's trouble comes to us all.

Milton T. Adkins.

HOW WE ADOPTED THE WHITE KITTEN.



IN the first place, the white kitten adopted us; but that was only the beginning of a long chain of circumstances that entrapped us into reciprocating. Nothing was farther from our intention at the outset; but man proposed, and the white kitten disposed, as it turned out. The very day we moved into our house, the white kitten moved in too. We had paid a month's rent in advance for the privilege; the white kitten had not. The white kitten was a tramp, a vagabond, a squatter, and a stowaway. There was no doubt about that; but, as she possessed the adhesive qualities of a burr, the serious question was how to get rid of her. They say possession is nine points of the law, and self-possession is the tenth. The white kitten was gifted with all ten in an eminent degree.

I well remember the first time we met. I was wandering through the almost empty house, trying to get used to the lay of the land. I had gotten as far as the kitchen, and I opened the back door to look out at the modest plot where our clothes were to dangle for many Mondays to come. It was raining dismally. There on the door-step, in the midst of the downpour, sat the most forlorn-looking little object I ever saw. The object opened its mouth and wailed at me. It was the white kitten, at that period a sufficiently abject creature at best. Her coat was of a bedraggled dirty white, with plebeian black spots scattered over it in about as systematic a fashion as if school-boys had been pelting her with ink-bottles. She had cavernous hollows around her eyes, and an especially large one below her ribs. She was suffering from a suggestion of mange about the ears.

Drenched down by the rain to the condition of the proverbial "drowned rat," she was a sight to evoke the pity of gods and men. I am neither, myself; but my compassion was roused, for all

that, and I weakly invited the creature into the kitchen and gave her a saucer of milk. That act could never be undone nor atoned for! It irreparably attached the white kitten not only to myself, but to the house and all its inmates. When the saucer had been well polished and the ruffled fur of the white kitten dried by the kitchen range, I put her outdoors; but she forgave me, for the next day she was back again, and the next day, and the next. She received many rebuffs, more or less severe, from all of us; but she bore no malice. She also received a number of meals, which may have had something to do with her forgiving spirit. Not one of us could bear to look at that well-defined skeleton and listen to the pitifully hungry Meow! and then send her away empty. Jennie, the cook, told us we should never get rid of the white kitten if we fed her, only somehow we couldn't help it. But she was fearfully in the way. We had a cat of our own—a much-pampered Maltese "Pixie," and we were in constant terror lest mangy ears or other dire disease should be communicated by the tramp-child to our petted darling.

Our first effort to get rid of the incubus was made about a week after we moved into the house. It was Jennie's "evening out," and she volunteered to carry the white kitten down-town and drop her. The direful deed was done; but next morning, when Jennie went downstairs to open the house, she found the milk-cans and the white kitten waiting on the porch together.

Our next venture was better planned. The sympathies of the baker's boy were enlisted. Jennie turned over the white kitten to his tender mercies, and he promised to take her to the farthest limit of his rounds, about two miles out in the country. For three days, we saw nothing of the white kitten, and began to breathe freely. We hoped, we said, that she had found a good home. The evening of the third day, my father opened

the front door to throw out the stump of his cigar, and in walked the white kitten!

Gradually the contour of the white kitten filled out; but her hunger for milk-material was replaced by a hunger for the milk of human kindness—an insatiable appetite for affection. The plaintive deprecating wail and the upturned blue eyes—for, contrary to the habit of catdom, they were blue—were as pitiful as ever. I have leanings toward socialism, myself; and, when I compared the sleek indifference of Pixie with the eager hunger and ready gratitude of the white kitten, and reflected that I was not only permitting, but abetting, the preservation of the distance between the two—that I was exalting the favored of fortune and trampling on the face of the poor—I was filled with horror and remorse, and determined to open the front door, and the door of my heart also, to the oppressed in the shape of the white kitten. But then I would remember the mangy ears of the poor little wretch. Had I any right to jeopardize the health of the family? We knew nothing of her origin or training. Shades of milk-pans tampered with and mutton-chops secreted flitted through my mind. Had I any right to lay such a burden on the long-suffering Jennie? And there the matter always ended.

How that white kitten haunted us! She took up her quarters in the vestibule, behind the outside door. No matter what hour of the day or night we opened the front door, the white kitten would rush out from her hiding-place and try to run past us into the house. She never failed to appear. She was like a family skeleton, or an uneasy ghost, or the man with the gas-bill, or almost anything disagreeable. In summer, it wouldn't have mattered so much; but, of a cold winter night, I defy anyone to shut the door in the face of that wee white thing and not feel like a brute for an hour afterward. None of my full-grown sins have caused me half so much uncomfortableness as has that white kitten first and last.

Once I entered into a conspiracy to kidnap and remove the white kitten. That was after she had jumped up on

the little table that stands by the side window in the parlor and knocked off the only bit of Sèvres the family ever owned or ever hope to own. We couldn't really blame her, for my youngest brother had frightened her clean out of her wits; but it made us feel a little sore. My fellow-conspirator was old Gregory, my father's clerk, typewriter, office-boy, and general factotum. I explained our woes to him. The canny old Scotchman winked at me—yes, actually winked!

"I'll arrange that," he said. "Just you trust me! I'll bring a bag some night. You give me the cat. In she goes! I'll take her a good spell of a ways, and she won't come back to trouble you, I'll warrant."

"You won't hurt her, Gregory?"

"Lord bless you, no! I'll just take her to a place where she won't find her way back again very easy."

Cold shivers crept up and down my spinal column. In spite of the fair words of the old man, I felt sure he was meditating foul deeds. Like some tyrant of yore, bent on getting rid of his enemy, I ruthlessly hardened my heart against compassion and asked no questions. In my inmost soul, I felt I was about to become accessory to a murder. We had to choose Jennie's evening out, for she had grown so tender-hearted toward the little waif that I knew she would never consent to our dark schemes.

"Thursday night, then, at ten o'clock, at the kitchen door," I told Gregory. I promised to ask the white kitten into the house Thursday morning, and speak her fair all day, to be sure to have her ready for him. I said not a word to the family, and I felt like a villain.

However, I was spared the pangs of remorse. Whether there is a little cherub sitting up aloft that has a special care of white kittens, or whether my guardian angel was disturbed about me and wanted to preserve to me the joys of an approving conscience, or whether the white kitten got wind of my fell designs herself, I never knew. Anyhow, she disappeared on Wednesday morning, and during the whole of Thursday she was nowhere to be found.

In the evening, when the clock had gotten to within one minute of ten, I put down my book and wandered out in the kitchen. As the clock struck the hour, I heard a careful step in the back yard—someone walking on tip-toes up the steps—then a muffled knock at the door. There was old Gregory, and under his arm a burlap bag, to which he pointed significantly and smiled; but where was the white kitten? In low and hurried whispers, I explained to my fellow-conspirator the mysterious disappearance of our intended victim.

"Oh, well," he said, "it'll be for another time. You just say the word, and I'll bring around my bag whenever you like."

Next day, the white kitten returned, quite cheerful and composed. Somehow I never got my courage screwed up to "saying the word" a second time.

The white kitten grew more and more unbearable. She lost her timid beseeching ways, and began to think she owned the place. She positively swaggered. Finally the last straw was laid on the family burden. We had a lady visiting us who suffered from a sort of catphobia. In anticipation of her arrival, I took Pixie over to my aunt's to stay, and gave Jennie positive instructions that the white kitten was not to be allowed in the house.

Alas for human foresight! We were sitting around the breakfast-table. The night had been bitterly cold. Our guest said she thought it was the coldest of the season. My father got up to look at the minimum thermometer that hangs on the front porch. He opened the door carefully; but the white kitten was lying in wait, and contrived to squeeze between his feet. He made a wild grab after the small fleeing figure, but missed it; and the white kitten, warned by the state of her appetite, made a straight streak for the dining-room.

I never shall forget the scene that followed. A deathly pallor overspread the face of our guest. She pushed back her chair and screamed a little, and covered her face with her hands and moaned gently. The cause of her anguish was hastily ejected, and our guest gradually

revived under continued applications of smelling-salts, fans, and Jamaica rum; but she was nervous and dejected all day.

After this, I expressed my sentiments toward the white kitten openly and without fear of reproof. Before long, we had another visitor of a very different type—a college friend of mine, who had studied medicine and was officiating as resident physician and teacher of physiology at a young ladies' seminary in a neighboring town. I was telling her about the latest exploit of the white kitten, and she, in her cheerful way, said:

"I know you are dying to get rid of that cat, away down in the bottom of your heart. Why don't you give her to me?"

"To you?" I asked, innocently, a great joy welling up in my soul. "Will you really take her?"

"Why, of course I will. The cat-supply at home has almost given out. The little boys that go hunting for me haven't found a cat for over a week."

The truth flashed upon me.

"Oh, no!" I groaned, "not that! I can't have the white kitten dissected. I do want to get rid of her, but that won't do."

Visions crowded on my memory of college-days and the physiology lecture-room and pathetic white kittens crucified on boards, with wide-open staring eyes as natural as life, except where the fur was cut away and lungs and liver laid bare to view.

"But," she remonstrated, amused at my weak-mindedness, "it won't hurt the kitten. I chloroform my cats while they are asleep. That's the end of them, and afterward they aid the glorious cause of science. It's really a beautiful mode of exit—don't you see?"

After a little persuasion, I yielded. It was a painless death, of course, and might save the white kitten from a much worse fate. My friend wanted her subject for a Wednesday morning lecture. I promised to bring her down Tuesday.

The days flew past. I was wretchedly uncomfortable. I felt like the Scriptural whited sepulchre, and I could not look the white kitten in the eye. The white

kitten was opportunely taken with a spasm of affection for me. She haunted me like my shadow. She rubbed against my skirts and purred. She took every opportunity of jumping into my lap. And I, all the while, underwent unspeakable tortures.

It was Monday night. The white kitten redoubled her attentions. I couldn't stand it. I knew, when it came to the point, I should not be able to do the deed. But my friend must not be left in the lurch. It was too late to write to her—I could not go to her; only one way was open. I put on my hat and coat, stirred up my youngest brother to escort me, went down to the telegraph office, and wired the following message: "Have relented. Can't sacrifice white kitten. Hope you're not inconvenienced." After that, I felt better.

The white kitten was evidently grateful for her new lease of life, for she repaid me soon after with compound interest; and indeed that is how she came, at my intercession, to be adopted by the family.

I shall have to go back a little to explain. I have a friend—a rather particular friend. About a year ago, something happened—it doesn't matter what; but the upshot of it was that I told him not to write to me any more. I felt a glow of satisfaction for about two weeks, and then began to repent; and I have been repenting ever since. In fact, there have been times when I have repented very much indeed. I would have given anything in the world to have him disregard my commands and write, but he was maddeningly obedient. Of course, I could not write to him—or thought I could not; so there it stood.

One day, as I was starting out for a walk with an acquaintance, I met the postman at the corner, and he handed me a letter. It was a fat letter, directed in a strange handwriting, and it did not exactly have the air of an advertisement, nor did it appear to be a MS. returned with thanks.

I was very much absorbed in what we were talking about, and just a little nervous and excited. I did not open the letter, and I remember twisting it up

and crumpling it in my hand as we walked along. Finally I thrust it into my ulster pocket and forgot all about its existence. Next time I put on the ulster, I remembered it; but, to my surprise, it was gone. I instituted inquiries for it. My mother was very contrite. She had been clearing out my pockets—a habit which those who know her inveterate neatness will recognize—had found a forlorn wad of paper, and had thrown it in the fire. This was trying, for one never knows what an unopened letter may contain; but I was philosophical about it for the same reason the Dutchman's wife was resigned to die.

The next episode occurred on one of the early days of spring. I had gone out in the back yard to investigate the possibility of laying out a flower-garden. The heaping ash-barrel stood by the cellar door, ready for the ash-man. The white kitten jumped into the barrel. There had been many changes in the white kitten since autumn. She had grown fat and sleek and happy. She had also grown playful. She tore round and round in the ash-barrel and flirted out a good deal of débris on to the ground. The wind was blowing in that crazy way it has in March, and it picked up a wad of paper that the white kitten had upset, and began spinning it around the yard. That was too much for the white kitten. She abandoned the barrel and began to chase it.

As I watched her frivolous behavior, I suddenly became interested in the wad of paper and joined in the chase. The wind seemed possessed with demoniac spite. Every time I put out my hand for the paper, away it would fly to the other end of the yard. To and fro we sped in frantic pursuit. A hundred times I thought I had it, and a hundred times it eluded my grasp.

The white kitten was more successful than I. She it was who caught it, but it was I who took it away from her, so eventually the success was mine. Of course, it was the letter I had lost weeks before—which my mother had not put in the fire, after all. It was smeared with coal-dust, very much torn and begrimed, but there it was

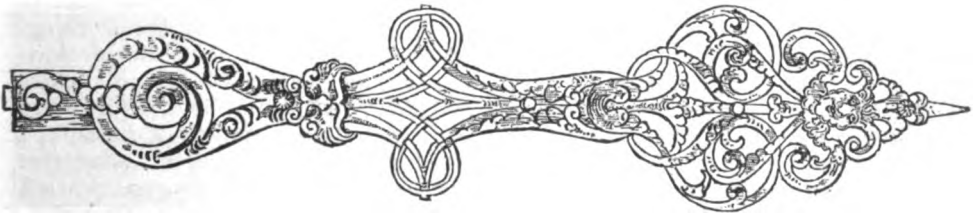
Of course, too, it was from Jack. He said he could not stand keeping still any longer, so he was going to disobey orders. He had found somebody to direct the envelope for him, because he was afraid I would not open a letter if I knew it was from him—if he had but known! He was going to write just this once, and, if I did not answer, he would consider that he had my final decision.

I shuddered as I thought how near I had come to "deciding finally" without knowing it. And then I did a very strange thing. I picked up the white kitten and kissed her!

And, when I told Jack about it, he patted the white kitten and said—

But, come to think of it, what Jack said was not very relevant, after all, so I will not repeat it.

Edith Elmer.



A QUESTION.

WHICH will you be?
 True to yourself, love, and true unto me?
 Will all your care and your tenderness last,
 Or will I awaken to find my dreams past?
 Will you brighten my life, or bid happiness flee—
 Which shall it be?

What do you think?
 Ah, wonder not that from the future I shrink—
 That I tremble lest soon shall the witchery fade,
 The magic dissolve and the light change to shade:
 That my feet may tread closely on sorrow's dark brink—
 What do you think?

What will you say
 If beside you I walk through each beautiful day?
 Will you draw me with you to heights distant and fair?
 Will you lead me to happiness sacred and rare?
 Will your love make me purer and nobler each day?
 What do you say?

What will you do
 If I tell you my truth rests on truth, love, in you?
 That I'm yours if you hold me, beloved, by your side;
 That else I am gone like the sea's ebbing tide.
 You can make me inconstant, or loving and true—
 Which will you do?

Lilian Whiting.

DODGING A SUBPŒNA.

I WAS once the unfortunate witness of a fight between two men in a horse-car. One of the belligerents was the conductor; the other was a passenger who refused to pay his fare. The conductor threatened to turn the fellow off the car, and consequently received from him a sharp blow in the face. As may be supposed, the conductor retaliated, and thereupon ensued a terrific fight, in the midst of which I grew frightened and left the car.

The following day, I heard a rumor that the conductor intended having the man arrested for assault, and was going to subpoena as witnesses all who saw the occurrence. As I had been in the habit of riding in that car every day on my way to school, I was well known by both driver and conductor, and was not likely to escape being called as a witness. To anyone accustomed to serving in that capacity, the idea of appearing on the stand may have in it nothing that is

terrible, but it filled me with fear and trembling. I had never been inside of a court-room, and it seemed to me disgraceful to be connected in any way with such an affair. Besides, I was of a very nervous temperament, and I knew I should become so confused on the stand that I would scarcely know what I was saying. So I determined to escape that subpoena, if possible. In the morning, I took an earlier car, and thus avoided meeting my regular conductor. Three or four days passed, and, as I heard nothing further regarding the assault, I was just about making up my mind that the matter had been dropped when I received what was to me a startling piece of information. Namely, two men had called to see me while I was at school. They were strangers to my mother and sister, seemed very anxious to interview me, and refused to state their business. They said they would see me at some other time.



"I GREW FRIGHTENED AND LEFT THE CAR."

"That subpoena!" I cried, sinking into a chair.

"I'm afraid it is," said mother; "you are not going to get out of it."

"But I am," I returned, decidedly; "I'll go down to Kate's and remain there until it's too late to subpoena me."

Accordingly I packed a few of my belongings and went to live with my sister, whose house was two miles from home. I could go to school from there on an entirely different line of cars. I instructed mother to tell anyone who called that I would be away from home for an indefinite time, and she was not on any account to give my sister's address.

Kate laughed at me when I told her my dilemma, but she was glad that circumstances had given her so much of my society.

The very next morning, on going into my class-room, I found a man awaiting my appearance. My heart stood still. I could not utter a word. But the intruder had no such trouble. He immediately started on a lengthy description of a work of art that he had to sell, and so thankful was I that he did not

offer me a subpoena that I purchased the book without a moment's hesitation.

Then the agent was struck dumb with surprise. He pocketed my money, but was unable to thank me, so we parted without another word.

On reaching my sister's house that afternoon, I heard that a man was there waiting to see me. My heart went pit-a-pat. It was surely the subpoena this time, I knew. I declared I would not see the caller; and, as my retreat had been discovered, I must find one in which I would be free from all annoyance.

"Nonsense!" said Kate; "this man is probably the only one that knows you are here, and he looks too angry to have a subpoena. A man with a subpoena is generally courteous; but this one is an old bear. You must go down, if you are not afraid of an angry man."

"Afraid of an angry man? No, anything rather than a subpoena man. I would brave the lion in his den first."

On going into the parlor, I found an irate parent seeking to annihilate me. I had kept his boy in after school the day before, and, as he lived near my sister's,



"I FOUND A MAN AWAITING MY APPEARANCE."

he had noticed me entering the house, and so determined to call and give me a piece of his mind. I was not one bit alarmed. As in the other case, I felt relieved. I calmly listened to the man's side of the story, and then just as calmly told my side. As I proceeded, the father gradually cooled down; before I had finished, he was profuse in his apologies for the boy's conduct and his own. His son had deceived him and would be severely chastised.

During that week, I was favored with a visit from my mother. She came to tell

"But why should men with subpœnas travel in pairs?" asked Kate.

"I don't know. I shouldn't be surprised to find them traveling in dozens."

Of course, the piece of information brought by mother made me more determined than ever to stay with my sister. Yet even there I was not at ease. Every time I found two men walking behind me, I expected one of them to step forward and hand me a subpœna. If two men in the car seemed to be watching me, I left that car at once and walked the rest of the way to school. I think



"THEY SEEMED TO BE HURRYING TOWARD ME."

me that the two men had called again, seemed very anxious to see me, and she thought I ought to go home and find out what they wanted.

"Not for the world!" I cried; "I know very well what they want."

"I don't believe they have any subpœna," argued mother.

"But I feel sure they have," I said. "They can't be angry parents, because I have had no trouble in school with any child except that one. They can't be agents—agents don't travel in pairs."

I was watched a great deal during those anxious days, because I must have been noticeably nervous. I started at every unusual sound, and could not bear to look at a stranger, for I thought the fact that I was trying to dodge a subpœna could be plainly read in my face.

One morning, I saw two men half a block off. They seemed to be hurrying toward me. Turning around, I walked as quickly as I could in the opposite direction. I nearly ran; but every time I looked back I could see those two men

still hurrying toward me. I went around blocks, crossed corners, and did all sorts of ridiculous things; but they still kept behind, as though determined to overtake me. Finally I got into a car and rode home to my sister's.

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried; "no school?"

"That subpoena!" I burst forth, and then sobbed: "Those two men—why, there they are now!" for surely enough the two men were at that moment entering the house. I ran into a closet and screamed through the keyhole that I

remained in the house for the day. Kate tried to induce me to go up to mother's with my uncle, but not on any account would I risk a meeting with the two men who were so anxious to see me.

Two weeks passed without anything unusual happening, and I began to think that perhaps the conductor had given up the idea of having his assailant arrested. Buoyed up by this hope, I decided to go home on Saturday morning and stay a few hours. Mother and sister were out shopping; so, while awaiting their return, I became interested in a book



"I RAN INTO A CLOSET."

would not come out for anybody. Presently I heard the men coming into the sitting-room, and, just as I was beginning to think that one of their voices sounded familiar, the door was forced open, and I beheld an uncle and a cousin that I had not seen for years.

"A pretty chase you led us!" Uncle John exclaimed; "what was the matter? We tried our best to catch up with you."

Kate explained, and then all indulged in a hearty laugh, in which I did not join.

By this time, I was pretty well tired out and unfit for school duties, so I

which I found on the table. I don't know how it was that I did not hear the bell; but somehow it rang without my knowing it, and two men were ushered into the parlor. As soon as I laid my eyes on them, I felt that I was doomed. They greeted me cordially, said they were just starting out to business when they saw me entering the house, and therefore concluded to call on me while they were sure that I was at home. All the time, I sat staring at the men and was unable to utter a word. At last, I found my voice and cried out in agony:

"You have something to give me."



"TWO MEN WERE USHERED IN."

They seemed very much astonished, and one of them answered that they did have something for me.

"But I don't want to take it," I groaned. "Oh, tell me that you can't make me take it against my will."

"We didn't suppose you would object—" one of them began.

"Object?" I interrupted. "Do you think I want to go to court? How would you like to get a thing like that?"

"I really think there will be no trouble from it," the speaker said, in tones that were meant to be reassuring. "Of course, it is against the rule to take it to school, but here in your own home no one can object."

"No one has any need to object but myself," I cried; "who else cares whether I get a subpoena?"

When I uttered that last word, I noticed that the perplexed look on the

men's faces disappeared. One of them said:

"My dear young lady, there has been a queer misunderstanding between us. We haven't come here to give you a subpoena, but to ask you, in the name of your class of little ones, to accept this gift." And the man laid before my astonished gaze a handsomely bound volume of Shakespeare.

I had been running away from that for the last three weeks!

You may be sure, I apologized, then thanked the men, and finally told them the whole story. How could I help it, when I had acted so much like a lunatic?

I was able now to join in the laugh which followed my explanation, and, when my callers assured me that the affair between the conductor and the belligerent passenger had been amicably settled, my relief was unbounded.

S. Jennie Smith.



AT HAPPY REST.

A VIRGINIA TALE OF THE REVOLUTION, AS TOLD BY MRS. SALLY HUDSON,
TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

I.

NOW, to think o' my never telling you that tale before—with as much talk here together as we've had round the fire o' nights, about Happy Rest Plantation and all that part of the country. You know my Aunt Grizzle Hudson was housekeeper there 'most all her days, and I was sempstress for some years whilst the war went on, as well as before and after. That much I make sure I've told you a'ready. Pretty busy they kept me there, and I was nowise unwilling. Though I say it as shouldn't, maybe, there was no finer hand, nor swifter, at overseaming or felling, hemming or tucking, back-stitch, cross-stitch, brier-stitch, or any sort o' needlework, than Sally Hudson then. Howsoever, that's neither here nor there just now, it being of Mistress Letty Earnshaw that I've set out to tell.

Miss Letty was the old master's only grandchild and heiress, and lived with him at Happy Rest—her father and mother having died when she was a baby. Her Christen name was Letetia, but you'd scarcely ha' known it without telling. We all called her Miss Letty, she liking the plain name best; only now and again, when he'd be vexed with her, the old master would say Letetia! She'd one of two things to do then: come down from her high horse, or ride a bit faster. Sometimes she'd try the first—as sweetly meek as you please, an' granddaughterly. Then 'twould be: "Yes, grandpapa!" and "Well, grandpapa!" like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and the mockingest look in those black eyes all the while. Or else, if in another humor, she'd just ride on, as 'twere, clean out of hearing.

"Letetia! Letetia!" La! I think I can hear him now. His voice used to

set my teeth on edge, like a rusty knife on a steel. It always made me jump, his screeching out like that; for, truth to tell, I minded it a vast deal more than she did. Many a time I've caught her laughing at me for that, with her head cocked on one side and her red under-lip pushed out, the very picture o' mockery. Well, she was made of another kind o' stuff than me. I'd like to see the thing, beast or human, that could set her into a scare. And where she got her spirit, I never knew rightly; but nobody might deny that her temper was lawfully come by.

There were some who thought her a topping beauty, and I'm sure she was as handsome a wench—La! what was I a-saying? 'Tis 'counted vulgar nowa-days—an old-fashioned plain word. As handsome a young lady, I meant to say, as ever you saw—or anybody. Handsome's the word that comes first to tongue's end, a-thinking of her; yet 'twas the sort o' beauty that must be seen to be sensed, for anybody so disposed might easy enough pick flaws.

She was mighty tall—too tall for her flesh. Now, you'd never call her majestic. It wasn't her make nor manner. Neither was she waving-willow— and all tall women in the poetry-books are one way or tother. Dashing's not the word, neither; still, she'd the takingest walk an' carriage I ever did see. There was a freedom in it, and a spirit, and a quick easy turn. There was one natural side-wise bend of her neck that, even if it showed an ugly face instead of such as hers, would be worth twenty school-learn't airs and graces. Her eyes were keen and merry, and black as you ever see 'em—a deal less common color in folks of English blood than the brown that's often called black. They were black, sure enough, as also the brows above 'em. She'd a trick of frowning

with these last, even when she laughed ; and many a time I warned her of the wrinkle that would come if she kept on. There it came, to be sure, and there it staid—a deep dent just over her nose ; but much she cared ! Her nose was longish and straight and resolute-looking. Her mouth was pretty-sized, and the lips a good warm red. You'd never call 'em ripe, or say they were like cherries, or say they looked made to kiss. That last she was not overly fond of, except with her horse Darling. I've seen her a-kissing the white spot on his face often. Then I reckon her true-love, the doctor, got his lawful share when the time came. He was never the man to mince matters, or she the woman for mock-modesty, with both their minds that-a-way set ; but, when it came to duty-kisses—saluting the old master and so on—it was a make-shift business with her. Her nether lip was a bit too full ; besides which, she'd a way, in some humors, of pushing it stubbornly out—so ! Howsoever, I misdoubt if even the doctor himself—and he was 'counted none too easy to please—ever wished her otherwise than her own natural features. Such faults as hers, 'tis said they are not only lost in general takingness, but the lover sees a sweetness in 'em past any mere perfect beauty ; and, though that seems a right queer thing, I think I can understand it too.

Well, so much for our young lady's looks. As for her natural disposition, she was lively and pleasurable and fonder of out-o'-door work and play than most young ladies commonly think proper. I think she truly set more store by Darling and that little shaggy villain of a dog—Lucky, as she called him—than by all the fine things to wear or to have in this mortal world. The horse was a fine creature and good-blooded ; but, as for the dog, I'd small patience with her there, for 'twas a mongrel thing—half shepherd and half hunter—as sulky-tempered a little beast as you'll find in a month o' Sundays. She was not overly fond of books, except a little poetry-reading now and again. She'd several poetry-books that her grandpapa had bought for her, as proper for a young

lady's library. There was one wrote by Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, and one by Mr. Addison, and one called "The Rape of the Lock." I'd the reading of them when I chose, and mighty fine an' pretty they seemed to me ; but as for Miss Letty, she turned up her nose at 'em. "Ruffles and periwigs !" says she, "milk and water !" An' there she'd be reading an old play-book wrote by one Mr. William Shakespeare, or some such name, and saying verses out of it by heart that I could never make head or tail of, to save me.

There's no denying that she had but a dull life of it at Happy Rest, so far as outside pleasure went, for a mettlesome young thing just grown up. "Happy Rest ! Happy Rest !" I've heard her say, more times than one, a-chafing 'gainst the name. "Maybe I'll want it after while," says she, "but not now." Southward to the river and northward to the woods she'd look, and frown and frown. It was a lonesome kind o' place—James River on one side about a mile off, and woods all round every which way else, betwixt us and all neighboring places. We'd plenty of open ground about the house, too—corn and tobacco lands, and pastures, with a swell here and a sink there—for all, no hills to speak of ; still off yonder a bit, 'twas always the woods, and evermore the woods, mostly of pine, and mighty black an' dreary. No wonder Miss Letty wearied of 'em ; I wearied sometimes, myself. The house was a sizable one, of brick and wood—not so much for outside show as some in those parts, but finished inside with a deal of cost and pains. 'Twas set in a grove of fine trees—locust and walnut and cedar—with the family burying-ground scarce a stone's-throw 'way from the windows, under the same shade.

"Here will I be cooped up all my living days, and here will I lie dead !" young mistress would flare out, on a rainy day, maybe, and pace the floor like mad. If the doctor hadn't come on hand when he did, dear knows what—well, never mind. Young blood rages against a grave-yard when backholden from the pleasures of life, an' heaven's

a mighty long way off on tother side. "If I must die, let me live first!" That's natural heart's cry; and, if old folks try to gainsay it, so much the worse for them as well as the young ones.

I've told you about the place before, and there's not much more worth dwelling on. No end of pains had been taken with it, from its first settlement in the howling wilderness by dear knows how many great-grandfathers back of Miss Letty. The garden and shrubberies and graperies and orchards at Happy Rest were fine as any in Queen Mary's County, and I think the old master took as much pride in 'em as ever he did in anything.

Now, he was fond enough of good things and fine things, too. One couldn't fairly call him a miser—nay, no miser at all, as that word commonly means; only so he chose to appear. 'Tis a queer notion and taste for a gentleman born, and one that takes pride for old blood in his veins, to be so set on playing off poor and mean. All for purple and fine linen inside, he was, an' dingy fustian out; all for choice eating off silver dishes, so long as no company was invited. Speaking of the silver 'minds me of one morning when our parson came a-calling in whilst breakfast was going on. I chanced to be in the room when Toby opened the door with a fine flourish. He said who 'twas, and then he said: "De parlor fire is a-smokin' like de debble. Please, massa, must I ax him in here?" So, there being naught else to do, the master said "Aye" with a kind o' groan; then what does he but snatch up a silver dish-cover just afore him set, and hide it under the table! What he meant by it, goodness knows; that is what he did. And such a look as Mistress Letty gave him! If he'd been her grandchild instead of her grandfather, I reckon she'd ha' boxed his ears. If the parson saw, he never let on; but, for my part, I could hardly keep a straight face whilst I made my curtsy.

To hear Mr. Earnshaw talk, in his little dismal voice, about hard times and lack o' money, with a "God help us!" or "Lord ha' mercy on us!" every whipstitch, you'd think he'd never a

penny in his pocket; and there was he, all the while, in his secret way, buying the best of everything. Now, it being war-time year after year, all stuffs were both scarce and high. Then tobacco was down to no price at all; so it fared ill with some poor folks, who suffered a deal of hardship. 'Tis certain the master had gold laid by; for what of the best there was to be had, we went on a-having at Happy Rest. Notwithstanding, he'd scarce a good word for General Washington and his side, a-saying every day they would be hanged for traitors, or the like. I do believe he favored their cause, in his heart; and I've also reason for thinking he gave money to it secretly, neither wanting nor getting credit.

A queer old man he was, sure enough. In looks, he found himself well suited to his mind, no doubt, being but a poor creature, aged past his years, and nothing but skin and bone, with palish eyes evermore blinking, and a shuffling slipshod walk. He looked no more kin to Miss Letty than a cat looks like a queen; yet I've heard tell that her father—his only son and child—was as comely as the daughter he left behind. And that shows there's no counting on the beauty-streak in a family, for it never will run straight.

'Twould ha' pleased the old gentleman well enough to hide his beautiful granddaughter from all outside the house, if she'd been the sort to stay hid. I'd no patience with him there. Most men would ha' been proud—kin or no kin, old or young—to hand the likes of her up the aisle in church o' Sundays; and there he'd go along at her elbow, blinking as vexedly as if every look toward her filched some o' his lawful property. All eyes were upon her, I promise you; for that was the only place of public assembly where she ever had leave to go. Never a ball or a race or a fair did that old man let her be seen at, and 'twas in the church at Pleasants Hundred that Dr. Ferny found his chance to fall in love with her.

II.

Now, Dr. Ferny came to Pleasants

Hundred not long 'fore the war began. There were some who thought so high of his skill and knowledge that they used to call it a very strange thing, his coming all the way from Edinburgh College in Scotland—where they'd heard he took the highest medical degrees and honors and so on—to set himself down in a little Virginia county-town like that. He was not one, I fancy, to be telling his reasons why or wherefore, to Tom, Dick, an' Harry. All I know of 'em is this: 'twas told that he'd been ordered to some milder climate than that country, for his health's sake; and everybody knows there's no pleasanter land in this world, old or new, than Virginia. Then old Dr. MacDonald, his uncle at Pleasants Hundred, a-happening to die whilst Dr. Ferny was there on a visit—why, 'twas natural enough for the young doctor to step into the old one's shoes. A fine practice it was, too, in the town and ten miles or so all round about at the plantations. There were some who called him new-fangled, and found fault with his doctoring; whilst others said he was only a bit ahead of the times, as Dr. MacDonald had been behind. And as to the queer tales told about his swallowing snake-poison in the presence o' witnesses, to prove there was no danger in sucking a bite, and cutting up live cats to find out some doctor's puzzle he'd be after, I never half believed such little-tattle—it was too outlandish.

His name was Ignatius Ferny; and it might ha' been prettier, for certain. He was a kind o' Scotch Frenchman by blood, I believe: French on the father's side, but born and brought up in Scotland, 'mongst the mother's kin-people. I remember the looks of him then 'as well as if it had been yesterday. He was mighty straight and tall—as tall for a man as Miss Letty for a woman—and slim as a rail; with a queer trick o' jerking up his shoulders now and again, and looking at you in a measuring way from top to toe—like he might be getting ready to jump over your head.

He'd a longish narrow face, pale an' freckled, with hair of a dark red, thick and silk-soft and curling close in rings. His eyes, they were of that purplish gray

that folks call damson-color, mighty keen and bright and quick to laugh, an' with more deviltry in 'em than suited my notions. His mouth was beautiful, when he spoke; but, whilst listening or thinking, he'd a way of puckering it up till the crease in his upper lip, from the nose down, looked like a seam. I've heard some old folks call that a sign that one was weaned too soon. 'Twas a womanish trick for so tall and masterful a gentleman, as also lifting his eyebrows—so—at the same time, and cocking his head on one side. His hands were the beautifulest of any man's I ever saw—long and slim and white as a lady's, the daintified finger-tips a-looking like they were naturally shapen to feel sick folks' pulses. He'd a sweet voice and a ready tongue. Then he always dressed in the finest stuffs, made in tip-top fashion, and rode the finest horses to be had in Virginia, with a black servant, 'most as well mounted, to carry his medicine-bags. Altogether, in spite of his red hair and freckled face, he was that fine figure of a man—an' taking, too—as I reckon few other gentlemen, even the comeliest, could ha' stood against in rivalry, or few ladies said "No" to. Nobody could fairly wonder at all that those two fell in love with each other.

Well, as I said, 'twas at church that it first began, about the time of her nineteenth birthday and several years after the doctor came to those parts. He was no church-goer afore that Sunday he happened to see her first, but afterward pious enough, I can tell you. There she went with her grandpapa; for, you see, being a vestryman and claiming to be a Christian besides, he couldn't well help going; and there came Dr. Ferny, after he'd once got set on her, regular as clockwork, when not called off professionally, with a prayer-book in velvet and gilt, as handsome as the rest of his turn-out. I could see him from my place in the gallery, a-glancing at her over the top of it, with his lips in a pucker; and I saw, too, that, for all she never let him catch her eye, she knew well enough he was looking. I never did know whether her grandpapa at first

suspected it or not. Be that as may, he hated the doctor all the same, from first to last. There'd been bad blood betwixt him and old Dr. MacDonald concerning a money-matter, and first of all he hated Dr. Ferny for being his uncle's nephew. Then he hated the Scotch and he hated the French. He hated a red-headed man, he said—who was not to be trusted out of your sight—and he charged the doctor with being a spy for King George an' the British Government, though what there was worth spying out at Pleasants Hundred, I'm sure nobody knew. 'Twas known that Dr. Ferny was, contrariwise to this notion, warm on the Independence side as any Virginian born. I think Mistress Letty would scarce have favored him, else. But Lord a' mercy! there's no telling. Whig or Tory, spy or what-not, Scotchman or Frenchman, the man was the man for her liking, an' would ha' been anyhow, one thing or tother.

Now, he was not the sort to offer a visit uninvited, sniffing how the wind set with the master of the house; neither was he the one to stand back forever. He'd a sharpish will o' his, and a sharpish scent after it. How the chase would begin, I kept a-wondering; till at last, one day, Miss Letty took matters in her own hands, as 'twere, by spraining her ankle: and, there being no other doctor in less than twenty miles—why, walk in, Dr. Ferny!

She was jumping down off Darling, all in a hurry to open a ramshackle gate, when it happened; and, by the time she'd got home, 'twas in a right bad way. The old master cried a little an' swore a little. He screeched out "Devil take it!" at the very name of Ferny; still, a doctor had to be sent for, and the nighest one too. So he came—will-ing enough, no doubt; and the foot and ankle that he doctored must ha' pleased him as much as the lady's face, for he kept on a-coming from that time.

We all could see she favored him. Love's like murder that-a-way: 'twill out. Even with such a high-spirited one as she—and good at keeping her own counsel—you can tell the signs 'most always. She bloomed out a bit more in

some ways, and shut up closer in others. There was more reading of that old play-book than ever. She was both gayer and softer-tempered than before—more talkative one turn, more silent another. The only time she ever hinted his name to me then, in aught like a meaning way, was once when we chanced to be in the sewing-room together, nobody else a-nigh. She'd fetched me an apple, and one for herself; and there she stood, idle-fashion, a-trying her fortune afterward with the peel. 'Twas a fine long one, and, when she twirled it over her left shoulder, it fell on the floor in a plain letter F as ever you did see.

"La! what can it stand for?" says she, a-laughing, with the red in her cheek that instant.

And then says I: "Not far to guess, miss," with that, giving her one look.

"What? Freckles?" cried she. "Frenchy? Fiery? Frightful? There's F every time for you," says she, "only which one?"

I knew what name she was thinking on, and she knew I did, for all 'twas not spoke betwixt us.

"Sally Hudson," says she, "you good well-behaved creature, were you ever in love?"

But she went, a-smiling to herself, out o' the room, never waiting for an answer. Come to think on 't, I reckon she'd wit enough to know that no woman asking another woman that question need look for overmuch truth in reply.

Well, at last the doctor came one day and asked to see her grandpapa in private. Now, all the household knew what that meant. With white an' black, 'twas a smile and a look and a word; and, knowing old master as well as we did, we were mightily anxious indeed. Whatever had been spoke beforehand to the lady herself, there's no telling; yet I've no notion that Dr. Ferny was the kind o' man to begin his asking with either fathers or grandfathers. 'Twas that very day that I lost my silver sewing-shield—in a crack under the wainscot, as I'll ever believe to my dying hour. I was going slow down the big stair, a-peering into every corner of the land-ings—for, though I'd looked all over the

house, it seemed to me that I surely couldn't give it up yet awhile—I was standing there, about half-way down, when the parlor door opened on a sudden, and out walked Dr. Ferny, with Mr. Earnshaw in a shaking rage just behind, ordering him out of the house.

As for the doctor, he looked half mad, half ready to laugh, still outwardly respectful as you please to the master's age and station. Only his shoulders, they were a bit drawn up, and the corners of his mouth pulled down. He'd his chapeau in one hand, and tother was fidgeting mightily with the red curls on his head. There I stood, took all aback, staring over the bannisters; and there stood Toby, holding open the front door. And just as her lover walked out of it, into the hall by another door walks our young lady.

Well, she gave her dear grandpapa one look; and surely that was enough to speak her mind without word o' mouth. Before he could do more than give one gasp in very pure passion, the doctor turned and saw her. From the glance that flashed betwixt 'em, eye to eye, I thought to myself the old master's "nay" counted for mighty little, after all. The lady kissed her white hand to her lover. The gentleman laid his on his heart, and bent 'most to the doorstep in the beautifullest courtly bow. He made a motion in the air, like somebody writing; and then he walked off quick, adown the gravel path, with head pretty high.

By that while, the old gentleman had found his tongue. Says he to her—well I remember the words:

"I'd rather see you dead and in your coffin, girl, than married to that Frenchified red-headed jackanapes!"

She gave him a long queer look. She never did seem to me before so tall and handsome, or he so little and mean and spiteful.

"You would, grandpapa?" says she, presently. "You would?"

And when he said "Yes," with more ugly words to boot, she still stood there a-looking at him in that curious way. I'm thinking he remembered those words of his afterward, as well as I did; and

I'm thinking they came home to him more dark nights than one, like ill birds to roost.

After that day, Dr. Ferny stopped coming openly to Happy Rest. Mind you, I say "openly." Not that I know anything for certain about his coming in secret. I know there were letters passed betwixt 'em, and I'm 'most sure that she saw him too, more times than one. She was not allowed to set foot in church, but she still went out a-riding on Darling, for all the old master tried to stop her; and 'twas told me once, on good authority, that she and the doctor had been seen riding together along the woods road between Happy Rest and Pleasants Hundred, as merrily as you please. And nobody could fairly blame them, there being no lawful bar to their marriage but an old stingy man's jealousy and crossness. She'd her fair share of stubbornness, and there was precious little good-will lost at that time 'twixt her and her grandfather; and so matters went on for some while, with all at Happy Rest a-wondering how 'twould end at last.

Now, all this time the war was going on, and we'd be hearing now and again this, that, or the other news about battles and marches and so on, with sometimes victory on General Washington's side, sometimes on the British. I've told you all I ever did know or hear tell concerning it, twenty times and more; so 'tis no use dwelling on't again now, till I come to that day when the queer outlandish thing came to pass at Happy Rest that I'm a-going to tell of.

Never such devil's doings did I hear of—or anybody else, to my knowledge—in war-time or peace. That being the only day we saw head or heel of soldiery, and, not having any men-folks of our own in the army on either side, we went along our common track pretty much the same as before the war began, and, I reckon, thought a deal more of Mistress Letty and her doctor than of either Whigs or Tories, General George or Lord Cornwallis. When that vile traitor, General Arnold, landed so nigh us at Westover, on his way to Richmond, just afore Christmas of the year 1780, we were mightily stirred up, for the fighting

and the plundering did seem to come 'most home. Miss Letty was the only one among us who showed a rise in spirits. I think she'd ha' been nowise displeased to front a hundred redcoats any fine day. Still, they never came to Happy Rest, an' the worst o' that scare passed off; and so we went on pretty peaceably till summer-time of the year 1781, when Miss Letty caught the fever.

'Twas a low lingering kind o' fever, and 'twas pretty bad at Pleasants Hundred. We heard that Doctor Ferny's hands were full, and he riding night an' day by reason of it. Then, next whip-stitch, one of our black wenches hired for a waitress at the tavern there, came home sick, an' died. For all the pains we took to keep it from spreading, the next one to fall sick was Little Hannah, Miss Letty's own maid. Now, Miss Letty had always set as much store by the girl, and spoilt her too, as if she'd been white; and by her own willfulness in going to 'tend her at the quarters, why, she caught that sickness herself.

III.

THAT very same day she took to her bed, my Aunt Grizzle gave up the house-keeping to me and took to nursing of her. 'Twas the first and the only time I ever saw that hard-set old body cry. You'd ha' thought, to see her, that 'twas her own natural flesh and blood. "If my child dies," quo' she, with the tears fairly raining, "if my child dies—" and with that she gave one groan. You see, she'd raised her, sure enough, from a baby; and Miss Letty made no secret of being a deal fonder of "Ma'am Grizzle," as she called her, than of her own grand-papa. She was a queer close-tongued woman, was Mrs. Grizzle; so, if Miss Letty told her all her secrets, as I've now no doubt she did, they were safe enough in keeping. Now, when she went to old master that day and told him, without so much as "By your leave, sir," that she'd sent for Dr. Ferny, he durst never say a word against it. For all she spared no pains in his service, I always used to think she'd a bitter grudge somewhere in heart, for some reason, against that old

man. And whether he knew it or not, dear knows! but 'tis certain he was a bit afraid of her.

He shut himself up in his own room and showed no civility to the doctor, when he came; but, in sooth, we thanked our stars 'twas no worse behavior. The doctor came downstairs, after that visit, looking right grave, with a kind o' soft 'way-off-yonder gaze in his eyes. He said 'twasn't a bad case so far, and everything depended on carefulest nursing, with the patient kept mighty calm and quiet. Nobody must go a-nigh her but Mrs. Grizzle and Vesta—one o' the black women that she'd chosen to help her—an' he would come every day to see that all went straight.

Well, to be sure, 'twas like a shadow had fell over the place. Little Hannah mended fast, having her share of the doctor's physic; but the fever spread in the quarters. I suppose one soul's as good as another in God's sight, yet nevertheless it did seem to me that our young lady's sickness was worse than a dozen blacks laid low. Also, it seemed to me a right hard vexing case that I might neither see nor speak to her once. My Aunt Griz and Vesta hardly left the room, night or day, save to snatch a taste of food. Sometimes, in answering questions as to Miss Letty's state, 'twould be "she's so-so." Then again, one day vastly better, and the next a deal worse.

One even, a-walking out on the lawn, what did I see but all the sick-room windows wide open—a thing that never had I heard of in fever sickness in all my born days before! I thought I'd ha' dropped; but, next time I saw Aunt Grizzle, she said 'twas Doctor Ferny's order. Mighty queer it seemed to me, an' next morning I said to him:

"La! doctor, do you think that safe to allow?"

Then he just raised his eyebrows and jerked up his shoulders and looked at me in that measuring way he had, till I 'most expected to see him leave the floor.

"Safe enough, Mrs. Sally," says he, and went on sorting his physic—that being in the dining-room, by the window,

where he was a-weighing something in little silver scales no bigger around than a penny. Then he went on, busy as you please with that red head of his and those long daintified white hands; and once he gave me a curious smiling look out o' the corners of his eyes, like who would say to himself: "What a simpleton this is!" It made me right mad.

As for the old master, he staid shut up in his own private room those days, and never gave the doctor a dog's notice, coming or going. Night and morning, he'd ask how Miss Letty did, and I think was more distressed concerning her than he let on; still, he never asked to see her once, and he kept up a bitter black humor, like as if she'd fell ill to spite him. I'd always heard that he was mortally afraid of sickness, suffering, dying, and so on; so that when his own wife died, a-many years back, in child-bed of Miss Letty's father, he'd scarce be dragged in to say farewell, even with her pitifully a-calling him. An' nobody looked for any better bravery or more lovingness in that present case.

And so it went on till one day, three weeks or so from Miss Letty's first taking down. The doctor came as usual that morning, and went off in a hurry 'fore I could make shift to speak with him. A while later, Mrs. Grizzle came down, and, when I asked her how matters went, she shook her head.

"Is she so low?" says I, and my heart felt sick within me. I sat down, all of a tremble, my legs as weak as water. Then says she, low speaking, like one fairly weighed down, and never lifting her eyes:

"Maybe she is, an' maybe she isn't. Lord A'mighty knows!" says she. "Low enough she's been all along, an' this time to-morrow she may be heaven-high. The main thing now is to keep her calm an' give the proper physic. I hope the doctor will carry her through yet."

I wondered to see that woman so calm. For my part, I was a-crying sorely, and not 'shamed to show it.

"If the worst comes to the worst," says I to her, both sorrowful and bitter, "I reckon you'll surely let me in to say

farewell while the breath's still in her nostrils."

"Oh, aye!" says she, "if the worst comes to the worst." She said Dr. Ferny was coming again that evening; an' she went along upstairs again, with the new milk and beef-broth that I'd been making ready for that poor child—it being part o' my regular business every day—whilst I sat down and cried fit to break heart.

All that long day, I was in a daze o' sorrowful misery. The bare chance of her dying and being laid low in the ground—it seemed too bad to be anywise true. In her warm-bloodedness and youth and heyday o' beauty—oh, 'twas pitiful, pitiful! An' still I knew that young folks often died. "They are laid in the dust o' the grave: death doth feed upon them." My tears dried up at thought of it, for there are some things that happen fairly past crying for. Heaven seems mighty far off yonder at such a time, an' death unlawful cruel.

We'd been hearing for several days past that the fever was worse and worse at Pleasants Hundred; also, there'd come war-rumors to make blood run cold—battle and murder and sudden death, fighting and plundering and burning, a-coming nearer to us every day. 'Twas a sickening spell of heat, with the sky like brass at sunrise an' sundown; and, of all the times I ever did know, that seemed to me the dreadfulest.

The doctor was late a-coming that night, long past dark-fall. I heard him come in and go up the big stair, but I hadn't the heart to meet him; for thinks I to myself: "If he loves her true, he'll want neither eyes upon him gazing, nor many questions to answer this night." 'Twas dark enough by that while, with a thunder-cloud rising 'cross the river, the thunder muttering low and ugly, and a flash o' lightning now and again. There wasn't a breath o' wind astir. The air felt stifling close and thick with heat. My head had been aching sorely all that day, a queer sickish ache. There was I, in the still-room next the pantry, lonesomely by myself; for none of our blacks slept in the house in summer-time, and all went to quarters by eight

o' the clock. All was silent as death, both up above-stairs and in the old master's part o' the house. I was sorting some thyme an' dittany that I'd gathered that day, a-tying it into bunches, and someway the smell o' the stuff seemed to make me drowsy. In truth, I had lain wakeful all the night before; and all on a sudden, I dropped off to sleep.

Now, how long I slept there with my head on the table, dear knows! but I was waked at last by a sound that made the hair rise on my head. 'Twas 'the sound of Lucky—Miss Letty's little dog—a-howling and howling. Ow! ow! ow! the creature went, long and low and awesome, it seeming to come from the flower-garden right outside the back dining-room and under our poor young lady's window. I'd heard, all my life, what that was a sign of. Aye, 'tis said that brute beasts see more than we human creatures: see—God above knows what sights, when they go that way under a sick-room window.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" groans I then; and I got me to my knees, a-praying for that poor young soul. "Lord, take her to heaven when she goes!" says I; then, all on a sudden, the howling stopped. The dog began to bark an' bark, like one fairly wild with pleasure at seeing somebody he loved. I heard neither human voice nor step, yet 'twas as if somebody stilled him into the littlest low whine; then even that a-dying away, faint and fainter, like he was following that same somebody or something, 'way off into the shrubbery out t'wards the grave-yard.

Then says I to myself: "Is her spirit gone a'ready, and was that what the creature's seen?" Like 'twas for answer, came a rumble o' thunder and a moan o' wind. I went out into the back hall, with my knees ashake under me and feeling every minute like I'd fall. And there, at the foot of the little stair, stood Ma'am Grizzle.

I tried to ask her that question on my tongue's end; yet, to save me, I couldn't ha' spoke it. My lips went dry as dust. She was a-standing on the bottom step, one hand on the stair-rail. Her face I couldn't see plain; and her voice, it

sounded to me 'way off yonder when she spoke, a-saying those two words:

"She's gone!"

I gave one scream, an' like to ha' dropped, only I caught at a chair to steady me. Let alone the grief in my heart, a mortal sick feeling was all over my body.

"Gone?" says I, "gone? So sudden quick as this? And you never let me know? You never called me once, to say farewell? Oh, Miss Letty! Miss Letty! Miss Letty!" cries I, a-wailing, "dead an' gone! dead an' gone!"

Then says Mrs. Grizzle, still speaking low and faint-like:

"She went off mighty quick and easy."

Thinks I to myself, she was bearing it wonderful well, for I knew that child had truly been as the apple of her eye.

"Did you think she was going so soon?" says I.

"Aye, wench," says she, "I did—at the last. Ready enough she was to go, and I think she'll be happy."

Just then, I heard old master's door open; I reckon he'd heard my voice so crying out. I knew 'twas his step a-coming, and, when I looked up from wiping my eyes, there was he standing in the doorway—like some ill ghost, with face death-white an' teeth a-chatter—and there on tother side, 'most at my elbow, stood Dr. Ferny.

The shine of my candle from the still-room fell right on the doctor's face. He seemed to be pale as linen. He was a-shading his eyes with his hand—and his lips, they twitched and trembled. Looking at him, I thought what a sore, sore trouble this was for him—her lover that she'd loved. Thinks I, one must speak some word in comfort; so I said, struggling 'gainst my tears:

"The Lord's will be done, sir. Maybe 'tis all for the best."

Now, what answer do you think he made to that? 'Tis right and proper to be resigned to the good Lord's will, yet someway what he said both vexed me and took aback. Says he:

"Ma'am, I have not a doubt of it," as cheerful as you please.

But then he turned short around, with

a kind o' distressful gasp, as if he would choke with grief suppressed; and the sound of it set me off again, for her that lay still up yonder on her bed of death. My heart felt ready to burst. I tried to take one step; but that sickish feeling came all over me worse than ever, and I fell right down on the floor in a swoon, a-knowing nothing more.

Well, the long and the short of it was that I had got the fever. 'Twas a pretty mild case of it, I believe, and uncommonly soon on the mending turn; howsoever, it seemed bad enough to me. I was naturally light-headed in sickness, even the commonest sort; so, most of the time, I was out o' my wits—a-going on with this, that, an' tother fancied foolery. Then, betwixt whiles, I was too weary and low in spirits to do aught but lie flat aback and gaze at the ceiling. I thought a deal about Mistress Letty, as we used to know her—so gay and winsome and mocking, indoors and out. An' sometimes I felt glad that I'd not seen her face after 'twas wasted by sickness and cold in death; sometimes I was ready to weep for my never having one last good-bye word nor touch. Yet one doesn't grieve on a sick-bed for other folks, living or dead, as one does in health; for, 'tis like, the body's trouble drove nigh everything else but itself out o' the mind. I well and a-going about—why, grief would ha' gripped me harder.

'Twas a good month from my first seizure 'fore I could sit up an' take heart to ask questions. My Aunt Grizzle was always a still-tongued body, and forbidding, to all but the one darling of her heart, who was now gone. Very few questions I durst ask her, and to them she made but precious short answers. Then, for all she made no show of distress, I doubted not 'twas there; so says I to myself: "'Tis best not to stir up grief." As for the woman Vesta, who'd holped her with that sorrowful nursing, she never came a-nigh me—my nurse being Little Hannah, now well o' the fever and hearty enough. Now, Hannah was ready to tell all she knew. Dear knows, 'twas nothing cheerful. She said the burying had been hurried up uncom-

monly quick, as Mrs. Grizzle and the doctor said was needful. Nobody else, said she, had seen the body, afore 'twas laid in coffin or afterward, but just those two and Vesta; because, Mrs. Grizzle said, she that we'd last seen in her pride o' beauty had so desired with her very latest breath. And Hannah said everybody thought that to be a right strange thing. The parson was in such a mortal hurry, that day o' the funeral, that folks whispered one to tother how he must be mightily afeard of catching the fever; an', truth to tell, no wonder, for it had been pretty bad. A-many of the blacks were down, and some had died. Every day or two, Dr. Ferny had been a-coming; and mighty good to the sick he was, Hannah said, yet she hoped—a-shaking her head—that most true lovers would grieve, if their ladies died, a bit more than he seemed to be grieving.

As for the master, nobody'd seen him shed a tear; but he sat in his chair, night an' day, taking notice of nothing. And now he'd swear, to make your flesh creep; then again he'd cry "Lord ha' mercy on us!" and stare all round in a wild way, till 'twas pitiful to see. Also, she told me that a strange loss had come to pass, nobody could find out how—namely, that Miss Letty's horse Darling, a-running in the paddock that night his mistress died, had ne'er been seen from that time, nor neither Lucky, the dog. Both were clean gone, an' nobody could hear tell of them; an' for her part, the wench said, she thought the British must ha' stole 'em and carried off.

Then she went on to tell a deal about the British and their doings, with the names of generals and colonels—Marquis Lafayette, Lord Cornwallis, Colonel Tarleton, an' dear knows who all—as glib and as crooked as you please, on tongue's end. She said how Colonel Tarleton's mounted soldiers—twice as big as common men-folks, with coats all a bloody red, and a-riding beasts of like monstrous size—how they were going to and fro along James River, burning houses and stealing all they could clap hands on, laying the richest plantations waste, with many horrid deviltries 'most too bad to mention. Upon my word

an' truly—notwithstanding I'd wanted to hear all—by time the hussy had got half through talking, it made me fairly sick again.

Now, the very next day after this was that day I'll never forget to my dying hour. Twenty year ago, it was; but, if it had been last week, I couldn't remember better the thing that happened then: and even when the last one who saw it is laid underground, I reckon there'll be some to tell the tale whilst old Happy Rest house is a-standing.

I was sitting propped up in a big chair by the window overlooking one side o' the lawn, when I heard the first clash and clamor of their coming. 'Twas a fair still evening, not long before sundown, and startling enough to hear such a melly so suddenly outbreaking at that peaceable time. I guessed who 'twas, pretty quick, when I heard their horses a-galloping up to the door, and their big fierce oaths—with swords an' spurs a-jingle-jangling together, to set your teeth on edge. The redcoats! thinks I, and "Good Lord, deliver us!" I fell to praying then; and with that, up comes Little Hannah, gray as ashes, with eyes fairly starting out o' her head, to tell me 'twas the British, sure enough.

Well, they were some o' Tarleton's mounted men, maybe a dozen or so—the very same ones whose deviltries on all sides of us we'd been a-hearing about. And the only thing strange about their coming was that they hadn't come sooner. Now, my Aunt Grizzle was a deep woman and forethoughtful. She'd been a-looking for them, and that was how the silver came to be hidden away safe, as well as all money and jewels. They made no shame of owning what they wanted, saying all was fair in war, 'specially on rebels an' traitors; neither made they shame of searching for it. Upstairs an' downstairs and in my lady's chamber, they went a-rummaging. Yes, they even went into that shut-up death-room. Talk of fever to them! Lord bless you, they seemed to care no more for catching it than so many bears after honey. They laughed in Mrs. Grizzle's face when she warned 'em solemnly concerning it. They oped every chest o'

drawers; they slashed with their swords into the feather beds, a-laughing "Ha! ha! ha!" when they saw the feathers fly, like 'twas the bravest jest.

Aye, they came into my room, too. True, they never touched me, and for that I was humbly thankful—looking, as I'd been, to be dragged around by the hair o' my head; but, when they went out, there sat Sally Hudson, more dead than alive.

A-going downstairs again, they drank up all the gooseberry wine and the best peach brandy, and threatened to pull the old master's nose and send him to school in England, with a deal of ugly talk to Mrs. Grizzle; for, by that while, they were the worse for liquor, besides being hopping mad at not finding the silver.

Well, presently I heard 'em leave the house, and thought they'd gone at last. Thank heaven! says I, and breathed freer; and just then, lo an' behold! happening to turn 'round to the window, I spied 'em all out at the grave-yard, standing there in talk together. I seemed to know, on the instant, what they would be after, well as if they'd told me. I knew they were a-going to open that new-made grave, to look for buried silver. Whatever put such an outlandish notion into their heads—whether they'd ever heard tell of treasure being so hidden, or whether 'twas just their own natural wickedness and the brandy-fumes in their heads—Lord above knows! Why, 'tis told that, even in savage heathen parts, they leave the buried dead in peace—and these a-calling themselves, maybe, English gentlemen! I reckon, if it hadn't turned out in the queer way it did—well, 'twas every whit as wicked in them, all the same. The horror of it fairly struck me a-cold an' dumb, whilst I sat there trembling and watched 'em.

They called for two stout blacks, with mattocks and a spade, and set 'em to digging, at the sword's point; and even then the two poor frightened creatures would hardly strike a stroke. Every soul on the plantation, it seemed to me—white or black, old or young, little or big—was soon out 'twixt the house and the grave-yard, a-running together like scared sheep, to see what next. There

they stood, whispering 'mongst themselves and gazing like those who needs must look, being someway drawn and holden, for all they'd fain turn away. There was the old master, a-shaking his stick and muttering. There was Mrs. Grizzle, looking a bit more like a graven image cut out of a block o' wood than she commonly did. I was right surprised that she took it so, and I was vexed in my heart to see how not one among 'em had the spirit to cry out 'gainst such villainy.

The sun was just a-setting by that time, and the reddish-yellow light threw everybody's shadow mighty long and black and strange-appearing, and made the redcoats look like they were ashine with the very flame o' the pit. The air was mighty warm and still. Presently the talk and whispering stopped in a kind o' strained hush, like everybody was just listening, listening, with only the sound of bees a-humming over the flower-beds in Miss Letty's little garden, and of the mattocks at work—chug! chug! chug! You might ha' heard a pin drop, but for those two sounds. It seemed to last that-a-way a long while; then, on a sudden, I saw the blacks stop digging, and the soldiers crowd close up around 'em, looking down into the grave. There was death-silence for some space. I durst hardly either look or listen; yet, to save me, I could not turn away. Then, all on a sudden, they burst out into laughing—"Ho! ho! ho!"—and shouting and swearing.

"Beasts!" said I, out loud. "'Brute beasts, and no men! Do they so mock the dead?'"

And, whilst the words were yet on my lips, I heard the sound o' horses' feet in a tearing gallop up the front avenue. Next minute, two people came a-riding round the corner of the house—a man and a woman.

Now, by that while, I'd got so used to queer things, I reckon, that even this last happening—the queerest of all—it hardly frightened or surprised me. Even had it truly been the dead come to life again—though I sensed from the first, lightning quick, that 'twas no such a thing—'twould scarcely ha' seemed to

me much out o' the way. The folks on the lawn—all but Mrs. Grizzle an' Vesta—fell back in a huddle, staring like wild; old master gave one screech and leaned on his stick, all a-shiver and a-shake.

The man was Dr. Ferny, and the lady by his side was Mistress Letty, dressed in her own crimson riding-habit—it never looked so red to me before—and mounted on Darling, with Lucky following at the horse's heels. She looked as well—a deal better than I'd ever seen her afore. Her cheeks and her eyes were fairly a-blazing. One could tell pretty plain they were man and wife, for there's no mistaking the look o' the newly wed who are both pleased an' proud.

There they halted, and a comely couple they made; there they drew rein, with the sunshine full upon 'em, upright in saddle as you please, and bold as brass, looking all the prankish deviltry in nature, and like they were just ready for a laugh.

Now, you'll want to know what was in that coffin just digged up and opened. Well, some sticks of fire-wood wrapped up in some old bed-clothes, some stones and a flat-iron to help out the weight. The long an' the short of it was, that, though Miss Letty was truly sick at first, she soon felt bettered enough by his doctoring to make off with the doctor himself. When I saw him in the hall that night, he'd come back for something that had been forgot; and I'm thinking 'twas more likely a laugh than a sob, that came so nigh strangling him. His man had Darling a'ready saddled an' bridled, out in the shrubbery by the grave-yard wall. 'Twas flesh and blood that Lucky had barked at and gone after, and not any ghostly spirit. That same night, the parson married 'em, under promise of secrecy. No wonder he hurried over the burying—a-taking, as he knew he was, those holy words in vain. There had she been in her husband's house in Pleasants Hundred, shut indoors all day, and walking only after nightfall in the garden. Aye, they had carried it cunningly betwixt the doctor, Mrs. Grizzle, and the rest of 'em. 'Twas a queer revenge on her grandfather for what he'd said

about rather seeing her in her coffin, and I'll own—for all a deal fonder of her than of him—that it always seemed to me a bit too cruel a trick.

So there they came a-gallivanting back, and happening on the very time when 'twould all ha' come out anyhow.

The Britishers, you say? Lord ha' mercy! They yelled louder than ever, when they found out how 'twas. They seemed to think it such an excellent fine joke that they clean forgot the silver. Then they called for more brandy, to drink the bride's good health; but never a sup was there left. Whereupon off they went, a-clattering and ho-ho-ing—to seek it elsewhere, maybe, and turn some other peaceable household upside-down. Old master, he—but lack-a-day! the least said there the better, for 'twas neither meek asking for pardon on one side nor blessing on tother, I can tell you. Howsoever, he so far forgave it that he left her his fortune when he died, ten year or so after. You see, he'd no other kith or kin; and, though he could never a-bear Dr. Ferny, he was mighty fond o' their oldest boy.

I'm 'most sure that Dr. Ferny and his lady have been a happy couple, in the main, for all the tales I've heard told

about their tempers clashing. Folks said how, one time—when she said to him, in a pet, 'cross the dinner-table, that she wished it had been burying for her, sure enough, 'stead of marrying him—why, he said: Well, he wished so too. Now, that was right hard on a wedded woman. She was never the one to take it, neither. "What!" cries she, and flung her wine-glass at his head. Then he jumped up and boxed her ears; and she, snatching up the carving-knife, chased him round the table 'fore all the company. It ended at last in a gale o' laughing, yet folks vowed they were dead earnest enough, to begin with; and most likely those very ones who'd eaten the heartiest dinner made quickest haste to tell the tale abroad.

I reckon there was no meekness lost betwixt 'em; yet the good o' meekness on one side I never could see, when it feeds tyranny on tother. To me, they always seemed properly matched and suited.

For certain, the tale of their marriage and the way of its coming out was a nine days' wonder in those parts, an' no doubt 'tis well remembered to this day; for, of all the queer things a-happening at that time, it surely was the queerest.

Alice Maude Ewell.



A NIGHT JOURNEY FROM LONDON.



NIGHT journey in America, in the safe shelter of a Pullman sleeping-car, has no real terrors, and only a few imaginary ones, for the most nervous woman. If she is tired, she beckons to the porter and says appealingly: "May I have my berth made up first?" If this sable functionary is in a good humor, or the substantial inducement is sufficient, he graciously proceeds to pull out the mysterious shelves, unearthing the mattress and coverings, and curtain off the recess which is to be her resting-place for the night.

It used to be a difficult matter to find one's own berth again, if one incautiously wandered from it; now the number, emblazoned on a strip of tapestry, hangs in plain sight, so that he who runs may read and make no mistake in his abiding-place. I have often wondered whether the tribulations of Mr. Howells' charming travelers in the "Sleeping-Car" suggested this improvement. It is as convenient as the numbering of houses in a street, and quite as necessary.

Once behind the protecting curtains, the dress comes off and the wrapper goes on without much delay. It is a luxury to rest the head on the fat pillows, when they are poked to a comfortable angle; and, if one is blessed with a quiet conscience and an indifference to the clatter of wheels, one soon sinks to sleep. Even in dreams, there is the soothing consciousness that, if anyone dared to intrude into this sacred privacy, one scream, such as feminine lungs can give when their owner sees fit to exert them, would bring a careful of indignant defenders to the rescue!

It is a different matter when a lady has to travel alone in England. To take the journey by day is merely a choice of evils; for then, if the distance is great, she is almost certain to be obliged to change trains. This involves looking after her own luggage—no light matter, even with the assistance of the

deferential porter, in a land where checks are unknown. Englishmen call them "brasses" when they meet them abroad, and appreciate them too.

My journey was made from London to Stranraer, a little town in the southwest of Scotland, from which a steamer crosses daily to Larne, the nearest port in Ireland. The passage occupies only two hours and a half, and is much shorter than by any other route. This fact had great weight with a person who had just crossed the Atlantic and expected almost immediately to cross it again. The ocean is fascinating to those who like it; to others who do not, the less they are on it, the more pleasure it gives them. I love the sea from the safe standpoint of the shore; to look at its tossing billows and long green curves crested with foam is a never-ending delight. To feel them giving way under one, with a treacherous swiftness that makes one's heart sink, leaving an awful vacuum that nothing will fill, is a sensation entirely the reverse of pleasurable.

With this in mind, I speedily decided to have as little water and as much land as possible in the transit, and to go to Ireland by this way rather than risk the longer voyage from Holyhead. As the steamer left in the morning, it was necessary either to spend the night before at Stranraer, or to come down from London by the train leaving there at nine o'clock in the evening—I chose the latter.

We reached Euston Square station in good time. The trunks were put on a truck by a porter, and wheeled into the building. The London cabman never condescends to trouble himself about the luggage; he neither puts it on his cab nor takes it off. He leaves that to an inferior order of beings, and, from his high perch, looks on their struggles with calm indifference. When a cab laden with trunks stops at a private house, two or three shabby men appear as if by magic, clamoring to be allowed to carry the luggage upstairs.

When the trunks arrived at the platform, an official surveyed them with an air of interest and remarked briefly: "These must be weighed." They were put on the scales, and, after looking at the indicator, he said: "Overweight; twenty shillings to pay." To a woman coming from a free country, where—except with a few notable exceptions—she may carry as many Saratogas as she pleases without let or hindrance, it was appalling to be called upon to pay nearly five dollars for the carriage of her personal belongings; but there was no appeal from this verdict, and the money was surrendered with a sigh.

The guard opened the door of an empty carriage dimly lighted by an oil lamp near the ceiling, and looking as cheerless and forsaken as a deserted cabin on a Western prairie. The friend who had come to see me off slipped a fee into his hand and said: "Take care of this lady, and see that she is not disturbed." The perfidious creature said: "Yes, sir; oh, yes! certainly!" with the most cheerful alacrity, and fulfilled his commission by once flashing his lantern into the window in a way that rendered it perfectly impossible for him to see whether the occupant of the compartment was reposing in peace or lying murdered on the floor!

The train rolled out into the darkness and was soon rushing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Sleep was out of the question, and the light was too dim to read by; so I composed myself to pass the long hours as comfortably as possible. Cheerful stories of people who had been shut up with lunatics recurred to me, and I was only too thankful to be alone. About midnight, we stopped at a large station, and I was relieved to find no one intruded on my solitude.

At three o'clock in the morning, the most forlorn and dreary hour of the twenty-four, we reached Preston. Just before the train moved again, a young man opened the door of my carriage, entered, shut it with a bang, and sank back in the corner with an air of satisfaction which I was far from sharing. He wore a Scotch cap, and was rolled up in a plaid that partially concealed his face. I gave myself up for lost, as I

was aware that we should not stop again for two hours, and that I was totally unable to communicate with any other human being—unless, as a last resort, I could reach the cord that would alarm the engineer and stop the train.

Chloroform and pistols presented themselves to my imagination with disagreeable pertinacity. I ran over in my mind the few valuables I had about me, and debated whether it would be best to present them at once as a peace-offering, or to wait until they were taken from me by force. I hesitated whether it was wisest to speak to him politely, in hope of propitiating him, or most prudent to keep silence and let events develop themselves. Just as I had decided upon the latter course, he stretched his feet out on the seat and prepared apparently to go to sleep. This, I reflected, might be a feint to throw me off my guard; and, so far from relaxing my vigilance, I sat with every nerve on the alert.

After about half an hour, which seemed to me the three longest hours I have ever known, he sat upright and said in a mild tone with a strong Scotch accent: "It's vara deesmal, traveling alane at nicht." "Yes, very!" I said, emphatically. A pause then. "Did ye ever hear o' the Preston Guild?" "No," I said, cheerfully, thinking this a safe subject. Whereupon he proceeded to explain that this was a great festivity held in Preston once in twenty years. The Duke of Cambridge had presided upon this occasion, and he had come to take part in the gay doings.

We got on very amicably after this, and, when we reached Carlisle in the gray dawn of the autumn morning, instead of presenting a pistol at my head, he brought me a cup of tea which so refreshed me that I partially forgot my unfounded terrors of the night. The little steamer was waiting at the pier at Stranraer. My new acquaintance carried my bag on board and departed.

My little adventure is scarcely worthy of that dignified name; but it was enough to show how easily it might have been a tragic one, and to give me a profound horror of night traveling in English railway carriages.

Elisabeth Robinson Scovill.

THE ANDROMEDA THEORY.



IT was clearly a modern repetition of the story of Andromeda. This was the opinion of the whole village—or rather, of that portion of it which read the classics; the unclassical remainder of the community felt just as strongly, though they did not confine themselves to mythological metaphors, but indulged in plain language on the subject.

People in Canonsburg felt a special personal interest in the matter, for they had known Lilian Vernon ever since she was a baby. So, when they saw her that cold November morning, for the first time since her engagement had been announced, in all the bravery of her new winter costume, looking so young and bright and fresh, they felt it their solemn duty to canvass the event freely. It was Mr. Danvers, the principal of the village academy from which Lilian had gradu-

ated, who suggested Andromeda; but, as he had been suspected of being in love with his most promising pupil, some personal feeling may have biased his judgment and driven him to classical allusions. Lilian's father, of course, represented the cruel Nereids who sacrificed the maiden; while poor Mr. Crawford, who had hitherto appeared in quite a different light to the inhabitants of the village, suddenly was made to assume the rôle of the devouring monster. Miss Hester Lee, who prepared the girls for the academy and was believed by some persons to have matrimonial designs on Mr. Danvers, was the only one who took the other side.

"It's better to be an old man's darling—though, goodness knows, Mr. Crawford's not an old man—than a young man's slave," she remarked, sagely; "and that's what Lilian would have been, if she'd married Tom Granville. We can see what he was by his marrying out there in California, though Lilian would never have given him up. It was the most sensible thing her father ever did, not to allow them to become engaged; that would have been what I call a sacrifice!"

"Do you think there's any truth in what some people say about Mr. Vernon?" asked Miss Lee's favorite pupil and confidante, Emmie Deans. "That he is in difficulties and wanted Mr. Crawford's money to help him out, so he persuaded Lilian to enter into the engagement?"

Miss Hester turned away from the window through which she had just seen the object of these observations pass up the street.

"No, I don't," she answered, decidedly. "There isn't a more substantial business-man in Canonsburg than Mr. Vernon; and, when he took Mr. Crawford as partner two years ago, it was only because he was getting on in years and hadn't such good health. I don't believe Mr. Crawford supplied any cap-

ital. How do you know he has any money, anyway? He never gave sign of it, if he has."

Miss Hester's listener admitted the truth of this, nor did she attempt to refute her teacher's arguments; but she remained unconvinced, and, like most of the community, preferred to retain the more romantic view of the question.

Now, what was the real feeling of the parties concerned, and what was the true state of affairs? Not an unusual one.

Lilian Vernon and Tom Granville were girl-and-boy lovers; but, when he went to California, Mr. Vernon refused to sanction an engagement—he did not believe in Tom. He thought that the event justified his decision—though his daughter may have looked at it differently—when the young man, not considering himself bound, married within two years of his departure. It was just at this time that Mr. Crawford, an old friend of her father's, though a considerably younger man, became his partner. Lilian saw a good deal of him, and he was very kind to her just when she most needed kindness, so she learned to depend on him. One day, he told her the story of his life and asked her to marry him. At first, she was very much astonished—too much astonished to answer immediately; and besides, she was sorry for him. When a young man, he had been engaged to a girl who had deliberately jilted him for a richer husband.

When Lilian spoke to her father about the matter—for she confided everything to him: her mother had died when she was a little girl, and he had been father and mother both to her—he seemed so delighted at the idea that for the first time she began seriously to consider it. Why should she not please the two people in the world whom she really cared most about? she asked herself. She liked nobody more than Mr. Crawford, unless there was a lingering tenderness in her heart for her old lover; and in that case, the sooner she took some step to banish that feeling, the better. Finally she said to her unexpected suitor:

"I will promise to marry you, Mr. Crawford, but not for a long time." And he was content.

For a while, Lilian was very unhappy. She had been used to receiving much and giving comparatively little, in her relation with Mr. Crawford; but now she felt that it was different: surely much more must be exacted from her, and she had so little to give! She had been unconsciously selfish, and she wanted to do right. She took long lonely walks through the leafless November woods, which looked as dreary as existence seemed to her then. Months afterward, when great changes had come in her life, she remembered those sad solitary hours, the silence broken only by the sighing of the wind among the bare boughs of the trees. It seemed to Lilian that she grew older rapidly during that time.

Presently, however, she realized that her betrothed was not at all exacting, and then things fell back into the calm comfortable way in which they had been going for the two previous years—the only way in which life could flow for her now and always, Lilian believed.

For nearly two years, Canonsburg pursued the even tenor of its way, and then it had a new sensation. Miss Hester's pet pupil, now a favorite at the academy, rushed in to see her former teacher and tell her the tidings.

"Have you heard," she cried, in great excitement, "that Lilian Vernon is going to be married at last?"

"Oh, yes! News travels fast in this town," answered Miss Lee. "And glad I am of it, too. He has been very patient—too patient for his own good; she would have liked him better if he'd been less patient—women always do."

The youthful listener, who was just out of short dresses, did not attempt to contradict this bit of wisdom, but merely remarked:

"It must be true, for she's having her trousseau made."

Nor was Canonsburg mistaken in its conclusions: Lilian had at last yielded to her lover's entreaties, and promised to marry him at Christmas. She had no good reason for delay, and her father had thrown all the weight of his influence on Mr. Crawford's side. It was September now, and she had begun to make her preparations for the dreaded

event. Such was the shape it assumed to her, though she never dared to put her feelings into plain words. When the news of the approaching marriage became generally known, Canonsburg showed by its comments that it had been converted—at least, the greater portion of it—to Miss Hester's view. Even Mr. Danvers ceased to talk about Andromeda; for Mr. Crawford held a high place in the regard of the villagers, and many people considered Miss Vernon a lucky girl.

September and October passed away uneventfully, and November drew to its close. One evening, just about a month before the date of her wedding, Lilian came down into the drawing-room, to see her betrothed. She was alone, as her father had been called away on business for a day or two; and she rather dreaded the prospect of a long evening's tête-à-tête with Mr. Crawford. If she had been half as keen an observer of her lover as of her father, she would have noticed, after the first greeting, that her visitor was a little different from his usual self—grave and almost distraught; but she never thought about it until afterward, and then she remembered that such was the case. He did not stay late; but, when he rose to go, he drew her more tenderly to him than was his wont: generally, he repressed all, or nearly all, demonstrations of affection toward her.

"Lilian," he said, looking keenly into her face, "do you love me?" The question, put so abruptly, gave her a shock of surprise, and she hesitated. "Do not answer me, if it distresses you, my darling; there is no need for your answer," he went on, sadly.

"Oh! do not think that I don't care for you," she began; but he filled out the pause at the end of her sentence:

"No, dear; you are fond of me in a way, but not as I love you—more than life itself, as those should love who join their destinies. I was foolish to think you might learn to do so—foolish to hope that it might come in time—"

"Oh! perhaps it will," Lilian cried, timidly.

He shook his head.

"Tell me, Lilian," he said, gently:

"if you had to choose between your father and me, which would you choose?"

Lilian was silent. How could she tell him what she knew in her heart: that there was no question in her mind whatever that her father was incomparably dearer? Her eyes fell under his clear penetrating gaze, and she murmured the one poor little word:

"Forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive, dear. I thought so, but now I am quite sure. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

He held her close to him for a moment, and then would have released her; but some sudden blind instinct made her cling to him as she had never clung to him before.

"Are you going?" she said, timidly; but he did not misunderstand the movement, and, with a repeated "God bless you!" went away almost suddenly.

"How strangely John, behaved," thought Lilian, when she was left alone. She had never before called him "John," even in her thoughts.

Mr. Vernon came home the next day, just at tea-time. Lilian had been in the house all day, on the watch for him; but, when she went to greet him, she was startled by the change in his face—he looked old and ghastly. For the last four years, her father's health had been failing almost imperceptibly; but of late it had been very apparent to Lilian, and she had worried a good deal. Mr. Crawford had been the confidant of her anxiety, and had cheered her up greatly. He had endeavored to lighten Mr. Vernon's business-cares as much as possible, and had tried to persuade him to relinquish the presidency of the Canonsburg bank, of which he was himself a director; but to no purpose.

"You have been ill, papa?" cried his daughter, as she went up to him.

"Not very," he answered; "but—something terrible has happened."

"Surely nothing very terrible could happen to us, if you are safe!" she cried.

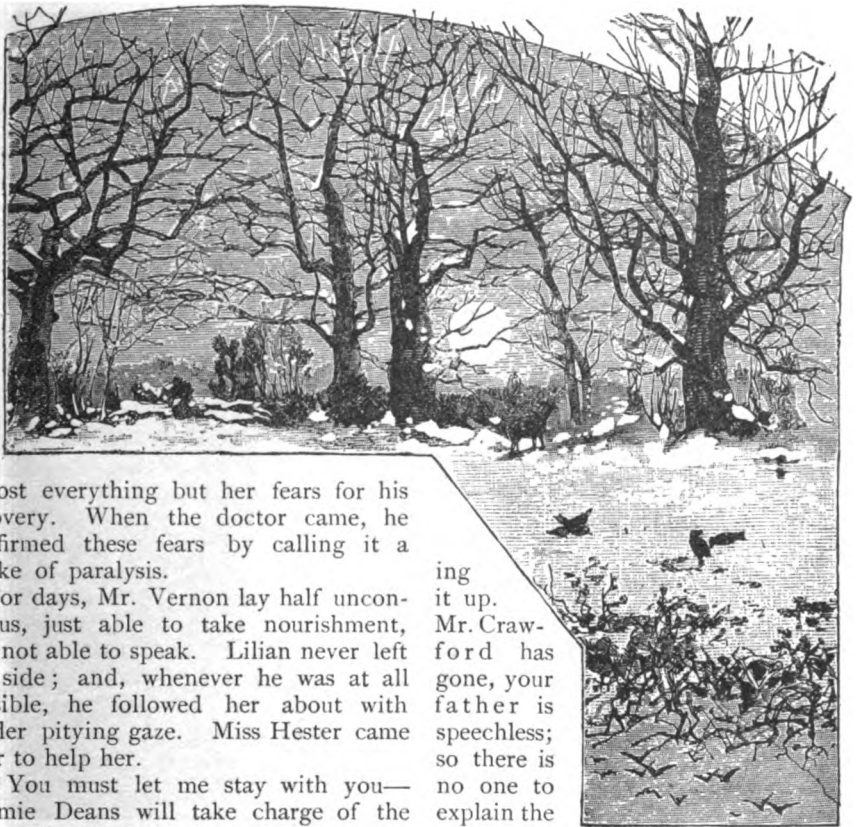
"John Crawford—" he began. Lilian looked inquiringly, wonderingly, into his face. What could he mean? He

went on: "There is a deficit in the bank accounts, of fifty thousand dollars; and—Crawford has disappeared!"

Lilian gazed at her father in bewilderment, trying to comprehend the significance of his words; then she was wakened out of her dazed condition by seeing him totter, and, before she could prevent it, fall with a heavy thud to the floor. She uttered a piercing shriek, which brought the servants in; and, in the confusion which followed and her attendance on the sick man, Lilian forgot

chaos of bewilderment and anxiety. Miss Hester told her very bluntly and abruptly; she could not tell things in any other way:

"It is a mystery, my dear child—a mystery; but it will all come right in the end, I am sure! There is a deficiency of fifty thousand dollars in the bank's accounts. The new cashier—Mr. Pearson—discovered it; but it happened in the time of the old cashier, and, as the dead can't come back to reveal secrets, there isn't much hope of clear-



almost everything but her fears for his recovery. When the doctor came, he confirmed these fears by calling it a stroke of paralysis.

For days, Mr. Vernon lay half unconscious, just able to take nourishment, but not able to speak. Lilian never left his side; and, whenever he was at all sensible, he followed her about with tender pitying gaze. Miss Hester came over to help her.

"You must let me stay with you—Emmie Deans will take charge of the school," she said; and, though she at first refused, Lilian finally consented.

It was Miss Hester who, in response to the poor girl's insistence, explained how matters stood. They were in the room adjoining her father's, with the door ajar. He seemed to be asleep, and Lilian had withdrawn into the next room in order to learn precisely what had happened; for her mind was in a perfect

ing
it up.
Mr. Crawford has gone, your father is speechless; so there is no one to explain the mystery."

Miss Hester paused a moment, waiting for Lilian to speak: which she did, after a little hesitation.

"Then," she said, slowly, "they suspect John—Mr. Crawford—of taking the money?"

"I do not," answered Miss Lee, promptly; "but of course it looks bad—his having gone away suddenly, and

nobody's knowing anything about him. You have not heard, my child?" Lilian shook her head almost impatiently. "Unless your father can explain the matter, which he can't at present—"

her old friend to marvel at her self-control.

"There was no good in telling her about that big sum of money John Crawford put into her father's business not so



The speaker brought her sentence to an abrupt close.

"Perhaps papa will be able to do that when he is better; the doctor says he is better," said Lilian, anxiously. "Now I must go back to him." And she re-entered the darkened chamber, leaving

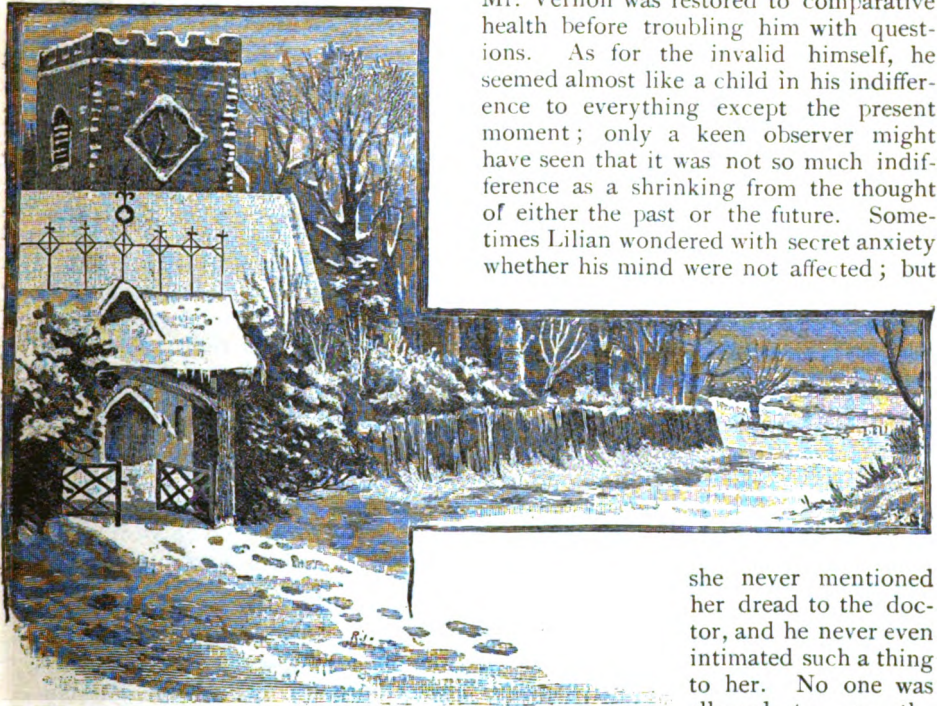
very long ago. It certainly looks black for him, but I'd as soon distrust Mark Vernon. Poor child! poor child!" Thus soliloquized the school-mistress, when she was left alone.

In the beginning, Lilian thought only of her father; but soon she realized what

a comfort and support she had lost in her lover, and at first she missed him in a purely selfish fashion. Presently, however, she began to enter into his feelings—to think of things from his side; and, never doubting him for an instant, she grew more and more tender toward him. Woman-like, the love she had denied him in his days of honor and prosperity was freely lavished on him now that he

partner. Some of that money, she felt sure people believed had come from the bank; but she saw that no one in the least blamed her father, unless it was for placing too much confidence in his partner: and, as he was an old friend, they thought even this excusable.

The directors of the bank were very kind. They arranged matters there, and reiterated their willingness to wait until Mr. Vernon was restored to comparative health before troubling him with questions. As for the invalid himself, he seemed almost like a child in his indifference to everything except the present moment; only a keen observer might have seen that it was not so much indifference as a shrinking from the thought of either the past or the future. Sometimes Lilian wondered with secret anxiety whether his mind were not affected; but



was under a cloud. It had been slowly and unconsciously developing, but now it blossomed into full expansion and even helped her to bear her troubles.

Mr. Vernon grew better: speech came back, and he was able to get about his room; but the doctor insisted that he would not answer for the consequences if business were mentioned to him, so they waited patiently. The superintendent at the mills assured Lilian that all was going well, though he frankly confessed that they had had what he called "a close shave." Then, for the first time, Lilian learned that Mr. Crawford had put a good deal of money into the concern, instead of being merely a working

partner except Miss Hester, who spent all her time out of school-hours at the house.

Lilian herself would never have left her father, but they all insisted that she must have fresh air. So she stole out in the gray morning or early winter dusk, when she met but few people, and took long lonely walks. She knew that the whole village was pitying her, and, knowing this, she could not bear to meet them.

Mr. Danvers had begged her once again to marry him, and his letter had touched while it hurt her. She was thinking of this, and also of the complete disappearance of her betrothed, as

she took one of her favorite paths which led into the woods. It was long past Christmas, and the snow lay white on road and roof and tree-boughs. Every effort had been made to find Mr. Crawford, of course; but he had effectually concealed himself—"as effectually as some bigger rascals had," one of the directors said, though Lilian did not hear the remark. She was thinking how strange it was that nothing had been heard of him. They were to have been married before this, for it was long past Christmas! Absorbed in these sad reflections, she did not realize how long she had been walking until she passed the clock-tower and saw what time it marked. Her first fear was that her father would miss her, and she hastened homeward as rapidly as possible. Then she remembered that it was the night of the singing-school which Miss Hester led, and, vexed at her own thoughtlessness, quickened her footsteps.

Miss Lee had indeed donned her hat and coat, and was awaiting the young girl's return with some impatience; for she could not leave Mr. Vernon alone. He was dressed and sitting up in the room adjoining his bed-chamber, by a table which had been brought in there, so that they might all dine together. He was trying to persuade the spinster to go, as he felt certain that Lilian would soon be home, when a servant appeared and announced that someone downstairs wished to see Miss Hester. She left the room, and was gone fifteen or twenty minutes. When she came back, she looked very pale but determined. Although the house was warm, she had forgotten that she still had on her wraps.

"Mark," she began, slowly and gravely—they had known each other ever since they were boy and girl and went to the village school—"Mark, I want you to tell me something."

"Who was downstairs?" he asked, in an odd way.

"Mr. Mason," was the stern reply. Mr. Mason was the superintendent of the mills.

"Ah!" Mr. Vernon drew a long breath.

"Tell me, Mark"—she spoke more gently now and knelt beside him, looking up into his face and laying her hand over his—"tell me what you know of the missing money."

At first, he looked only puzzled and dazed; then his face changed, and, pushing her away, though not harshly, he rose to his feet and glanced slowly about.

"I will tell you, Hester," he began, with evident effort.

He turned toward her as he spoke, took a step, staggered forward, and would have fallen, had not Miss Lee intercepted him just before his head touched the floor. She laid him gently down and called the servants. They placed him on the bed and sent for the doctor immediately. A few minutes afterward, when Lilian returned, she found the doctor by the bedside, looking very grave. She felt certain at once there was no hope, and she was right. He lingered insensible for a few days, and then, rallying, after a brief return of consciousness during which he recognized his daughter and murmured her name, he died.

Only Miss Hester's stern self-control kept her from openly accusing herself to Lilian; but of course she told the doctor everything, and he assured her that in any case Mr. Vernon could not have lived very long.

"The shock was too much for him," he said; "and, under the circumstances, it was better so. Poor Lilian!"

"Poor Lilian!" echoed the spinster. "Bereft of both father and lover! Who will tell her?"

But there seemed no necessity for telling her. The superintendent had found papers which clearly laid the blame of appropriating the bank's funds on Mr. Vernon's shoulders and exempted John Crawford of any share in the deed, except of learning it afterward and taking the odium on himself. He had given up everything and gone away for Lilian's sake.

"This is nineteenth-century heroism! And I dare not tell her!" exclaimed Miss Hester.

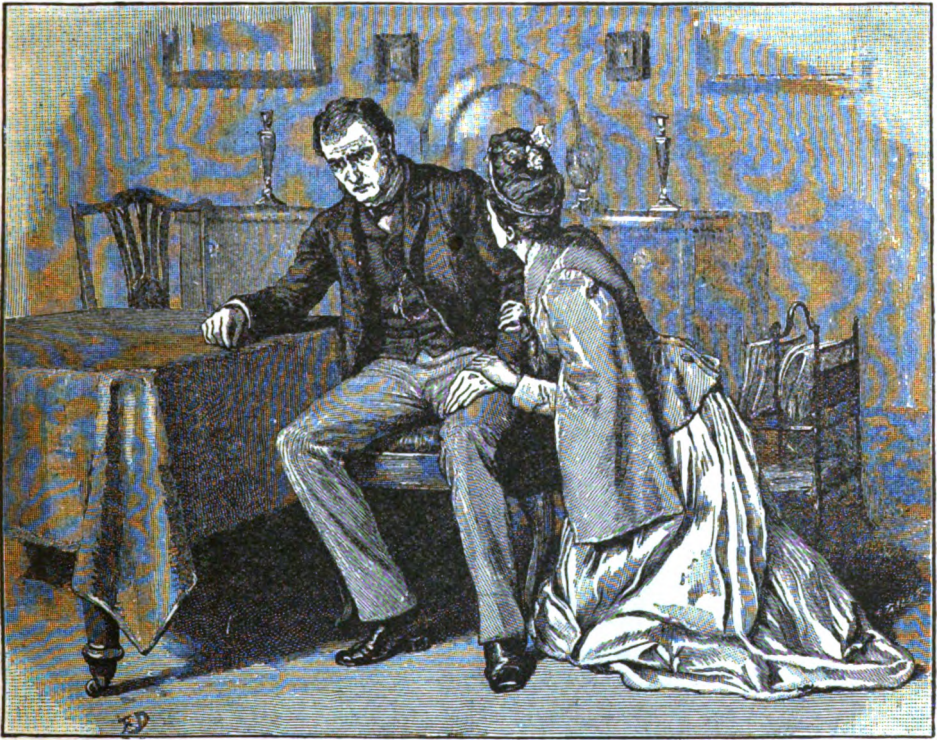
For Mr. Crawford had written, dis-

covering his hiding-place, soon after Mr. Vernon's death, and had laid an injunction on them not to disturb Lilian's peace by telling her the truth.

"It can be arranged quietly, without any disturbance, by the parties interested," he wrote; "you need not even clear me—it does not matter. When the business is settled up, you can surely get enough to make good the loss to the bank and leave Miss Vernon money to live on; I will help you. I would have

preferred it. As the winter dragged along, the poor girl looked like a ghost going about the lonely house, and Miss Hester rebelled more and more at keeping silence.

"I must tell her," she said at last, "since nobody else will. I can't see her breaking her heart and dying of loneliness. For even you, Mr. Danvers—and you, silly little romantic Emmie—must admit that she is fond of John Crawford. I never saw such faith!"



made good the loss as soon as I found it out, but I had put nearly everything I had into the mills; the business was in a bad way when I came there. Poor Vernon! He fully meant to return the money; he thought of it only as a temporary loan!"

Miss Hester cried over the letter when she heard it, but she did not dare disobey its behest. She was staying with Lilian, who would remain in her old home until spring, when her father's affairs should all be settled up; oddly enough, she

"You are quite right, Miss Hester," answered the school-master, gravely. He knew whereof he spoke, for he had again asked his old pupil in her solitude to come to him, and she had again refused. She had written very frankly, thanking him for his devotion, but telling him that she should never love anyone else than John Crawford. "So that effectually disposes of the Andromeda theory," Mr. Danvers said to himself, with a sad smile.

One day toward spring, Miss Hester

summoned all her courage and spoke to Lilian.

"My child," she said, abruptly but not unkindly, "I think you ought to know, even though he has forbidden us to tell you, that John Crawford is innocent."

"I knew that," Lilian answered, simply. "Tell me, Miss Hester: who was to blame?"

But the spinster found this part of her task more difficult. She hesitated and finally made up her mind, for the first time in her strict Puritan conscientious life, to prevaricate.

"I—I—" she began, falteringly, for she was not used to equivocation; but Lilian stopped her.

"Never mind, my friend; you need not tell me. I think I understand. A great many things have become clear to

me lately. John will explain everything. Where is he?"

Of course, he came in response to her call, and they were married almost immediately. A very quiet wedding it was, though the people of Canonsburg would have liked to give the bridegroom an ovation. For a long time, Lilian's happiness was chastened by sad memories of the past; but love, while it sometimes teaches us bitterness and renders things hard to bear, sometimes also helps us to be tender and makes things easy to bear: and it did this for Lilian. Through the halo of time, she remembers only her father's goodness, not his fall; and it is less difficult for her to do it, by the side of such a man as John Crawford. If you were to ask her, she would tell you that she was like Dejanira, not Andromeda, for she knows she has married a hero.

Robert B. Graham.



THE MOTHER OF MARGUERITE.

1.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

FROM Frederick Harland to Mrs.
Lloyd Harland, of Chesselville,
New York State.

BOULOGNE SUR MER,
April 22d, 188-.

DEAREST MOTHER :

I had barely time to write you a line, on my arrival in Europe, to tell you of my perfect health and of the swift and pleasant voyage of the good steamship "Bourgogne." Really, crossing the Atlantic has become mere child's-play, since one accomplishes the voyage in a week and a day—especially if the traveler, like myself, is proof against sea-sickness.

And now to take up the topic which I know surpasses in interest, for you, any other that might tempt my pen—namely, the girls. Ethel and Agnes are both well and blooming, and I saw them within forty-eight hours of my landing on the shores of France. Boulogne, as you know, is only four hours distant from Paris by the express-train, so I only delayed long enough to engage my room at the Continental Hotel, to establish my trunks in my new quarters, and to pack my valise for an excursion, before hurrying off to gratify myself by a meeting with my sisters, and to obtain for you that authentic information for which your soul has been yearning. You can reassure yourself completely, in respect not only to their health and happiness, but concerning their progress in accomplishments. They both speak French now as well as they do English, and Ethel has developed a decided taste for art. As to Agnes, her bent seems to be positively developed in the way of music. She sings quite delightfully, and is, as a pianist, one of the stars of the little monthly soirées that Madame Villars is accustomed to organize.

I think you were very wise in selecting a school situated at Boulogne, rather than

in Paris, in which to place the girls. The distracting influences of Parisian life, joined to the fact that our many friends in the American colony would have felt quite hurt had you not permitted Agnes and Ethel to pay and receive visits, would have proved a serious source of interruption to their studies. Here in the quiet old sea-side town, where even the summer months are marked by no influx of fashion and but little increase of gayety, the life of a school-girl is much more tranquil and sensible than it can be in the French capital or even at home. In fact, young girls study in France far more seriously than they can possibly do in the United States. The disturbing element of the opposite sex is perforce entirely absent. The boy-beaux and their attentions are eliminated wholly from the girl-students' life.

When the girls leave school, they will be all the better fitted to shine in society than they would have been, had they passed the years of their lives, from sixteen to eighteen or perhaps even earlier, in walking and flirting with boys, and in a sort of ecstatic craze concerning the attentions and the society of their young male contemporaries.

I have had, in fact, some difficulty in persuading Madame Villars to let me see my sisters, and to take them out for a drive on the sea-shore and for a promenade amongst the shops of Boulogne. But your letter and the warm endorsement of our Consul at Paris procured for me at last the desired permission. I am even invited by the good madame to attend a little soirée that she means to give to-morrow night, in honor of the commencement of the Easter holidays. I shall not fail to go, for I am rather interested in making the acquaintance of some of my sisters' school-mates.

There are several other American girls amongst the pupils, as well as a number of English ones. But the chosen friend of both Agnes and Ethel appears to be a

young French girl, by name Marguerite Lambert. They have quite raved about her to me, and, from their enthusiastic descriptions of her, she must be an altogether charming creature. They have excited in my mind a great curiosity concerning this paragon—who is, they tell me, not only very pretty, but remarkably talented as well. She is just the age of Agnes, it seems, and consequently will probably leave school in another year.

APRIL 24th.—Well, dearest mother, I laid aside my pen two days ago, and resume it in order to give you some account of the soirée at the house of Madame Villars.

My sisters looked exceedingly well in their fresh and tasteful and exquisitely simple Parisian toilettes, and the little party was in itself quite agreeable. There were some very lovely girls amongst the pupils, and especially Miss Gertrude Maxwell, of Chicago, and Miss Cecilia Brooke, of Cleveland. But I was, I think, most charmed by the favorite friend of my sisters—the young French girl, Marguerite Lambert. I am no believer in love at first sight, yet I will avow to you the fact that, if ever I marry, she shall be my wife. I cannot altogether comprehend the fascination that she has exercised over me. Her beauty, it is true, is of a very delicate and winning type. She is very fair, with large astonished-looking blue eyes, and she is tall and slender and fragile-looking, with a long slender throat, on which her head is poised with the dainty grace of a lily on its stem. Her complexion is as transparently pink and white as the lining of a sea-shell, and it varies with her every breath. Her hands and feet are as delicate in mould and as minute in their proportions as are those of an average American girl. One peculiarity of her countenance is a slight elevation of the cheek-bones; but that only serves to lend piquancy to her appearance. She has the sweetest voice in the world, in speaking. Altogether, she resembles most that lovely portrait of Christine Nilsson in her youth which you and father brought back from Paris in 1865, when the wonderful singer was an

unknown débutante and still a mere girl.

As to the birth and parentage of Mademoiselle Lambert, there seems to be no doubt as to its thorough respectability. Madame Villars tells me that her mother is a widow and the proprietress of one of the great retail dry-goods stores of Paris. Like Madame Boucicaut, of the Bon Marché, she manages all the details of her vast establishment herself; and so entirely is her time absorbed by her business, that she deprives herself altogether of the society of her daughter, because she has not leisure to occupy herself with her. Marguerite passes all her vacations at a farm in Normandy, which is owned by one of Madame Lambert's protégées; and there her mother never fails to come and pay her a long visit during her sojourn. This state of affairs naturally makes the poor girl very unhappy, especially now that she has outgrown her childhood. But Madame Lambert has promised to retire from all active participation in the business before long, and then she will be able to have Marguerite with her.

All this history was confided to me by Agnes and Ethel, when we took a last drive together prior to my departure for Paris. I shall not fail to make some inquiries about Madame Lambert at once. I suppose that Marguerite, as her only child, will be a great heiress, though happily my own condition of fortune will make that circumstance of but small importance. Perhaps, too, the lady may have other views for her daughter. I fear, however, that my heart is irretrievably won, no matter what the maternal decision may be. The image of that fair and delicate creature, the tones of her melodious voice, the touch of her slender hand, abide with me unceasingly.

Dear mother, wish me well. I never thought that I would give you, as a third daughter, any but a true American girl. And, after all, my wooing may prove a failure. There are such infinite possibilities of magnificent alliances for wealthy damsels in Europe, that the mother of Marguerite may have made up her mind that her daughter is to become a princess, or a duchess at the very least.

But, if the honest love of a well-to-do American gentleman is worth anything, I shall win the day against all rivals.

Let those laugh who will, now, at love at first sight. I am a living example—I, a practical strong-minded citizen of the United States, nearing in age my thirtieth year—of its possibility and its potency as well.

I will now draw this interminable letter to a close. Agnes and Ethel send love and kisses to the dear mother. The first-named is my confidante, and is wild with delight at the bare prospect of one day calling her beloved Marguerite sister. Imagine me insane or foolish or anything else you like, for this extraordinary infatuation. Wait only till you have seen Marguerite—that is, if you ever do see her. For I cannot close my eyes to the probable obstacles that may be in my path. Could one only, here in Europe, woo the damsel one desires to wed, in the honest straightforward American fashion, I should feel neither doubts nor alarms. But all the negotiations and the business details necessary to the formation of an international match cause me a certain amount of apprehension. If Marguerite were only a penniless girl, how I should rejoice in making her future life one scene of happiness! But the possible heiress of a vast fortune—well, I shall try my chances before I again turn my steps toward the United States.

And I remain your affectionate son,
FREDERICK HARLAND.

II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

“JACQUES! Jacques, I say!”

“Here I am, Madame Jeanne. What’s wanted?”

“Hurry and harness up the bay mare to drive madame to the station; and send George upstairs to bring down the trunk.”

“All right, Madame Jeanne. I’ll be round with the dog-cart in a jiffy.”

Madame Jeanne Tellier, who stands at the door of her comfortable farmhouse in Normandy, looking forth into the bright June sunshine, is as whole-

some and jolly-looking a farmer’s wife—or rather female farmer, for she has been a widow for long years past—as is to be found in all fertile Normandy. Since the defunct Tellier had left her alone and childless, she has managed her estate with wonderful success. There was one season, indeed, when a series of unprecedented calamities had overtaken her, in the shape of a failure of the crops, a murrain amongst the cattle, and, above all, a sharp attack of fever which had robbed her of her energies and her wits for many long weeks, and from which she had emerged so sorely shaken and broken down that she was unable to do anything toward bringing back productiveness to her property and prosperity to herself. But, just at the moment of her greatest need, an unknown benefactor—a good fairy in human form—had stepped in and had aided Madame Tellier, not only to tide over the period of disaster, but to establish her affairs on a wider and firmer basis than ever before.

All this had happened some years before the time at which our story finds her. Only one change had taken place of later years in her mode of living, and that was the presence at stated epochs of a young and very lovely girl, evidently a lady by birth and breeding, who came once or twice a year to spend a month or two at the farm, and who was treated by everybody there, Madame Jeanne herself included, with infinite deference. The neighbors gossiped a little about the visits of this young demoiselle, since Madame Tellier was too wealthy to need to take boarders, and it was very certain that she counted amongst her relations no such high-bred personage as the visitor appeared to be.

It was this young lady who now came to the door, accompanied by a tall and graceful woman, around whose neck she was fondly clinging. There was no actual resemblance between the two, but the indescribable identity of expression and gesture that often exists in company with close relationship, and the yearning tenderness of the manner of the elder woman toward her young companion, were sufficient to mark them as mother and daughter. The height and slender

proportions of the figure, and that indescribable air of elegance in every gesture and movement—which, for want of a better term, we are accustomed to designate as “stylishness”—and, above all, the way in which the well-formed head was poised on the slender throat and sloping shoulders, were, it is true, identical. But Marguerite Lambert, as we have before stated, was a delicate blonde, while her companion had very dark hair, with scarce a thread of silver visible amidst its luxuriant masses, and large deep-gray eyes shaded with long black lashes. Her features were fine, of the attenuated and aquiline type, and her hands and feet were, like those of Marguerite, perfection itself. She was dressed in a plain traveling-suit of dark-gray cashmere, whose faultless fit and stylish cut betrayed the hand of an accomplished dressmaker. She wore no jewels of any kind, even the tapering fingers being destitute of a single ring. But altogether she was a very high-bred-looking personage, with much more the mien of a duchess than that of a good middle-class business-woman.

“You are going away, mother dear,” said the young girl, bursting into tears as she spoke, “and you have only been with me for three weeks. Three weeks twice a year—not two months in all!”

“Marguerite dearest, you know how it pains me to leave you; but, when one is in business as I am, and has the interests of a large shop to look after, it is impossible to be absent from Paris for any length of time. Trust me, daughter, the day will come when I can keep you with me always. And now, what can I do for you? Is there any favor that my spoiled girl would like to ask of me before I go away?”

“Yes, one—only one, and always the same thing: let me leave the boarding-school where I am so unhappy, and come and live with you! I’ll serve in the shop, or run errands for you. I’ll do anything for you, if you will only take me home with you.”

“Marguerite, dear child—”

“Oh, yes—I know what you are going to say. You will tell me how much you love me, and how you want to have me

with you, and how impossible it is that you should take me home with you. And then you will send me back to Boulogne, to that hateful school and to the same round of lessons, as if I were a child. But I am a woman now: I am past sixteen. I see my school-fellows going away, and they write me letters about the balls and operas they are being taken to, and the delightful times they are having; and I never go anywhere, and I never see anything or anybody. You are not poor, darling mamma, I know; for I have the prettiest dresses and ornaments of any girl at Madame Villars’s, and I have taken all sorts of lessons from the most expensive professors. And it is not because I am backward in my school-work, for I took half a dozen first prizes at the last examination. Oh, mother, mother, will you not take me away? May I not go home with you?”

“Not yet, my precious one, not yet. Only have patience for a little while longer.”

“That is what you always say!” cried the young girl, breaking from her mother’s embrace: “‘Patience, patience: the time will come.’ And then it never does come!”

“It will soon come now, Marguerite, I promise you. Then we will go traveling together to Italy and Spain and Russia. You shall see all Europe, and we will be so happy together, little one.”

“Mother, you do not love me!”

“How can you pain me with such cruel words, child? You know that I love you beyond the power of words to express.”

“I know nothing of the kind. A mother who truly loves her daughter does not send that daughter away from her. The place of a girl is at her mother’s side.”

“Listen, little one,” said the elder woman, taking Marguerite’s hands in her own and drawing her toward her: “there is truth in your reproaches. But this state of affairs shall soon come to an end. I promise you that.”

“Soon?”

“Yes, soon—very soon. Some few months it may be, but not longer.”

“And then I shall come home to live

with you—and I shall go to parties and to soirées with you, and wear my pretty dresses? Oh, mother dearest, how happy I shall be!"

"And what about me, my dear one? Can you not imagine how I shall enjoy having you always with me? And now, what shall I send you when I go back to Paris? Some new books and music, of course; and what dresses would you like to have?"

Marguerite shook her head dismally.

"What is the use of my having such handsome toilettes, only to wear them at Madame Villars's little parties? But never mind: you may send me a white crape evening-dress, and a walking-dress or two, and one of those nice new cloaks, and a couple of stylish hats, and some gloves and slippers and silk stockings, and—and—that is all, I believe."

"You shall have them; and, if you think of anything else you want, you can let me know."

"Oh, what a good mamma!" cried the young girl, accompanying her words with a fervent kiss. "I shall go now and make you up the prettiest bouquet in the world, as a reward. And to-night, when you are thinking over your profits or balancing your books, you can look at the flowers from time to time and think of your little Marguerite who loves you."

So saying, Marguerite disappeared through the open door in the direction of the sunny well-kept garden, and her mother turned with a sigh to re-enter the house. She was met on the threshold by Madame Tellier.

"I beg your pardon, Madame Lambert, and I am sure I don't wish to hurry you off; but, if you mean to catch the four o'clock train, you have not much time to lose."

"Thank you, my good Jeanne; I must be back in Paris this evening, and so I will start for the station at once. And how do you think Mademoiselle Marguerite has been this summer? I do not think she is looking as well as usual."

"Oh, yes, madame. She has been perfectly well ever since she arrived here. But, if I might venture to suggest something, madame—"

"Say what you please, Jeanne. What is it?"

"Why, mademoiselle frets so much about being kept at school so long, and she pines so for her mother, that I think really that worriment is doing her harm."

"Ah, well, I hope that I shall soon be able to have her with me altogether. I have just leased a villa in the environs of Brussels, and—"

At that moment, Marguerite arrived, rosy and breathless and laden with an immense bouquet, while Jacques came forward to announce that the carriage was waiting. A tender last embrace was exchanged between mother and daughter, and then the vehicle disappeared amidst a cloud of dust. Madame Tellier went off to look after the welfare of a sick chicken that she was nursing, while Marguerite, taking up a volume of the "Lives of the Queens of England," wandered off to read and meditate in her favorite haunt in the orchard.

"Madame Lambert—Madame Lambert," quoth Madame Tellier to herself, as she bent over the ailing fowl: "she's no more a shop-keeper than I'm an empress! She may well wear the plainest kind of gowns while she's here, and never a brooch or pair of earrings or even a ring. But I've seen great ladies in my day, and she's one of them if ever there was one. And moreover, why does she have a watch with a princess's crown set in diamonds on the back, if she's just plain Madame Lambert? I found it the other day, hidden under a pile of handkerchiefs, when I was clearing out the bureau-drawers, and I had a great mind to show it to mademoiselle; but I didn't, for, after all, it's none of my business. I'm well paid to take care of the girl and to hold my tongue, and I'll do both as long as I live."

Meantime, Marguerite had settled herself comfortably in her favorite seat near the wall that separated the grounds from the high-road. She opened her book and tried to interest herself in the heroic deeds of that crowned Amazon, Margaret of Anjou; but she found it impossible to read. Her thoughts persisted in straying to the future—to the home she was

one day to occupy with her mother. And also, it must be confessed, the image of the young American gentleman who had danced with her so often at the soirée at the house of Madame Villars, and had gazed at her—respectfully enough, it is true, but with a world of admiration in his eyes—rose up persistently before her. Did her chosen friend, Agnes Harland, mean anything in particular by begging her to write down the exact address of Madame Tellier? Neither Agnes nor Ethel was much given to letter-writing, and indeed Marguerite's latest epistle was still unanswered; but, if one of them did write to her, it would be very pleasant. And of course the request for the direction meant nothing more. So, after a glance toward a stray traveling-carriage that was going at a good pace along the road, Marguerite again opened her book and tried to fix her attention on its pages. But, before she had gotten fully interested in the Wars of the Roses, a voice on the other side of the wall caused her to start violently and to let fall the volume.

"Miss Lambert—Mademoiselle Marguerite—pray, do not be alarmed; it is only I."

And the handsome head of Frederick Harland appeared just above the coping of the wall.

"I did not mean to startle you," he continued. "In fact, I only came here this morning to ask for a piece of information from Madame Tellier. But, seeing you here as I passed in my traveling-carriage, I decided to beg for a few moments' interview, to decide my future movements. Will you permit me to cross this barrier that now separates us?"

And, scarcely heeding the stammered utterances of the blushing girl, the young man sprang over the low wall and came to take his seat on the rustic bench beside her.

"Dear mademoiselle, you must forgive me for this breach of the etiquette of France, which forbids even a call from a young man on a well-born girl. But you have heard enough of American ways to realize that I, an American, can hardly persuade myself to take the step that I am about to do without some

assurance from your own lips that such a proceeding will not be wholly unwelcome to you. I have come here to-day in search of Madame Lambert's Parisian address, which Madame Villars either could not or would not accord to me. And, as Agnes could only give me tidings of the whereabouts of Madame Tellier's farm, I came hither to try to obtain the desired information from her. But, before proceeding any farther, may I not beg of you the favor of a frank response to a question I long to ask you?"

"Anything that I can say—anything that I can tell you, Mr. Harland, I shall be glad to do."

"Then answer me without reserve: Am I in any way disagreeable to you? If so, only speak, and I shall instantly go away."

"Disagreeable? Oh, no, Mr. Harland; that is—"

"It is enough. Marguerite, I love you! Will you consent to become my wife?"

A rosy flush suffused the fair face that was upraised to meet his gaze. Then the golden head drooped, and no audible reply was given to his question. But one slender hand came timidly to nestle in his palm, and so no words were needed. He clasped the delicate fingers tenderly and covered them with kisses.

"Dearest, I must not linger beside you, even in the first dawn of our happiness. But we have a lifetime to spend together, so that matters the less. Now give me the Paris address of Madame Lambert. I go hence at once to lay before her my request for your hand."

"My mother's address? Mr. Harland—"

"Not that name any more, Marguerite, but Frederick henceforward."

"Well—Frederick—you will scarcely believe me, I know; but I cannot tell you where my mother lives. She has always kept me in ignorance of her abode—fearing, as she has often said, that, in my anxiety to be with her, I might be tempted to come to Paris in search of her. Even my letters are sent to a post-office on the Boulevard Haussmann, to be kept till called for."

"And Madame Tellier?"

"She knows no more than I do."

"Strange!"

And, with a foreboding of some unpleasant mystery clouding the first moments of his betrothal, Frederick rose to depart.

"It matters little, dearest. There are ways and means of finding out all things, in Paris. Wear this till I come again."

And passing, on the finger of the little hand he still held, a ring set with a fine oval turquoise surrounded with diamonds, he pressed upon it one lingering impassioned kiss, leaped lightly over the wall, and disappeared down the road, with a farewell glance and wave of his hand.

Confused, half terrified, but ecstatically happy, Marguerite picked up her book and turned her steps toward the house. But, before she had gone far, a sudden call checked her progress:

"Mademoiselle Marguerite! Mademoiselle, I say! Here—stop a moment!"

And Jacques, the servant, hurried up to her, out of breath with haste.

"I've something for you. Take it—quick, before Madame Tellier sees it."

"Why, what is the matter? What have you got there for me, Jacques?"

"It is a card, with the address on it of madame your mother. It fell off of one of her trunks as the porter was putting it into the baggage-car. So, after the train went off, I saw it lying there, and I said to myself: I'll just take that to mademoiselle. And here it is."

And he extended to her a label on which was written, in the distinct decided handwriting of Marguerite's mother, the words: "No. 298 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris."

III.

A REVELATION.

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PARIS,
June 4th.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am still in a dazed condition on account of the adventures of the past twenty-four hours, and I hardly know how to begin the history of them. However, it must be told.

Well, after my interview with Margue-

rite at the farm of Madame Tellier, of which I wrote you at once, I made the best of my way back to Paris, with intent to seek out her mother forthwith and to make in due form my demand for her in marriage. I arrived at the hotel late in the afternoon, and found there waiting for me my old college friend and traveling companion, Alan Walford. As it was far too late in the day to think of looking up Madame Lambert, I accepted his proposition that we should dine together at a restaurant and go somewhere in the evening. Before we had concluded our repast, we were joined by an old Parisian acquaintance, the Count de Rennepont—an old bachelor and club-man, and a very charming and genial gentleman—who, hearing that we were disengaged and were on the lookout for some pleasant form of occupation for our evening, proposed to take us both with him to a soirée to which he had been invited, at the house of the Princess Paulovska.

"Will it not be a rather unceremonious proceeding for us to present ourselves at the entertainment in question, count, without some special form of invitation?" I asked.

"Bless you, no!" responded M. de Rennepont, with a laugh. "To be sure, the lady is a genuine princess, though only a Polish one, and she is a very elegant lady, and moreover a woman of perfectly unimpeachable reputation. She and her husband came here some fifteen years ago, as poor as poverty itself. The gentleman, who had had a good deal of experience at Monte Carlo, took a very handsome suite of apartments, furnished them sumptuously, and induced his wife to give very elegant entertainments, at which gambling of all sorts formed a prominent feature. He died nearly twelve years ago, but not before his residence had become well known in a secret sort of way, as a gambling establishment of great luxury and enterprise. A good many people thought that the place would be closed after his death. But his wife continued her series of brilliant dinners and suppers, with baccarat and roulette after them just to pass away the evening. She must be worth mill-

ions by this time, and indeed it is whispered that she intends to retire, before long into private life."

"How in the world has she managed to keep out of the clutches of the police?"

"That is a question that I think even the most assiduous of the habitués of the Hotel Paulovska—for she has a whole residence to herself now—would find difficult to answer. But, if you are at all inclined to witness a very unique phase of Parisian life, my young friends, you had best get yourselves into full evening-dress as quickly as possible, and accompany me to pay your respects to the princess."

I must confess that, on arriving at the gorgeous dwelling of the lady in question, I was a good deal impressed, not simply by the splendor that surrounded me, but by the artistic richness and perfect taste displayed in the furniture and decorations of the magnificent rooms. Also, the hostess herself was a most dignified and imposing personage. She must have been remarkably handsome in her youth, and still bore traces of her former beauty in the fine outline of her features and in the grace of her every movement. She was attired in dark-blue velvet, with bands of Russian sable at the throat and wrists and bordering the long train, and with immense diamonds in her ears and clasping the dress at the neck. Altogether a very genuine-looking princess, and not at all what one would imagine the keeper of a gambling-house to be. Only the fact that a heavy curtain in antique tapestry shut off one of the drawing-rooms from the rest of the suite, and that from behind this curtain a subdued murmur of voices and the clicking of ivory balls were occasionally audible, no one would have imagined the house to be anything but the most aristocratic of residences.

There were no ladies present at the soirée of the princess: evidently the fair sex did not grace her entertainments with their presence. But, on the other hand, the male guests were of the highest type of social distinction. There was one prince of the blood-royal present, who was pointed out to me by the

Count de Rennepont; and as to titled gentlemen bearing the names of the proudest of the noble families of France, they were there by the score. One after another glided quietly behind the tapestry curtain; and finally the princess, who had been chatting with Walford and myself, rose and remarked:

"I think you will find more entertainment in the next room, gentlemen—if not as active participants in the amusements, at least as spectators. Come: I will show you the way."

As she spoke, she drew partially aside the heavy folds of the curtain, and we followed her into the adjoining apartment. It was spacious and brilliantly lighted, its principal furniture being a roulette-table in the centre of the floor, and card-tables set around the walls. There was a crowd of persons present. All sorts of games of chance were in active operation, and— But I will dwell no longer on the features of a scene which was as commonplace as it was repulsive to me at least.

We had hardly made our way fully into the room, following the lead of the princess, when a confused clamor of voices became audible in the room that we had just left. Our hostess started and turned pale; but, before she could reach the veiled doorway, the curtain was impetuously thrust aside, and, with a cry of "Mother! mother! Where is my mother?" a young girl in a traveling-dress, her fair hair disordered by her journey, hurried into the room and clasped her tenderly around the neck.

It was Marguerite!

No, it is impossible! I can never describe to you my sensations at that moment. To see her there, my innocent love, in that great gas-heated room, the air foul with gas-smoke and cigar-smoke, with the faces of that throng of dissipated men all turned toward her, and the shuffling of cards and the clicking of the roulette-wheel going on without pause—if I had never before realized why gambling-houses are called "hells," I understood it at that moment.

Marguerite, still clinging to the neck of the princess, who seemed as if turned to stone by that sudden apparition, gave

one startled glance around her. Then she seemed to comprehend what the scene she beheld there meant. With one long bitter cry, she released her mother, turned as if to hurry from the room, but fell in a swoon upon the floor. And the princess, raising the slight form in her arms, vanished with her child through a door near where this brief scene had taken place.

For some hours, I cherished a blissful vision of making Marguerite my wife, and of taking her across the seas to expand into flower-like bloom and brightness amid the congenial surroundings of my American home.

The next morning, at the earliest possible hour, I made my way to the Hotel Paulovska. But I found no one there except the servants. The princess and her daughter had left the house before day-break and had gone, no one knew whither. From the circumstances of the lady's life, all things must have been kept in readiness for a sudden flight at any moment; and she had apparently made use of those arrangements to spirit Marguerite away. I shall never see her again, my poor darling, my betrothed of a few short hours!

Late on that same day, I received from Count de Rennepont a little packet directed to me, which had been sent to his care at his club. It contained the ring I had given Marguerite, wrapped in a sheet of note-paper on which was written: "My mother tells me I must never see you more. Farewell, Frederick, for ever."

IV.

SOME years later, when Frederick Harland was making his wedding-journey through Europe with his young bride of a few weeks' standing—she was originally Miss Maxwell, of Chicago, and had been

the school-mate of his sisters at the establishment of Madame Villars—he found himself, one sunny afternoon, driving with his wife through the avenues of the Borghese Gardens at Rome. A superb open landau, drawn by a pair of horses surpassing in symmetry and action those attached to the carriage of the queen of Italy, which had just passed, was whirled past his own equipage. In it sat a lady and a gentleman. The first-named, brilliant in matured beauty and with her charms set off by a Parisian toilette of extreme elegance, was no other than his betrothed of a day—Marguerite Paulovska. The gentleman—slight, handsome, and dissipated-looking—was evidently a native Italian. Leaning forward, Frederick asked his courier, who sat enthroned beside the coachman, if he could tell who those persons were.

"The Duke and Duchess of San Gherardi, sir," was the answer. "The duke is the head of one of the oldest and highest families of the Roman aristocracy. But he was very poor; and he married, a few years ago, the daughter of a gambling-house keeper, who brought him as a dowry an enormous fortune. All his relatives refuse to speak to him in consequence; and he and his wife are going to leave Rome, to take up their abode in Brussels."

"She is a beautiful creature, that young duchess," quoth Mrs. Harland, turning to look after the retreating carriage as she spoke. "Do you know, Fred, she reminds me very much of somebody I have seen long ago; but I cannot remember who it was."

"Look, Gertrude! here comes King Humbert," interrupted her husband. And, in the interest excited by the appearance of his majesty, the Duchess di San Gherardi was forgotten.

Lucy H. Hooper.

A QUARREL.

LOCK this up within your heart;
Neither lose nor lend it—
Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.



HIGH JINKS AT EDEN.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "THE JONAH OF LUCKY VALLEY," "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," ETC.

I.

THERE had been a cyclone in Concho County, and discomfort and dejection were a natural consequence. The enterprising citizens of Eden awoke, one morning, to find their houses untenable. They had gone to bed, the night before, with peaceful and starry skies. There had been a sudden shifting of the wind, a rapid lowering of the thermometer, a thickening of the atmosphere that struck the settlement like a heavy fog, and, with the roar of a wild beast, the hurricane was upon them. The morning dawned upon ruin and devastation—upon roofless houses, overturned out-buildings, demolished barns. Everything except the court-house, that was habitable, had either blown up or blown down; and some of the more primitive dwellings, such as tents and lean-tos, had blown away altogether. Amid the noise and fury of the gale, the frightened villagers had grasped whatever clothing they could find, and flown to whatever haven of safety extremity offered. Thus the gray dawn found them. To add to their discomfort, it was Christmas morning. A pensive discontent pervaded the town. This was most apparent and audible upon the court-house steps, where a motley group was assembled.

"I take occasion to remark, boys," declared Judge Treddle, the most conspicuous figure, who was arrayed that

morning in a figured bed-quilt which he had hurriedly seized from the midnight wreck of his household gods, and which gave him a general suggestion of a portly Chinese mandarin, "I take occasion to remark that, if I hear any more newspaper talk about Texas havin' God's own climate, I'll be permitted to express my doubts."

"I reckon so," assented Mr. Shade Procter—an enterprising townsman, at present clad in a pair of hip-boots and a sombrero, but guiltless of other apparel save his undergarments.

"And the saloon closed up, and Jim Wily over to Paint Rock on a spree," remarked Mr. Fogg Coffey, with an apparent irrelevance which was explained by the fact that he was barefooted, bare-headed, and so scantily protected from the inclement weather by a single buttonless yellow "slicker" that his chances of pneumonia were excellent.

"Of course," exclaimed his Honor, wrapping his bedraggled bed-quilt more tightly around him and shivering, as if the remark of the last speaker had sensibly aggravated the discomfort of the situation, "of course; it wouldn't be Texas if the whisky didn't give out jest when it was needed for medicine. But it's all of a piece. When I kem into the State a dozen years ago, they welcomed me with fraternal arms to a land of spice and balm. They told me I'd found a clime at last where Providence wouldn't willingly let a man die, and

perpetrated thet hoary-headed chestnut about findin' it necessary to shoot somebody to help start a grave-yard. All I can say is, typhoid fevier and dysentery hev been pretty spry in keepin' thet thar grave-yard supplied, and I've seen weather—I've seen weather in my time," continued Judge Treddle, gazing around impressively upon the ludicrously attired throng about him on the steps, "that would have made a Dakota blizzard reach for its gun!"

A chorus of grunts and shivers from his auditors attested the popularity of the judge's sentiments.

"And they call this Eden!" remarked Mr. Hydes Nail, with fine irony, brushing a fringe of icicles from his bristling mustache. "Now, sech an airy sport ez me would reflect credit on Adam and Eve, and be natchally reckoned ez fresh out of Paradise—I'm blest ef he wouldn't!"

With these words, he attempted to arrange his hurriedly chosen garments. As they proved to be a plaid dress and shawl of his wife's, which he had clutched in his flight and now wore with an abandon and dash that necessitated frequent adjustment, he provoked a laugh from his companions. The humor of his disguise was increased by the fact that he had on rubber boots which displayed themselves boldly beneath his scant skirt, and that he was smoking a border Havana at an absurd angle.

"Lucky the old woman can't see me in this here get-up," continued Mr. Nail, ruefully regarding the torn and muddled skirt. "I suspicion it's her Sunday best; she wore it to the dance last night. Howsomever, she's safe down in McCarthy's stone house, with the rest of the women and the kids."

"It's sing'lar how a woman will make out to cross a man, even in ticklish times," remarked Charley Johnson, a raw-boned philosopher who had escaped from domestic tyranny in an ulster and a blue shirt. "My wife is certingly more cantankerous than any critter I ever see. Smart woman to work, too; flies round and kicks up a dust, you know. Gets through a heap sight more than most wives—"

"I reckon you ought to know, Ben," said Mr. Nail, "for seems to me you told me she wasn't your first."

"Why, yes," replied Charley Johnson, "and thet's jest where the shoe pinches, ye see. My first wife was a pretty creetur; but cookin' and washin' didn't seem to agree with her, and she didn't last me none. After she died, I hit up with Sal—she looked so powerful healthy! Durn me, ef thet speckelation didn't turn out the fact similar of thet feller's in the Chicago 'Herald' I read about. I hed plumb the same sickenin' experience. She took a fevier a spell ago, and, when she kem out o' thet, she lost all her back hair. Thet bothered her, and she made my life miserable a-teasin' me to run down to Saby and buy her a switch. Wal, ye see, my first hed on a beautiful switch when she was called, and it seemed a pity to bury it with her, and so I offers thet to Sal. Why, boys, ef ye'll believe me, thet woman jest raved; she wouldn't never put it on her head; and last night, when we was dressin', an' I suggested to her she better take it with her, she snaps to me: 'Charley Johnson, ef you can't afford ez many hair switches ez you kin wives, you kin go to grass fur all me.' Jest think of sech language ez thet to a loving husband at sech a time!" continued Mr. Johnson, gazing around with an awe-struck countenance at the attentive group. "Why, a woman thet'll talk like thet will certingly be wantin' a brand-new coffin all to herself before many months."

The laugh which greeted this reflection of the philosopher was hearty and sincere, but speedily died away before the discomfort of their surroundings. On every hand, the landscape was whitened as with a heavy frost, and a cold fruitage of icicles hung from every bush and tree, which a wet norther was momentarily augmenting. Even the steps of the court-house were already a glare of ice; and, as Judge Treddle took an extra hitch upon his figured bed-quilt and turned his rubicund visage to the stinging darts of the flying sleet, he shivered ruefully:

"A merry Christmas, indeed—in God's own climate!"

"Yes," said Fogg Coffey, frantically clutching his buttonless slicker, with the skirts of which the norther was struggling, as if bent on exhibiting his forlorn disarray, "a merry Christmas! A merry Christmas for the kids!"

There was a sudden silence, and an expression of even greater discomfiture seemed for the moment to settle down upon the group. More than one father was to be reckoned in that motley gathering, and, beneath a grotesque exterior, parental hearts still beat as fondly as under a broadcloth jacket. It had been intended to have a frontier merry-making and Christmas-tree at Judge Treddle's—the largest frame house in the settlement—and the little folks were all agog with excitement. No small amount of preparation for the festivity had been made. Texas could not furnish the conventional fir-tree that presides over our holiday season, it is true, but she could contrive a passable substitute. Two small ladders had been procured and had been lashed together in the form of a letter A. It was proposed to wreath the rounds of these with laurel and mistletoe, and garnish them with lighted candles and cornucopias and toys. The rough frontiersmen thought it would be strange indeed, if by this primitive expedient they could not rival the ceremonies at the North.

It seemed as if these hopes and expectations had been dashed to the ground by the untimely advent of the cyclone. The spacious mansion of the genial judge was without a roof, and the bay-window had been blown in by the first onset of the furious gale. Within, the dismantled wreck of the frontier Christmas-tree, already half tricked out in its holiday attire and sheathed with a not inappropriate crusting of ice, could be plainly seen. Certainly the prospect for the little folks was not alluring.

But Shade Procter, although his Lares and Penates had suffered as severely as the rest by the general devastation, was not disposed to abandon the good cause. He was a tall broad-shouldered Southerner, with a good-humored face, big dark eyes, and brown mustaches, and he had an easy shiftless disposition which

readily rose superior to the present emergency.

"What's the matter, boys, with our cleanin' out the court-room, pilin' up the benches, removin' all the Krissmiss outfit to this yer place, and holdin' forth the same ez advertized in the 'Banner'?" he remarked, suddenly. "Ye see, I kinder hate to disapp'int the kids, and there's no use tryin' to mend up our housekeepin' until this storm takes a notion to hold up," he added.

He glanced, with that good-humored smile that all knew so well, from one face to another of his fellow-townsmen. No one seemed to oppose him. Shade was a popular man, and anything he proposed took—"took like the cholera," as Mr. Hydes Nail had remarked in a moment of facetiousness.

"All right, boys," said he, as if he considered the point decided. "Now, I tell ye what we'll do: we'll jest ske-daddle to our different ranches—or what's left of 'em—and try and rig out in some more suitable duds, and then you all meet me at Seneca Bennett's, and we'll jest june things for this evening!"

He bent his head so as to bring his broad sombrero against the cutting sleet, and dashed down the court-house steps with a shout, looking like a belated spectre, all hat and boots, as he scuttled away in his white underclothes into the storm. His example must have been contagious; for, a few seconds later, with shrill whoops and yells, his companions followed. As the ludicrous throng dispersed, a stranger to the locality might have been pardoned for thinking that an Indian pow-wow had suddenly broken up, so discordant were the cries with which the grotesque figures separated.

II.

THE locality indicated by Mr. Procter as Seneca Bennett's was a general store kept by the querulous white-haired proprietor who rejoiced in that metrical title. There were, indeed, certain of the old man's patrons whom a facetious fondness for euphony constrained to christen him "Seneca Beneca," and who regaled themselves gratuitously upon the

crackers, cheese, and loose tobacco on his various counters, with a familiarity equally frank. The store-keeper bore these incursions upon his pocket and dignity with ill-tempered remonstrance. At stated intervals, in accordance with a time-honored custom, he displayed upon his door-front, for transient and regular customers alike, the seductive legend: "Whisky Free in the Back Room." Notwithstanding that his establishment had suffered materially from the tornado of the previous night—had lost several window-lights, both of its chimneys, and a majority of the shingles of its roof, so that it looked as if it had recently recovered from varioloid—the above-mentioned popular announcement was to-day in full force. A half-dozen cow-boys from a neighboring cattle-camp, who had been routed out of their tents by the blizzard, had ridden into town to invest their earnings, and were scattering their wealth with the usual extravagance. Arrayed in new slickers, new boots, new sombreros, they were swaggering through the length and breadth of this frontier emporium, dodging the pails, brooms, smoked hams, and salt codfish that hung from the low ceiling, and imbibing the "red-eye" and "tangle-foot" so generously proffered, with a recklessness that was certain to provoke outbreak.

Among the recent additions to his stock, required by the season, Mr. Bennett had included a number of packs of fire-crackers and torpedoes. It would seem that, in Southern communities, some confusion exists between the Birth of the Saviour and the Declaration of Independence, since it is customary, in frontier settlements at least, to celebrate Christmas in regular Fourth of July fashion. Mr. Bennett had not been forgetful of this singular propensity, and his cow-boy guests were at present doing the occasion full justice. Without troubling themselves to leave the building, they were exploding torpedoes upon one another's backs, dropping packs of ignited fire-crackers in unexpected corners, holding a wild war-dance among the kegs and barrels of the back room, and keeping up such an infernal yelling

and tooting of tin horns as would rival Bedlam let loose. Certain of the more inebriated even threatened to begin that playful pastime of the American cow-boy which results in his discharging his loaded revolver at short range into the ceiling overhead, but were restrained by their more pacific companions. In the midst of the smoke and din of this Inferno, poor Seneca Bennett could be dimly discerned, waving his hands in impotent anger, vainly expostulating with his boisterous patrons, and indulging in such lurid blasphemy as, in his judgment, the emergency seemed to warrant.

But no eloquence or vituperation could stay the mad progress of events. In vain the old man informed them that there were a hundred pounds of gun-powder on the shelves of his back room, and that a chance spark might blow them all into eternity. The fusillade of fire-crackers and torpedoes continued, occasionally obliterated for the moment by the shattering report of a six-shooter. It was only when the ammunition of the celebrants began to give out, and the store-keeper refused to supply them further, that there was any cessation of hostilities. At this juncture, an adventurous spirit, prowling among other merchandise, suddenly appeared with an armful of pin-wheels and rockets. There was a loud shout as this individual, Kit Wheeler by name, proceeded to dispense these stolen but mysterious trophies.

The rude horsemen of the plains were entirely unacquainted with the properties of fire-works; but they were in an experimental humor, and most of them were smoking. It occurred to one of them, while grasping the stick of his rocket, to touch the fuse attached to it with the lighted end of his segar. He was instantly projected among his startled companions, dragging a train of fire and burning his hands in his quick passage. A laugh at this rash experience followed. But his friends, who were quick to take a point, at once availed themselves of various chinks and cracks in the flooring, to start the most unique and entertaining battery that their limited existence had ever known. Rockets were discharged from every point of the compass

and in every direction, until the tenure of human life in that country store was extremely problematical. With fierce hiss and angry sputter, these extemporaneous comets went wildly careering among Seneca Bennett's dry-goods and stock, smashing his lamp-chimneys, breaking his bottles, and upsetting their contents at random. In the general *melée* that ensued, everyone took refuge behind barrels and boxes, so that, when some genius finally succeeded in starting a triangle of colored fire, it appeared as if the erratic fire-work were exhibiting to an empty house. But, at this point, an exploding mine jostled from a shelf a carboy of vitriol. The huge receptacle fell to the floor with a tremendous crash. Its corrosive contents were dashed and splattered in every direction, and, with shrieks and yells of pain, the reckless revelers emerged from their various hiding-places and bolted for the door.

It was a grotesque and frightened company that thus suddenly fled into the storm without, their hands and faces grimed with powder, many of them nursing fingers injured by the fiery rockets, and not a few exhibiting wounds and burns from sulphuric acid, while their newly purchased garments disclosed spots and discolorations showing the destructive power of the corrosive, which would soon render them well-nigh valueless. But the party were in no mood to consider such misfortunes. Apparently bent on another form of frontier outrage familiarly known as "running the town," the whole outfit charged their tethered horses in a body, sprang into their saddles, and rode at full gallop through the little village, firing their six-shooters in quick succession and yelling like crazy demons.

In this wild stampede, they had quite overlooked a recent arrival in Eden, to which certain of its citizens to whom we have been introduced were already extending a cheerless welcome. They were only a company of poor players who had performed the previous night at Paint Rock, and were now held up by the storm while en-route for Menardville. The conveyance in which they had traveled was sheathed in ice, and

the horses looked for all the world as if enveloped in glistening armor.

"I guess we'll have to cancel our date at Menard, and stop here with you. Ye see, we're pretty heavily loaded," said the senior actor of the party, to Judge Treddle, with a gesture indicative of the trunks and properties of the company, piled up in the rear of the hack.

"All right, governor, all right," said that genial gentleman, grasping the hand of the stranger. "You can't very well be much miserabler than we are at present; but 'the more, the merrier,' as Shakespeare says."

The old actor was not aware that Shakespeare had ever expressed himself to that effect, in his histrionic experience; but it was no time for quibbles. So he bestirred himself in assisting the remainder of his company to alight. These proved to be a thin dudish specimen of humanity, a little girl of about eight years, and two blonde and very much frightened women.

"I do believe we'll be shot to pieces, if we stop," remarked one to the other, as she alighted from the hack.

"No fear of that, madam; no fear of that," said the gallant judge, who had assisted the stranger in transferring his cargo as soon as he recognized his fair companions. "As Artemus Ward remarked, this shootin' is 'only one of the beast's little eccentricities.' But, aside from their bein' a leetle noisy and obstrep'rous, they don't mean any harm—least of all, to ladies of your attractions."

The frightened women looked a little conscious at this bold compliment, but they received it with ironical coughs; and having thus, as it were, scattered the judge's fire, they gazed after the vanishing cow-boys.

They were really quite comely women, with that striking prononcé beauty so important for stage effect; but they were attired with a dowdy disregard of appearances, quite characteristic of traveling actresses. As they huddled together out of the storm on Seneca Bennett's front gallery, it was apparent that one of them sported a worsted Tam O'Shanter and a jersey that was soiled and torn. The

other had apparently utilized a Swiss peasant's costume that had seen its best days.

By this time, Judge Treddle had sufficiently recovered himself to suggest that the ladies had better be taken down to McCarthy's, where the children and the female portion of the settlement had decided to pass the night. So, with much demonstrative gallantry on the part of the assembled men, the ladies were bundled back into the hack again.

"I tell you what," remarked the philosopher, Charley Johnson, in a very audible whisper to Mr. Nail, who stood at his side, "thet yer leetle woman with the golden curls jest natchally takes my time."

"And you married and callin' yer-self a respectable member of the community!" retorted that worthy, with assumed severity. "Come, sir, don't you reckon you belong with yer party?" he continued, making a sudden gesture as if to pitch into the hack the thin dudish-looking youth, who was standing around helplessly.

The dudish individual did not reply, but edged away from him with so injured an air that he excited the merriment of the bystanders.

After the hack had whipped up and dashed away, it was met, down the main street of Eden, by the returning troop of skylarking cow-boys. In recognition of their first appraisal of the new arrival, they saw fit to salute it with an extra round of cartridges. In the intervals of this additional volley, the shrieks of its occupants were plainly heard. As if abashed by the effect of their prowess upon defenseless women, these frontier gallants charged the store at a gallop, pulled up suddenly, and threw themselves shamefacedly from their saddles.

The elder actor had found it difficult to restrain himself during this last outbreak. He now glared at the cow-boys defiantly, as they slouched past him single-file and in at the open door of Seneca Bennett's. The foremost man, Kit Wheeler, a tall muscular fellow with a face that might well have belonged to a road-agent, met this gaze coolly, and, after glancing carelessly at the stranger

and his insignificant companion, remarked: "A pair of bloody tender-feet, by jingo!" With which commentary, he vanished within.

It was then that the attractive legend displayed upon Mr. Bennett's door-front for the first time caught the interested eye of Judge Treddle.

"Come in, boys," he said, cheerfully and with a general air of dispensing the hospitalities of the place. "Come in, and let's be neighborly." And, laying his hand upon the door-knob, he escorted the recent arrivals within.

The store still reeked with the evidences of the recent celebration. A suspicious smoke and smell of gunpowder filled the air; and vagrant rocket-sticks, which had jammed themselves into out-of-the-way places in their previous mad career, met the eye of the observer at every hand. One was still suspended among some strings of dried apples, and another had forced itself into a compartment of the U. S. mail. Poor Seneca Bennett, now silent and morose, was bestirring himself in impotent endeavors to clear up the debris and set things to rights, occasionally receiving material assistance from some good-humored cow-boy. But, for the most part, his visitors who were responsible for his present distress sat perched upon various flour-barrels and kegs, exceedingly ready with criticism and advice, but conspicuously doing nothing.

Without bestowing much attention upon the state of affairs in the main room, Judge Treddle led the way to the back of the store, and, after filling a large tin measure from a neighboring keg, first partook of its contents himself, and then passed it to his companions.

"I wish you all the compliments of the season, gentlemen," he said, genially, clearing his throat and smacking his lips over the liquor. "The fact is, we've got a little business in hand to-day for our little ones, and I've brought you in here to see if we couldn't enlist your talents and sympathies in the entertainment. Brother Procter, I depute you to enlighten the gentlemen as to the nature of the enterprise that is going forward."

Mr. Procter, being thus called upon, after attempting by a copious draught from the measure to counteract the shock to his system offered by his *deshabille* of the morning, in a few brief sentences explained matters.

"What we want to do," continued Shade, "is to make the leetle kids laugh, and kinder take the edge off this confounded blizzard. Now, if there's anything in your line that would kinder help things and sorter dazzle their pretty eyes, why, we want you in it."

The old actor became contemplative and thoughtful, with a ready interest in his melancholy eyes. All at once, some vanished memory of his youth seemed to light their gloomy depths and illumine the lines of his weary face.

"How would it do," he said, suddenly, "for me to rig up as Santa Claus and kinder drop in among ye this evening, with a bundle of toys? It might be a surprise for the young ones, and I guess I could manage to make up for the part with some of my theatrical rig. It might be a surprise to the little ones and perhaps amuse you all."

"The very thing!" exclaimed Judge Treddle, bringing the tin measure down upon a neighboring keg, in his exultation, with so violent a thump as to spill the remainder of its contents; "the very thing!"

He paused a moment and contemplated this catastrophe with unfeigned regret.

"Well," he said, with a laugh, "we ain't no time to cry over it, boys; and, anyway, it's on Bennett!"

With which philosophical utterance, he opened a back door of the establishment and preceded the party into the storm without.

In the elaborate preparations for a frontier Christmas upon which the enterprising citizens of Eden now entered, their transient guests, the visiting cowboys, took no share. Throughout the entire afternoon, they continued to conduct themselves after their usual reckless fashion, lavishing their wealth upon any passing fancy, liberal in their patronage of the back room, issuing from that alcoholic portal to shoot and yell as the

humor seized them, or to spring into their stirrups and ride like madmen on impromptu races, and then, returning, celebrate their prowess with renewed libations. And yet, amid all their desperate drunken preoccupation, they were by no means ignorant of what was going forward. A feeling prevailed that it would be best for them to have their lark out by daylight, for an hour approached when it would be necessary to behave with decorum.

It was perhaps from some such pre-sentiment that they turned their attention to Mr. Montague Lightweight, at a late hour of the afternoon. This was the languid dude, who, finding his histrionic talents unavailable amid so much activity, had been pacing the court-house steps, regarding the cowboys' evolutions on horseback with a vacant stare, and even condescending to subject them to the scrutiny of his monocle. Something in the glassy vacuity of the comedian excited the resentment of Kit Wheeler. With a whoop, the stalwart fellow charged down upon him, spurred up the steps, and, plucking him off his feet, bore him away under his mighty arm as lightly as if he had been a flour-sack. The poor dude kicked and wriggled, his hat flew one way, his light walking-stick another, and the superfluous eye-glass was torn from his neck and hurled into the brush with a contemptuous oath from his burly foe. Setting Mr. Lightweight before him on his saddle-pommel, he treated the gasping exquisite to such a gallop as he was not likely to forget—wheeling and curveting, kicking and bucking, and followed in full career by his shrieking and delighted companions.

But even this unique diversion palled at last. Mr. Montague Lightweight was dropped from his airy perch, to make his way back to his earlier one as best he might. The norther, which for an hour or two had withheld its fury, closed in with renewed violence at the approach of night. The air was bitterly cold, and the keen sleet, flying like javelins before the blast, stung the face and smarted the eyes, and gave the landscape an air of wintry desolation.

The weather was too severe for even the hardened yeomanry of the plains. They desisted and sought their former hospitable cover.

"God help the man caught foot-loose to-night!" exclaimed Kit Wheeler, with a shiver, as he shook the icy armor from his brand-new slicker.

"I believe ye!" returned Seneca Bennett, solemnly. "And the wust of it is, I reckon Jim Wily is jest fool enough to try it. The old play-actor says he cleaned the boys all out at faro last night, and Paint Rock wasn't big enough to hold him. He 'lowed to come over a-hossback this morning, and to start an hour by sun. Unless he's lost his way or was bluffin', I can't onderstand why he ain't on hand."

In spite of the violent storm, the festivities at the court-house began at an early hour. By eight o'clock, lights were shining from every window of the stucco structure, and the hum of excitement and expectation indicated that the guests were in readiness. They were all there—all the men, all the women that the settlement boasted, to say nothing of the two blonde actresses and the overdressed eight-year-old girl, who, in an extravagant Mother Hubbard gown, challenged the envious eyes of the humbler frontier children. Ranged on the long benches on either side of the room, these roughly clad little folk were expectant and joyous with that eager anticipation of something new and strange which only little folks know. In their view, nothing they had ever seen was quite so brilliant and beautiful as the ladder-like pyramid, laden with toys and candies, which stretched its candle-flaming outline before their childish vision.

And indeed it spoke well for these rough frontiersmen that, in spite of the irony of nature, in spite of the devastating cyclone that had upset all their plans, they still held to their honest purpose of making these little ones happy. Many a Northern community, under similar obstacles, would have yielded tacitly to fate.

And now all eyes were turned eagerly toward the entrance. Something inter-

esting was certainly about to happen. Suddenly, with a jingle of bells, a merry-faced figure—white-bearded, clad in fur, and bearing a pack of toys upon its back—bounded in at the open door. At the sight, the children gave a cry of delight. A throng of men, among whom were Shade Procter and Kit Wheeler—the latter very much the worse for his afternoon's dissipations—attended the entrance of this gamboling figure, and, with many grotesque gestures and merry antics, the rude Santa Claus began to caper up and down the long aisle between the benches, greeted at every hand by shouts and expressions of delight.

It might have been a half-dozen times that the aged actor had made this amusing progress up and down the aisle, when the peculiarity of his disguise and the oddity of his antics began to take effect upon the besotted brain of Kit Wheeler. Angry cows and frolicsome calves he was familiar with, but he was not acquainted with evolutions of this nature in the human species. Accordingly, as his six-shooter had been uppermost in his mind during the day, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to exploit it further. He drew it at once, and, with a wandering and uncertain hand, began to discharge it in the direction of the hurrying figure's feet.

The effect was instantaneous. Everybody rose with a cry of alarm. Poor Santa Claus leaped higher than ever. A suffocating smoke spread and filled the room. Cries of "Put him out!" were heard on every hand, and, in the midst of the din and confusion, Kit Wheeler, having fired his last cartridge, caught sight of the angry face of Shade Procter, with a flashing six-shooter in his grip, bearing down upon him. He turned quickly upon his heel and ran out into the night.

Procter followed. As he reached the slippery platform before the front door, he caught a glimpse of Mr. Wheeler springing into his saddle and galloping away in the teeth of the storm. The sharp sleet, the cold wind, and the blackness of the great void before him made him realize how terrible it was to be abroad on such a night, and, while

glad to be rid of the drunken rascal, he restored his pistol to his pocket.

As he did so, the approaching foot-fall of a horse ridden slowly struck his ear. What did that mean? Was the miserable wretch coming back? With his hand on his pistol again, he strained his eyes into the darkness. The figure of a man erect and motionless in his stirrups was coming steadily into the glare of light that streamed from the open doorway. It was not Wheeler. Shade Procter saw this at a glance; but the face was a familiar one.

"Jim Wily, as I'm a sinner!" he said, under his breath, and then cried out: "Welcome, old man! You've struck us just in the nick of time."

To his hail, the figure gave no answering sign; but the horse tossed his head and uttered a loud snort. Instead of halting, the animal, sheathed in ice, with mane and tail frozen stiff, made a bold scramble up the slippery steps, and, brushing quickly by him, went in at the open door, as if driven by his rigid driver. Shade Procter stared. He knew Jim Wily for an arbitrary man, but this was carrying matters with a high hand. Hurriedly slipping and sliding forward, he rushed within.

A singular sight met his eye. A confused crowd of men, women, and children had collected around the equestrian figure, and were gazing upon it with awe-struck faces. Pushing through the crowd, Shade Procter fought his way to the horse's head. He grasped the animal by the bridle and glanced in the rider's face. That glance told the story.

The gambler sat firmly in his saddle, held rigidly erect by his frozen ducking garments. His stiffened hand still grasped the bridle. His eyes stared purposelessly in front of him. A frosty rime was on his set face. The man was frozen—dead!

Judge Treddle turned a solemn visage on his hushed audience and expressed his sentiments briefly.

"It sарves him right fur tryin' to tote them gamblin' gains on Krismiss to a town like Eden, and jest natchally flyin' in the face of Providence!" he said.

"And he ain't the unly one thet's flew thet way to-night," said Shade Procter, with a grim look. "By sun-up to-morrer, you'll find thet drunken Kit Wheeler stiffer than him."

And, as a matter of fact, they did.

"REQUIEM."

SADLY the winds were calling,
Cold came the night's damp breath;
Tears from the sky were falling,
As the year went on to death.

The moon's pale face was hidden,
The light of the stars burned low;
Ghosts from the past unbidden
Brought griefs from the long ago.

Hushed was the song of the river,
Locked in her ice-bound breast;
A blast made the woodlands shiver,
And the old year was at rest.

Mrs. S. H. Snider.

SHADOWS OF DEPARTED GREATNESS.

WHEN that clever rogue and rascally poet, François Villon, wrote his "Ballad of Dead Ladies," and sang "Where are the snows of yester year?" he touched a chord which vibrates in all humanity, and voiced with most exquisite pathos that sense of the evanescence of earthly things so keenly realized by all thinkers and philosophers, from the wisest of wise men who cried "Vanitas, vanitatum"—but who forget, in his rôle of king, his utterances of wisdom—down to the most advanced of modern pessimists.

What comparison could express more perfectly the fading of beauty and grandeur and all that we might think ought to endure than just that one—"the snows of yester year"?

"A crumbling handful in a corner
thrust,
A little flame blown out this many
a year,"

applies with equal truth to the "dead rose" of which our nineteenth-century poet sings, and to the glories and pomp of departed royalties—not merely Solomon and Jamshyd who lived so long ago, but even those more modern wearers of the purple, the Grand Monarch and his heirs and successors. What princely court calls up more brilliant memories than that of France from the time of Louis XIV to the downfall of Maria Antoinette and her insignificant husband? And yet they are only memories! What queen, from the days of the royal Ahasuerus down, ever led a more brilliant existence than the proud daughter of Maria Theresa? What human creature ever met a sadder or more ignominious fate than the wife of Louis XVI and the mother of Louis XVII? Death, ignominious death, by the guillotine, was surely a dear penalty to

pay, even for the dissipations and frivolities of the court of Versailles during the eighteenth century!

Poor Marie Antoinette! What woman can think of her without a sigh—what mother can read of her without a tear? After all the triumphs of her days of prosperity, it is her days of adversity that linger longest in our minds: we remember her not so much for her beauty and success as for her beauty and misfortunes. Sorrow has made her immortal; the magnificence of her court and its pageants has been almost forgotten! Paper and ink have outlasted their glories, and we know something of the court-balls of the unhappy queen



MARIE ANTOINETTE, FROM THE BOCQUET COLLECTION.



ISMENE DAUBERVAL, SAME COLLECTION.

only through old documents or the representations of the life at Versailles preserved in the works of Moreau, the engraver to Louis XVI, one of the less important among the artists who spent their lives and exhausted their skill in ball-room decoration.

It seems scarcely credible to us, in these days of republican simplicity, to read of the tremendous expenditure of time and money on such ephemeral pleasures as the fêtes and festivities of the French monarchy during the century preceding its fall. Were they blind or mad or drunken with their own folly, that they not only laughed and sang and danced on the edge of a precipice, but mocked in the very face of the stern Nemesis which overshadowed them? Verily, "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!" The court was not satisfied with being merely gay and luxurious; it was also resplendent with art, and became the centre from which have radiated to every corner of the world, even down to the present time, the canons of taste and the models of fashion. Nearly all the creative skill of contemporaneous art was concentrated

upon the court and court-festivities. A host of real artists, some of them men of positive genius, devoted their gifts to inventing and carrying out the decorations of dress, scenery, and architecture necessary to the gorgeous entertainments which constituted almost the exclusive life at Versailles, from the days of Louis the Magnificent to the dark hour of 1789, when all this heartless prodigality and unbridled luxury met its natural, if too severe, punishment in destruction and death. A whole family of artists applied their skill, for generations, solely to the designing of court-costumes, and were handsomely rewarded for their work by royal emoluments. Their name was Bocquet, and they handed the profession down from father to son for something like three-quarters of a century. They possessed, and of course retained with great care, the secret of painting in an improved manner on cloth; and, as this was the favorite fashion in fête-dresses, they held a very



THE COUNTESS DUGAZON, SAME COLLECTION.



CHARACTER IN ROYAL BALLET SAME COLLECTION.

important and lucrative position. Some of the more remarkable court-costumes designed and painted by them are preserved in what is known as the Bocquet collection. Among these is the fanciful representation of Marie Antoinette, which looks so absurd to us now as to provoke a smile, even in connection with the unfortunate queen. The bills for this work are still preserved in the register of the household from 1740 to 1760, and looking over them gives us an idea of the peculiar style of dress in vogue during the days of the monarchy. The fancy ball was particularly in favor at Versailles, and ingenuity was exhausted in devising a variety of elaborate and original costumes. The heroes of mythology, the whole of fairyland, assumed shape in the inventions of the Bocquets. Fauns and satyrs, nymphs and dryads, gods and goddesses, were represented—or often misrepresented—by the royal costumers and their numerous coadjutors, Vigarany, Bérain, and the Slodtz brothers. Picturesqueness and variety were the aim of the court, rather than fidelity to history or classical tradition. The

passion for masquerading and for theatricals which helped to effect Marie Antoinette's ruin has become historical and is inseparably associated with the Grand and the Little Trianon, the scenes of her most extravagant pastimes. Unless we stop to think, we can scarcely realize what an army of officials and supernumeraries was required to plan and execute the details of this never-ceasing round of festivities and ceremonials. The mere routine of the smallest princely household involves the employment of a sufficient number of functionaries to horrify the English radical of to-day: conceive, if you can, the legion of auxiliaries needed for the support of the most luxurious court of modern times!

The chief personage of all was the steward of the household, a position held by Papillon de la Ferté for many years after his accession to the office in 1760. He continued to retain his place after the coronation of the dauphiness in 1775, and found increased opportunities for the exercise of his function, which was the general management of court-réjoicings. He was admirably adapted to this work, being a universal genius, director of the Comédie Française,



CERES COSTUME, SAME COLLECTION.

author, engraver, and art-collector. He was ably assisted by various academicians, none of whom disdained not only to divert, but even to devote, their talents to the royal service. Chief among these were the Slodtz brothers, and, after the death of Michael-Ange Slodtz, Challe, professor of perspective at the Royal Academy, who gave up historical painting to become Papillon's drawing assistant. The help of the architectural decorator, Mazières, was frequently called into requisition to add to the ornamentation of apartments which the caprice of the queen converted into temporary ball-rooms. Was it merely an excuse for spending the money wrung from an overburdened peasantry, or was it that unceasing demand for something "new under the sun" experienced by every pleasure-seeker since the time of Solomon, though he may know, like his illustrious predecessor, that it is a vain and useless wish? At any rate, if the people suffered, the artists of the day flourished, even though we may think that they debased their art.

There seems an odd sarcasm about Papillon's name—that the creator and inspiration of all this ephemeral magnificence should be christened "Butterfly"! He did not, however, lead a butterfly existence, but worked like a bee, as did his associates. He writes that in 1775 the Bocquets were quite worn out by the heavy tax on their ingenuity and time made by the constant entertainments given by the queen. The ballet was a favorite feature in all the court-festivities, and the royal costumers devoted much attention to devising characters for it. The illustration shows one of these. The picture of Ceres, wearing a costume appropriate to her allegorical pretensions, gives one an idea of the attempts made by the Bocquets at mythological characterization; and we find, among the items of their accounts, mention of painting the dress of Pomona in fruit and flowers, that of Diana in oak-branches and forest-leaves, and of Bacchus in grapes and grape-vines, besides costumes representing the elements—earth, air, fire, and water. Such subjects allowed, of course, endless exag-

geration and unlimited room for play of the fancy, which was fully taken advantage of, as we may see by the pictures left us.

Some of the most successful creations of Papillon in the way of fêtes were the "Bal du May" in the carnival of 1763, and the festivities attending the marriages of the dauphin, the Count of Provence, and the Count of Artois, though he did not relax his efforts after the coronation of the dauphin. The splendors of the court of Louis XVI were simply the culmination of the extravagance of the Bourbons for many decades, as the indignation of the people against their hapless sovereigns, during the French Revolution, was the culmination of the wrongs laid for generations on a long-suffering people.

It is all over now. Royalty and genius, oppressor and oppressed, rest alike in eternal silence, so far as we are concerned. The poor young queen expiated her follies carried to such excess that they almost became sins, by an ignominious death crowning her previous sufferings; and we no longer blame, but pity her, even when we read the arraignments of her enemies. They all seem so pitiful and absurd to us now, those eighteenth-century attempts to conquer time and chain pleasure, to kill care and bell elusive laughter, when read in the illuminating glare of a century of historical and social evolution. Did they think they succeeded, we wonder? Was the face "behind a mask" any gayer than the "souls behind a smile," of which Mrs. Browning sings? We shall never know, though the chroniclers and chronicles of the court of Marie Antoinette are legion. But we can make a sorrowful guess.

We moralize over the dead beauties and departed glories of a past that lives only in its palaces, such as Versailles and the two Trianons, or in its pictures, such as Moreau's "Mask Ball at the Hotel de Ville in 1782." It is easy to see the follies of our grandsires; but, after all, are we any wiser? Like Solomon, we may philosophize, yet we "eat, drink, and are merry." Like that charming sinner, Villon, we grasp at the pleasure

of the moment, even though we know, like him, that it is as fleeting as last year's snow. We still snatch at "that unrest which men miscall delight."

We boast of our increased civilization and wisdom, yet we sicken of the same diseases, indulge in the same wants, rush after the same bubbles, commit the same blunders, are guilty of the same faults, experience the same pains and disappointments—aye, and pay the same penalties in a different shape, as the dead

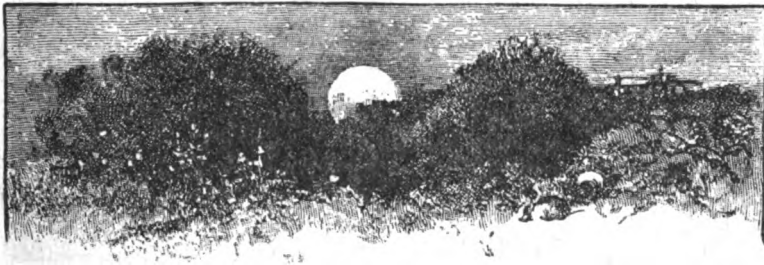
and gone generations whose follies we smile at with infinite condescension and whose errors we are gracious and charitable enough to set down to a lack of culture and refinement.

Has anyone ever solved the Sphinx's riddle? In reading the memoirs of the Princesse de Lamballes, or indeed any of the endless reminiscences of that fateful period, it seems to me that a modern poet has penetrated the secret of the stone when he says:

"This it is: the clod I trample
Was the skull of Alexander,
And the waters of the ocean
In the veins of haughty princes
Once ran red.

And the dust-clouds of the desert
Were the lips of lovely women:
Where are they and they who kissed them?
Power dies and beauty passes,
Naught abides!"

Annette B. Wells.



WHAT ANSWER?

WHEN I lie face down in the long damp clover,
Close to the fragrant mold,
With the sun above, like a drowsy spider,
Spinning his web of gold,
All my pulses leap to a strange sweet thrilling—
An unknown force obey.
Dust of my dust! Art thou making answer
To call of thy kindred clay?

Nora C. Franklin.

THE PREACHER'S SON.

LIKE all small villages, Sanderville had its gossips, and everybody in it knew everybody else's business; so, when it was learned that Rev. Mr. Linton, the new preacher, would arrive the next week with his family, the villagers began inquiring into their history and past life, and, by the time they alighted from the train at the little station, the crowd that had gathered on the platform—some to welcome them, and others out of idle curiosity—knew as much about the family as the family knew about themselves.

A few days prior to their arrival, a drummer by the name of Fay had been in Sanderville, and, to a crowd who were discussing the new preacher and family, he imparted the information that he had been a college chum of Jack Linton, the preacher's son.

"As whole-souled a young fellow as ever lived," volunteered the drummer, "and as good a dentist as ever pulled a tooth. But oh, my! Jack's a wild one," continued the knight of the grip, who, contrary to traveling-men in general, was pretty wild and reckless himself. "Hardly a night passed, at college, but Jack was in a game of draw with some of the boys. And don't you believe it a little bit, either, that he didn't know how to manipulate the pasteboards. Bless your soul! he nearly made his expenses, playing poker and betting on other games. He would run the risk any time of being severely punished, to attend a cocking-main or a dog-fight. And drink? Great Scott! he could drink more wine than any boy in school; but he never lost his head. I was at Toulon last week, and, hearing that there was going to be a battle between two of the local pugilists, I went out to the grounds; and almost the first man I saw after I got there was Jack, with a fifty-dollar bill in his hand, offering to stake it on his favorite. He at last found a taker, and, with his usual good luck, won the other fellow's money. Strange! Jack

didn't say anything to me about moving to Sanderville. With his habits, I can't see how in blazes he will manage to live in this dull dry town. I will be back in about thirty days, and will be glad to see Jack. I know you fellows will like him." And, with this parting prediction, the salesman picked up his sample-cases and started out in search of further business.

In a day or two, every person in the village knew Jack Linton to be a wild reckless scapegoat; and the moral part of the community had resolved to have no more to do with him than politeness and courtesy demanded, while the other element expected to give him a cordial welcome, as he was to be one of their shining lights.

The preacher's family consisted of himself, wife, little daughter eight or nine years of age, and Jack, a handsome young man of twenty-three, with dark hazel eyes, chestnut hair, fair complexion, and the form of an athlete.

The family was duly installed in the parsonage, the usual pounding was given them, and in a few days they had a passing acquaintance with nearly everyone in Sanderville.

Jack rented an office and hung out his shingle, upon which in gilded letters were the words: "J. C. Linton, Dentist."

He would never have located in Sanderville but for the fact that, the previous summer, he had met Maude Howe, the village belle, in the Adirondacks; and, ere the season was over, their acquaintance had ripened into love, as the many letters which passed between them after they returned to their respective homes would clearly have proved.

While his field in Sanderville was limited, he hoped to build up a practice which would enable him to live comfortably and marry Maude, after which, with her thousands, they could settle down to a life of ease and happiness.

Jack had been in Sanderville but a week when one of the local sports

approached him and in a patronizing way said :

"Doc, I've got up a little game of poker ; and, if you ever play, you can take a hand with us, if you wish."

"Much obliged," replied the doctor, "but I never play ; in fact, I do not know one card from another."

The gambler begged pardon and returned to the company with the startling and surprising information that the doctor was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and that he thought no one in Sanderville knew him and he would assume the rôle of a gentleman.

"Doctor, will you come and have something with me?" inquired a new acquaintance, a few days later.

"No, thanks ; I never drink," was the polite reply.

"What a liar!" mused the other to himself, as he departed for the nearest saloon. "I wouldn't insist, though. Maybe the poor fellow is trying to reform ; and, if he is, I would not be the one to cause him to break a pledge."

Thus, everyone in the village in which Jack had cast his fortunes began to look upon him as assuming a character which did not belong to him ; and, when it was learned that he was paying attention to Maude Howe, they were certain that he was playing a part for the sole purpose of winning her and her fortune. All the tales of Jack's wild reckless past, magnified tenfold, reached the ears of Maude and her parents. Mr. Howe peremptorily forbade his daughter having anything farther to do with him ; which command was unnecessary, as she had already written to him, informing him that she would never see him again, that she had no explanation to make, and that it would be useless for him to seek an interview. But oh, how different were her feelings from her words ! For she loved the handsome young dentist with all the fervor of her warm passionate nature.

"I can never marry him," she sadly murmured to herself, "knowing that he has been addicted to gambling and strong drink. Oh, how I wish he had always been what I thought him ! He might never drink nor gamble again, but the

risk is too great ; for he might grow tired of me, and return to his old evil habits. Why, oh ! why should the sunshine be taken out of my life by this rude and sudden shattering of my idol ?" And, with a woman's only recourse in trouble, she threw herself on an ottoman and endeavored to drown in a flood of tears the first great sorrow of her life.

How was it with Jack ? His whole soul was bound up in her, whom he had soon hoped to call by the endearing name of wife. But he possessed a proud unbending spirit, which forbade even the thought of humiliating himself by seeking an explanation after the reception of that cruel heartless note. Knowing that his life would be one of perpetual torture if he were to remain where he could see the woman whose love he would have cherished more than he would the wealth of all the world, he resolved to leave Sanderville and its people, which had now grown hateful to him, and, amid new scenes and strange faces, endeavor to forget the only woman who had ever touched the tender chord of love in his bosom.

"How that fellow would have imposed on us but for Fay," indignantly exclaimed the inhabitants of Sanderville, after the doctor's departure. "Likely, too, he would have cajoled that girl into marrying him ; and then, after living with her awhile, he would have taken all the money he could, and skipped out to enjoy it with his wild and vicious companions."

A few days after Linton's sudden and unexpected departure from Sanderville, Fay, the drummer, was sitting in the smoker of a train on the Illinois Central Railroad, which was nearing the city of New Orleans, entertaining a half-dozen of his traveling companions with one of his rare and spicy stories, when, without a moment's warning, the train jumped the track, and mirth and laughter were followed by the screams and groans of the passengers, of whom some fifteen or twenty were wounded, though none seriously. With the drummer's proverbial luck in railway accidents, Fay escaped injury, and went manfully to work to relieve those less fortunate.

Luckily the accident occurred near a little station, and to it the wounded were removed on stretchers. The villagers threw open their doors and did everything in their power to relieve the sufferers.

With the assistance of another gentleman, Fay removed a seat off one poor fellow who had been knocked senseless by a blow on the head.

"I believe this poor fellow has taken his last ride," said Fay.

"No, I think not," replied the other; "he appears to have received only a slight wound on the head, but we cannot ascertain for certain the extent of his injuries until he regains consciousness."

They sprinkled his face with water, forced some brandy down his throat, and, after chafing him a few minutes, had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes and look around him with astonishment.

"Do you think you are hurt much?" kindly inquired Fay.

"I cannot tell. My head pains me terribly, and my back feels like it is broken. If it is, please knock me in the head at once. As far as I am concerned, it matters but little to me whether I shuffle off or not."

"Oh, don't take such a gloomy view of it," said Fay, cheerily. "I think your wounds are but slight, and you will be all right in a few days. We will place you on a stretcher, and have you at the hotel in a few minutes, where you will rest more comfortably."

As tenderly as they could, they carried him to the village hotel, where, after a careful examination by one of the physicians who were attending the wounded, his injuries were pronounced slight, and he was informed that he would be able to resume his journey in a few days.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" inquired Fay, after the doctor's departure.

"Yes, there is one little thing, if you please," was the reply. "Get out your pencil and note-book; I wish to dictate a telegram which you may take to the office for me."

"All right; go ahead!" said Fay, producing the desired articles.

"I don't know the name of this town, but you can put that down at the office," said the sufferer. "'To A. N. Linton, Sanderville, Miss. Railroad wreck. Am all right. Jack Linton.'"

As the last two words were uttered, Fay dropped his pencil, leaped from his chair, and excitedly cried:

"Is your name Jack Linton?"

"It is; why?"

"Mr. Linton, I have unintentionally done you a great wrong. I was in Sanderville a few days before you moved there. Some of the citizens, in my presence, were speaking about your father's coming, and I up and told them that I had been at college with a Jack Linton who was a preacher's son, and who was a dentist. He was a terribly wild fellow, and I told the boys all about the way he gambled, drank, attended dog-fights, and did everything else that is bad. Now, I want you to get well as quickly as possible, and I will right the wrong I have done—can you forgive me?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow!" heartily exclaimed Linton, a bright smile playing over his features. "Anyone else would have made the same mistake. I have a cousin named Jack, whose father is a preacher. We were both named after an uncle of ours. Jack also studied dentistry, and, unfortunately for the good name of our family, he is as bad as you pictured him. Now I understand why the people of Sanderville treated me coolly. Well, I don't blame them, if they thought I was Cousin Jack."

In a few days, Jack and Fay, now firm friends, returned to Sanderville, where the latter soon set his new friend right.

"Why did you not tell me you had a Cousin Jack?" reproachfully inquired Maude.

"Because," replied Linton, "I was ashamed to acknowledge the relationship. But why did you not give me a chance to explain?"

"Because I never thought of the possibility of there being a mistake," repentantly.

"Which shows," said Jack, imprinting a kiss on Maude's forehead, "that we should never condemn anyone until we have heard all the evidence."

Jonas Jutton.

HIS YOKEMATE.



ELL, vell, you don't say, Wyman, and so Murphy's dead? And so suttin! My gootness, dat makes two in t'ree weeks. Vell, vell!" The speaker shook his head, added "tut, tut," shook out his paper, and prepared to read.

His informant, a handsome Hercules, with fair face blanched by emotion, surveyed him for a moment, then said tentatively:

"Poor Murphy was such a good fellow—a generous, impetuous, capable business-man and writer."

As he named the deceased's good qualities, his voice trembled and a tear stood in his eye. He was himself possessed of the qualities he ascribed to the departed member of the firm, and owned the softest of hearts besides.

"Yes, yes, he vas a goot fellow—and a first-rate musician too," murmured the other, fixing his eyes on the paper and putting a cigar between his lips.

Wyman lingered a few minutes longer; but, no further remark testifying to any emotion on the reader's part, he strode out, and the compositor, coming down the corridor, received the look of contempt full in his face.

"Look at Sigelman," said Wyman, with an explanatory shrug and gesture. "Do you know, Murphy breathed his last this morning, and I've just told him. He looked as if I had thrown dust in his eyes, for a minute; then, without a sigh or tear or word of real feeling any more than if it were a dog or the Emperor of China, went to reading. The old crocodile! Murphy harnessed to him all his business-life! Just so when Wilson, the junior member, died three weeks ago. Says he: 'Vell, you don't say! Vell, vell, and so Wilson's gone! And so young!'" The speaker mimicked Sigelman's manner and pronunciation in a way that might have been grotesque, if his white face and dim eyes had not lent it a tragedy air.

"I don't know," returned the compositor, slowly. "He looks a little disturbed. Watch his face. His brows are contracted more than usual. I think he notices more than he shows. Those mask-like faces, you know, and cold temperaments—you can't tell."

"Certainly I did not think of noticing whether his brows were contracted more than usual, or whether his paper was upside-down or not. Perhaps, after all, his heart is breaking."

"Oh, well, he looked sorry when he was helping to carry out Mr. Wilson. He'll do the same for poor Murphy now. Don't be hard on the old man. You can view such things more calmly when your head is white, but I believe it strikes deeper. I lost a child when I was twenty-five, and carried on like insane. It seems now a misty dream, and I believe I'd forget I ever had the little one if its mother didn't remind me. Five years ago, I lost another—a mere baby. I was forty-five then, and my heart is sore over it yet, though I don't think I shed a tear over its coffin; I had to attend to its mother too closely."

The compositor's voice was husky, and two tears flowed softly down his cheeks. The other bowed his head in silence, and his ready lip trembled in sympathy. He stood still and let the compositor pass out alone.

"A man wants to be by himself when he feels that way," he reflected. "But Sigelman's a ghoulish old crocodile, for all his white head and contracted brow—bah!" And he cast a lowering glance in at the placid figure.

The city bell struck three. Sigelman laid down his paper, shook himself slightly, removed his cigar, and, laying it carefully on the edge of his desk, turned to remark to the typewriter:

"Now, Mees Gertrude, eef you will give an eye to my desk, and especially my precious cigar, while I am gone, I will go to lunch."

He was a handsome and urbane old

gentleman, with a pleasant quip for Miss Gertrude daily. She replied lightly, and, as he went out, pounded away at her clacking machine with a gloomy brow, for Murphy was a general favorite. The compositor entered hastily, and, finding Sigelman gone, inquired for him. Receiving the desired information, together with a contemptuous injunction not to touch that precious cigar, he cried, astonished:

"Out at lunch? Why, he always goes on the tick of twelve. Um!" He shook his head. He could lose a darling child and not weep.

Miss Gertrude tossed her pretty head with the sinister remark: "Sphinx all right." And the compositor stole softly out.

It was five o'clock when Sigelman drew down his desk-lid, and, with a parting word to the girl, strode along the hall, his peculiar gait a little more halting than usual.

The janitor was washing the window, preparatory to a decorous appearance of mourning. Sigelman spoke pleasantly to him, but his eyes were less on the man than on his work, as the chamois went in and out of the tall gilt letters of the three graceful indented lines: "The Tewksbury Consolidated Publishing Company." Consolidated! with its old head and young blood gone forever.

Sigelman boarded a traction-car, and felt a distinct accession of grief in that he had to stand, holding a strap. The public, of course, must be accommodated; but, being a heavy man, he was opposed to standing. And he did not feel well. He had not lunched at his usual time, nor had his usual business-chat with Murphy. True, he had missed it during Murphy's illness; but that only lasted a week, and that sort of missing was not like this. The car grew stifling, as one person after another crowded on till passengers stood on the very end of the grip and on the lower step. He was half-way to Murphy's pretty suburban home, so he got out and walked.

He detested to go to a house of mourning, though he invariably visited the home of every employé who died or lost anybody by death. Little he

knew how often his self-immolation was cursed, for it is the signs of sympathy poor humanity craves; and better the pale face and dewy eye of the empty-handed, than the largess of him whose face is cold. But Sigelman had trodden his path in life with a serene belief in deeds rather than dreams. And here were only Murphy's wife and little ones. He should—Dick would expect him to look after them. Besides, he was probably the executor.

If the car was uncomfortable, the sultry street was equally so; and he was tired and dusty when he turned from the Murphy cottage to wend his way to the Runnels', Murphy's father-in-law's, where he had died. This news was a fresh pang, as a dereliction of his duty to his friend. It was so careless, not to know that Dick was not lying at home. Still, all but old Mr. Runnel were away. He could be of plenty service, and was executor. With almost soldierly bearing, he ascended the soft sward and frequent steps of the sloping path in front of the Runnel residence. Less like a place of mourning it looked than the cottage, with its open disorderly front and lawn, as though the hand of affliction had staid all effort. All here was trim and neat. This looked as though he would not be needed, a direct consequence of his first dereliction.

Just here, a lady advanced down the hall to the open door. She was subduedly pleasant and the image of Mrs. Murphy. He entered and inquired courteously whether he could be of any use—attend to arrangements and—and such things. His wife, too—could she be of any use?

No, she thanked him. They were all at home—had hurried home on the first alarm—mother and sisters. Mrs. Murphy had been keeping house for her father. There were plenty to look after everything. Wouldn't he come up and see Dick? He did not look so well as he would later on. No? Well! She bowed him out and returned to the family, to describe indignantly Sigelman's perfunctory manner and refusal to view the corpse of his life-long friend.

With face a little blanker, he retraced

his steps. One support seemed knocked from under him: he was not needed in the house of mourning. He was sure Dick would not have refused so small a— Pshaw! he was morbid. What more natural than that his wife's people would be her support in this affliction? Besides, he was executor; for Dick had no opinion of his father-in-law's abilities. And he could be pall-bearer, and he could see that all of the numerous businesses Dick was interested in should properly comport themselves over his loss. So he lighted a cigar and trudged on. Thought kept pace with every step and refused to sit still and ride.

Thirty years, and twenty of them the signs of one kind and another had said Tewksbury Consolidated Publishing Company. And they might go on saying that forever. Consolidated nonsense! No more consolidated than a table with two legs was whole. Put two new ones on, and the table was repaired; but not the same table, by any means. Dick was a good fellow. He had so many fine qualities, they crowded thick and fast on his mind. Dick was so jovial: he could recall hundreds of funny things he had said and done, in their long connection; and, as they cropped up, one by one, Sigelman smiled again and again and finally broke into a suppressed titter, silenced at first as unseemly. But still the smile would recur, because the serio-comic was the main vein in Murphy's life: only imagine laughing Dick lying stiff and stark and solemn and silent, with meekly folded hands. It certainly would seem like some huge joke, from which he would start with stentorian guffaw. Dick had always called him Old Sobersides, Ulysses, Nestor, and kindred names. And somehow, even when thought of Murphy's generosity recurred, it always had a comic side to it. He remembered how Dick had whipped a man within an inch of his life for slandering him, and then taken him on his staff and watched tenderly over his fortunes till the man's death. That was Wilson.

While Sigelman was smiling, he glanced up and met the regard of Wyman and the compositor. They

saluted, and Wyman coldly passed on. But the compositor joined him, saying he would retrace his steps to leave a paper at a house, as he was to ride home. He could join Wyman at Runnels'. Sigelman looked down, shamefaced. They all knew Murphy died at Runnels'.

Soon they were deep in reminiscences of the deceased; or rather Sigelman was, for he could do no other than ride the train of his thought. He told the compositor several serio-comic incidents in which Murphy had figured, and they both laughed—Sigelman in his mellifluous high-bred way. The compositor left the paper and parted from him to return to the Runnel mansion, with the advice that he had better go home and go to bed.

Sigelman walked on. The laugh had left a choking sensation in his throat and a soreness at his heart. He was very tired, but an idea struck him: he would dine at the club, and, at the meeting called that evening, look after Murphy's post-mortem honors. He followed out this idea, and, exhausted in mind and body, returned home late, gratified at the beginning he had made. Two large orders for flowers would go to Runnels' in the morning, and resolutions would be in the hands of the leading job printers, to do up in the handsomest and most expensive style, to present to Mrs. Murphy. If he did not sleep that night, it was because he was busy planning more ways of showing respect for the dead. It was not such a strange manifestation of grief—only another form of the noisy wake and decorous private-interment idea.

His whole conduct for the next three days was a jealous grasping after honors for the deceased. Every business in which Murphy was concerned was drawn on for flowers and resolutions, and that none of these signs of respect was perfunctory or cheap was not due to phenomenal popularity on the part of the dead man. In fact, Sigelman made such a martinet of himself in these minutiae, with the most affable and courtesan mien in the world—though sometimes it seemed a trifle forced—that impatient criticism not seldom took the form: "The old man is getting a little off."

He insisted that the paper and the building should be put in mourning until the chief lay under the sod, and the front door locked—a side entrance would do.

Wyman—who was managing editor—and the business manager were horrified and stoutly refused to listen to such pretentious schemes of respect.

"We're not all dead," said the former, sententiously; and indeed he looked quite as far away from the valley of the shadow as had Murphy one week since. "There are six other members of the company. You know Worman lost no love on Murphy, and Elders always voted on the other side of the question."

"Besides," urged the business manager, "it would hurt the circulation for weeks. Some people won't have black-bordered paper in the house. And as for shutting the door, people are like sheep: turn 'em away from the way they're used to going, and you can't be sure you'll get them the way you want now, nor back to the old way again afterward."

Sigelman yielded. He never bickered nor controlled by force: that was why Murphy called him Ulysses. The paper did not mourn until the day of the obsequies, and the front door clanged as usual: albeit its pitiful scarf of crape made the visiting public pause.

Meanwhile Sigelman, when he was not out canvassing for flowers and resolutions, telegraphing absent or foreign friends and clubs in which Murphy held a membership, or discussing his life and character with anyone who was familiar with the subject, sat smoking and reading at his desk, while the clang of the front door smote his ears and weighted his heart.

"See the old Stoic," sneered Wyman. "He wants to make the office do his mourning. Why, he wouldn't even look at poor Dick, Miss Runnel said. Suppose it would have afflicted his sight! Made himself chairman of the meeting of directors and threatened to freeze out Worman because he voted for plain resolutions and no flowers, then presided over the employés' meeting and reprimanded

White and me for hoisting our heels—old hypocrite!—and insisted on his idea being adopted—a desk of flowers, with a paper pad and pencil, and 'Our Chief' labeled on the rail. But his nibs didn't give a dollar. Neither did he to the newsboys' tribute, though he said: 'Dat's right—you're good boys,' when the little spokesman said they were going to get up a flower inkstand. Oh, he makes me sick!"

Late at night, after a toilsome day, he found himself affably saluting Miss Runnel again. She did not think to ask him to view the corpse, but he requested; and she led him up the spiral stair to the room where every available support was suffocating with flowers—every spot but the little brass bed upon which lay Dick in his last sleep under a home roof.

By no means a jovial Dick. He rested calmly, as though sleeping, one hand on his breast, the other by his side; a silk crazy-quilt enveloped him from his waist down. He had died of typhoid pneumonia; and the best that can be said of the disease is, that it is an artist who paints death with the hand of a lover.

He had been in life a fairly good-looking man, with round dark face, perfectly unlined, red cheeks, blazing brown eyes, and dark mustache and hair; but his nose was very long, and he had an expression about the brows and mouth-lines as though ready to break out into a mocking laugh.

The roundness and the health-glow had faded, and so had the sinister curve of brow and mouth. The face was sagaciously oblong, softly pallid, with every delicate shading of a severely ascetic, intellectual type. It was a countenance superbly beautiful—disclosing, as it did, a peculiar magnetism and loftiness of character which sometimes in fateful moments came to the surface in his life-work. So a man may have a substratum of character wholly at variance with the superficial qualities which, abnormally developed or adventitiously grafted, seem to have been the making or the marring of his fortune. Hard to tell whether it is the man himself, or a mere usurping proxy, whom we toast at the banqueting-

board or kick out of our way into the gutter. How many men, in the active score or more of years after twenty, are not the dreamful artists or heroic soldiers, the powerful financiers or world-renowned inventors, the loving husbands or self-sacrificing sons that they longed and meant to be, but some other meaner, undreamed-of, misfit, opportunity-made creature? More than half of civilized mankind! The man who coldly refuses to extend a brother's paper, and entails the wide-spread horrors of a panic on the business world, has, from his fairy-story days, cherished a sickening longing for the poet's life and lay; and the singer, somewhere, who has got his lyre, greedily counts the coin each song brings in.

Perhaps such thoughts took shape in Sigelman's mind, as he courteously followed his conductress about the room, to view the offerings which had been—quite unknown to her—mainly gathered by his exertions. His own offering—a small fortune in loose orchids, standing in a tall wand-like crystal vase—was within reach of the waxen nerveless hand of the sleeper. Finally she paused inquiringly, and he turned, with a gratified remark at the display, and followed her out, not noting the curl of her lip. At the head of the stairs, she missed him and stole back to the door.

The old partner stood by the bed, his gaze steadfastly fixed on the face of the dead, as though fascinated by the revelation of the inner man. She went back to the banister and leaned down her head to let the pleased tears drop; she too demanded a meed of visible sympathy to her loved dead.

He bade her a pleasant good-bye and went. His heart was full of that serene and beautiful face—the mirror of the elevated, unsordid, un-lived life; but seldom had he known that Dick. Perhaps he too had in him an unknown life.

He went to his pillow, toil-worn and thought-worn, but not to sleep. The face filled his mind, captured his fancy, keyed his nerves. Waking dreams of the dead trooped through the long hours of night—now no longer the serio-comic side of his character. Trivial things

could not consort with such a face. The laurels of the soldier, the reformer, the philanthropist, gleamed in turns from that marble brow. How much of great and good had cast brief lights across that busysordid life! He had never dreamed Dick might have been such a hero, yet that was the ideal face of a hero—pallid, grand—on the pillow on the little brass bedstead.

He rose and walked, but it disturbed his wife; and he went to the library and walked till morning, and Murphy kept him company.

He had eaten nothing for two days, and, when he refused to sit at the breakfast-table, his wife peevishly wished that Murphy were buried, for then he would eat and sleep. He went to the office, ordering more flowers on the way, and presided over more meetings, and read and smoked, and spoke pleasantly to Miss Gertrude. But the face was always before his eyes, and the newly revealed character always surging through his mind. At closing hours, it drew him out to Runnels' again; he yearned for another look at the beautiful unknown side of his friend's character. They spoke to him. He did not know what they said, but answered affably in words that made them glance askance at each other.

It was the day of the funeral; and, having ordered a fresh supply of flowers, he busied himself about the office, attending to a hundred things that had already been done. They had yielded to his whims: placed a life-size bust crayon of Murphy, draped, in the window—which Wyman, who was a society man, sneered at as plebeian—locked the front door till noon, when the funeral would be over, and bordered the first page of the paper in wide black lines; while notices, paragraphs, eulogies, and lives of Murphy filled every available space. Even the funny man had conjured up a neat sonnet on "Our Chief." All this was like the very wine of grief to Sigelman, and he thanked them all, with a pleasant face and thick voice, as though they had conferred a personal favor on him.

The hall and the chamber of death

were deadly with perfume and crowded with silent respectful faces. Sigelman stood at the foot of the spiral stair and watched these faces as they seemed to float in a humid lambent haze before him—only faces, detached, and mellowed by pity—and tried to discern a glimmer of that other self in each: the while the pastor, at the head of the stairs, voiced the conventional ideas in the conventional way.

Suddenly the voice ceased, the faces and lights fluttered and disappeared, only to appear again—exultant, bright—as the beautiful words of the hymn “Lead, Kindly Light,” in tremulous boyish treble, seemed to fill the luminous spaces, almost like emanations from those transfigured faces. It was followed by a penetrating half-whispered chant of “Oh, Paradise!”—an arrangement of the dead choir-master’s own; and something in it banished the faces and brought his lucid glance to the row of little white-robed boys, with crossed hands and uplifted faces, standing along the steps like a succession of little sorrowful angels. A butterfly fluttered in at the oriole window by the pastor’s head, and downstairs past the singers’ faces. A joyous surprise glanced like a sunbeam across the little sorrowful faces, then left them decorously sad again. And Sigelman smiled at their innocent deception.

He had not noticed the funeral: remembered nothing of it to tell his wife, except the faces, the choir-boys and butterfly, and the hymns; yet that night he lived it over in every minute detail, even to Mrs. Murphy’s stepping on the front of her dress and all but falling into the grave, until he was glad to rise and steal off to town. He would not talk any more about the funeral—it was over: nor Murphy—he was finally gone; lest they should say he was morbid or hypocritical. But how could a man be pleasant and business-like as usual, when every caller seemed in a scheme to ask for Murphy—surely it was published widely enough that he was dead; and his face was always there, mutely pleading to be spoken for, mutely mourning that all things were just as before.

He could stand it no longer. He called on Worman, to see about changing the firm name from Consolidated Tewksbury Publishing Company to Tewksbury Publishing Company; then on the sexton, to see if the grave was properly arranged; then on Murphy’s lawyer, to chat over his will. Worman bitterly opposed the change—he knew it had been a pet idea of Murphy’s to drop the redundant word; the grave was not settled yet, and couldn’t be fixed—it was a pile of broken clay like a filled-in ditch; and Murphy had left no will, and Mr. Runnel was already preparing to take out papers as executor.

“Here,” said his wife, sharply, as he came in at bedtime, sunken-eyed and shrunk together: “drink this. You must sleep to-night. Your friend is buried, and I want no more nonsense of starvation and insomnia. I should like to know what right your friend has to make your wife a widow.”

He drank the potion and went to bed, lying quiet lest his wife should scold him or he should disturb her. And she slept soundly, ignorant of the fantastic imagery that crowded around her pillow.

Murphy was there: not as a jovial living presence—not as a serene spirit face; but as a subtle indefinable something—Murphy as he was now! in every conceivable state that religion, philosophy, or fancy has set forth. He could no longer picture him; he was only a blood-chilling, brow-binding impression. Murphy living was a comfortable fact; the serene face was a revelation; this Murphy dead—this impression—was a mystery.

“You have not slept, and shall not go out to-day,” said his wife, noting his white worn face in the morning. She sent for the doctor; and, when he came, Sigelman was nowhere to be found. The doctor went straight to his office. He was smoking and holding up a paper, in Murphy’s dim deserted sanctum, by a window that overlooked a melancholy, empty, high-walled yard.

“Just you go home,” said the doctor, testily. “Go this minute. Drink the bouillon your wife has prepared, take the medicine, and go to bed.”

The doctor expected his usual ready compliance or refusal. Instead, Sigelman screwed around, with a ghost of his old smile, and said :

"Do you know, I pelieve my heart ees affected." He described the symptoms ; told how horribly heavy and big it felt—how sore ; how stiff and dry his throat ; how dim with unshed tears his eyes.

"Lord bless you, cry," aspirated the doctor. "Nobody but good men cry. It's an honor and a relief. I cried like old Sam Hill, when my old governor died."

"But this was not my kin, but my friend," was the simple reply. "One is only related to the body, the other to the soul." He spoke deliberately and correctly when very earnest. "Besides, I don't want to. It's not like that. I feel as though I could—" He motioned as if taking out his heart and laying it on the desk.

The doctor shuddered and shrugged his shoulders, and sent him home to be put to bed and tead and read to till he fell asleep. His wife moved around the darkened room like a spectre, till he laughed. She went to get some chloral, and, when she returned, he was up and dressed, greeting her with :

"Never mint—I'm not seeck, and it's ridiculous to lie here ; now, would you, with your heart so big and sore ? I'll go out and be busy and get better. Don't you worry. I must stir, dear girl." He was out of the house before she could remonstrate.

He shut himself in Murphy's office and began to write, answering the merry jokes of those who passed through—for it was a short way back to the editorial rooms—with an affable assurance that he was working. Things were in their usual routine, and everybody was working ; for the chief had been dead a week, and it would not do to mourn to the extent of depressing work or business. So he was smoking and "working" when the six bell struck and everybody straggled out, and the series of tiny offices was deserted and lightless.

It was nine o'clock. The front of the tall building was shrouded in dark-

ness, save for a small spot of light far back from the counter : where the business manager bent over his desk, with his back to the street.

A noise at the counter startled him. He was a young man, nervous from overwork ; and, not without hesitation, he closed his ledger and approached his visitors.

"It is Mrs. Sigelman and Dr. Shaw," said a voice from the darkness. "Her husband has not been home since eight this morning, and, as he is far from well, she is worried about him."

"Oh, I'm sure he's all right," was the relieved reply. "He was here and worked—wrote all day. I don't know when he left. Perhaps the janitor can tell."

The janitor, who was lounging out front, smoking, explained that he had entered Mr. Murphy's room to clean at six, and been told by Mr. Sigelman that he need not wait, as he did not know when he should be done writing. He was pleasant as usual, but looked very tired, and, though so warm as to remove his coat, complained of a sore throat and tied his handkerchief about it. The janitor had not seen him since.

"Perhaps he's fallen asleep ; he was exhausted," said the doctor, motioning quickly for the business manager to detain Mrs. Sigelman. "I'll go back and see," and he followed the janitor, leaving the business manager urging the lady into a chair.

An electric light hung so low over the desk that the figure, drooped forward—cheek on palm, and elbow on a blotting-pad—quite obscured it. The janitor reached him first and started back, with gray look, pointing toward the swollen purple face—doubly ghastly in the full light of the drop—and the handkerchief knotted and drawn tightly about his neck till the white numb flesh overhung its folds.

The doctor staggered, and a long wailing shriek burst as if from his parted lips, and died away in a husky moan, as the heart-broken widow threw herself on her knees and hid her face against the lifeless arm.

The desk was scattered with papers,

some neatly enveloped and directed ; and an open letter addressed to his wife lay under his pen, as though he had tightened the fatal knot in sudden desperation.

The letter was in his usual large firm hand—a little wavering toward the last, as if there had been painful pauses between the words.

In a few moments, the doctor softly read the last message to the wife, while the janitor, awe-struck, crept silently out of the room.

The letter ran thus :

“DEAR WIFE: I am sound in mind, save when the face and voice come crowding on me. They come oftener, and stay longer hourly. I do not see him as at first. I simply feel him near—not as in accord with me, but drawing me to him. Oh, as a man struck down in his prime misses health, I miss him ;

but with less hope. I have lost part of myself—my complement.

“Too late I realized how little I knew him—almost as little as I knew myself ; and what ignorance that was I understand as I contemplate this thing I mean to do !

“I ask, where now is the calm and lofty spirit that shone from that marble face? My heart burns to know.

“I will know—aye, and I shall know very soon !

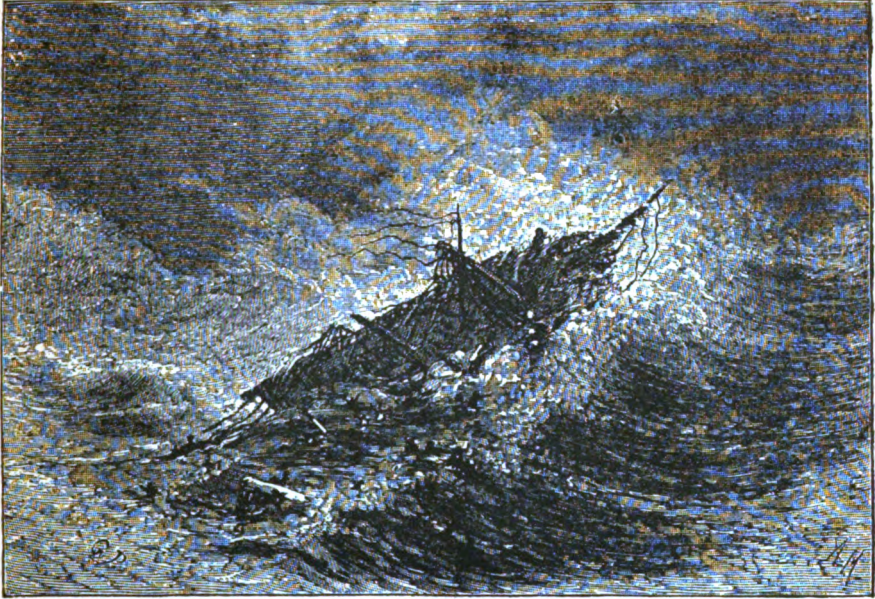
“I dreamed last night, dear girl—I must tell you that dream.”

The page ceased with the playful epithet he often applied to her, written after a long scrawling dash, as though the time were short—too short for aught but one loving word, half benediction, half farewell. The dream that had called him hence went unrecorded to the end.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

SAY, Bill, let's you and I go back
To childhood's days again ;
Let us forget the grown-up years,
And all their woes and pain.
Let's hang our stockings up once more,
As mother taught us to,
And, with the thought of her sweet face,
Forget that we feel blue.
Let's us believe in Santa Claus,
Though years have taught us, Bill,
There ain't no such a one as he,
With gifts our socks to fill.
Still let us make the best of life
And bless this Christmastide,
And give our praise to Him whose birth
Meant life to us—who died
To save our souls from deadly sin,
And make our scarlet white.
Ah, Bill, life's full of sweetness yet,
This dear old Christmas night !
And when we find with morning's light
Our socks are empty still,
Why, somehow we have had a gift
Of God's great love—eh, Bill ?

Lotta L. Garber.



THE WRECK.

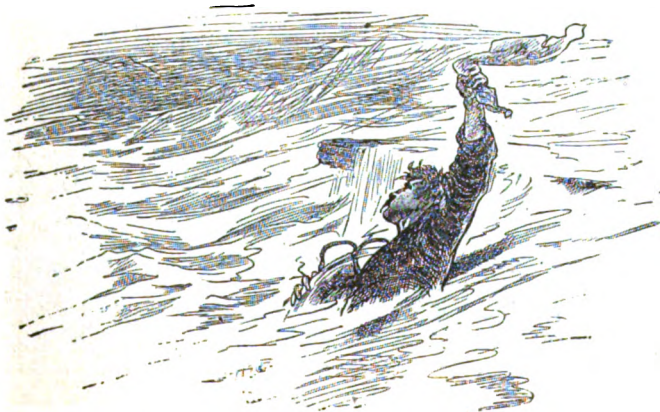
OH, the wind went out to sea last night,
 The wind went out to sea !
 The moon hid under a cloud from sight,
 And the billows rose with their fangs
 of white,
 To do what its will might be.

They seized a ship that was homeward
 bound,
 And they snapped her mast in twain,
 And they swept her decks, till the blackness
 round
 Was thick with the souls of sailors drowned,
 And loud with their cries of pain.

The wind blew in to the land at morn
 And ruffled the rose's pride,
 And kissed the face of the babe new-
 born,
 And toyed with the silk of the tasseled
 corn,
 And the curls of the captain's bride.

But it left him out on the dreary deep
 On a drifting spar, ah me !
 And he called her name as he sank to
 sleep
 In the coral caves—oh, the angels weep
 When the wind goes out to sea !

Minna Irving.



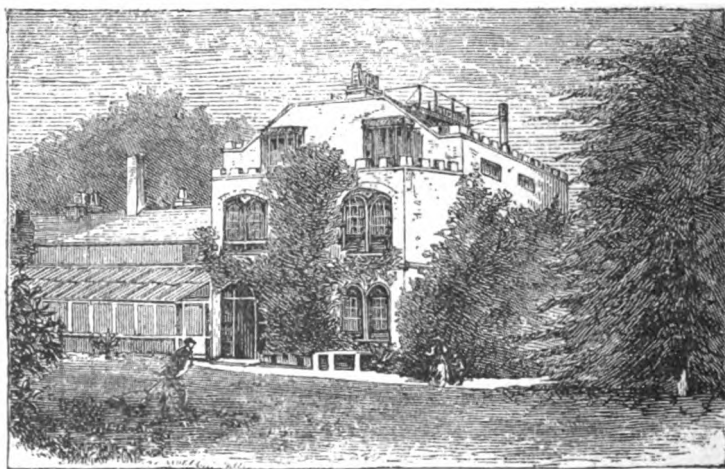
ALFRED TENNYSON.



FOR more than half a century, "Victoria Regina" has been inscribed on English coins, and the owner of that proud title has worn the crown. For not many years less than fifty, Alfred Tennyson has borne

on his brows the laurel wreath placed there by royal command when the bard of Rydal Mount had passed into the eternal silence. Victoria still reigns; the reign of the poet laureate is ended. No, not ended! With the matchless grace of death upon his uncrowned brow, he still speaks to us in a thousand voices, by the children of his brain which he has left to us and to all English-speaking people—an unfailing heritage, a fadeless dower.

In the hush that has fallen on his lips so that they shall call to us no more, we are glad to hear, though we all know it, the brief story of his life. It is soon told. Alfred Tennyson—Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt—was born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1809. His father was a clergyman distinguished neither by intellectual attainments nor literary tastes. The children, however, showed some tendency toward literature, for writing tales and verses was a favorite amusement at the rectory; and, when Alfred was only seventeen, he and his brother Charles published a little book of poems, their joint production, but giving little promise of future greatness. The influence of his early surroundings left with the poet, as with

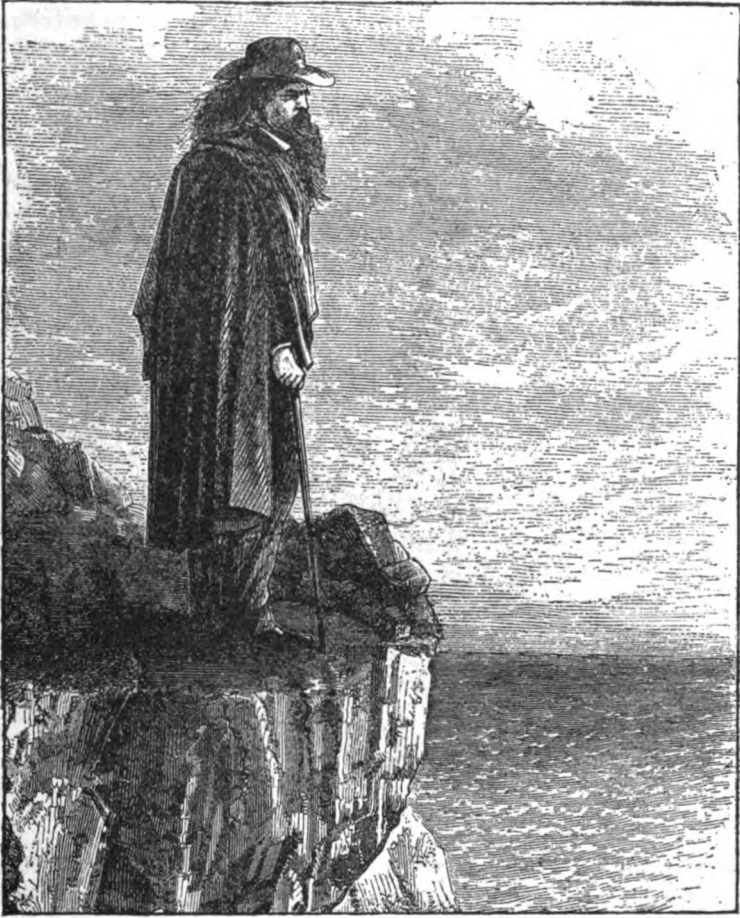


FARRINGFORD.

George Eliot and so many others, an impression which remained with him till the end of his life. The low-lying marshy landscape of Lincolnshire, with its rows of willows bordering the streams and its old moated manor-houses, is vividly pictured in many of his poems, particularly in "Mariana."

After receiving a careful preparation

volume of poems in 1830, he still continued to shrink from general society, and became almost a recluse. The appearance in 1832 of his second volume of poems, containing such gems as "A Miller's Daughter," "A Dream of Fair Women," and "The Lotos-Eaters," gave him an established place in the world of poetry.



FROM A PICTURE.

from his father, Alfred went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where in 1829 he won the Chancellor's medal for English poetry, by a poem in blank verse—"Timbuctoo." On taking his degree, he went to London, living there a life of comparative seclusion for many years. Even after the publication of his first

In 1833 occurred an event which deprived Tennyson of a life-long friendship, but enriched English literature by the finest elegiac effort in the language; that event was the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, "the comrade of his choice," his sister's betrothed. For years after the loss of his friend, the bereaved poet

uttered no word to the listening ear of the public, until in 1847 "The Princess" was given to the world. In 1850, this long silence of love and sorrow and doubt voiced itself at last in the exquisite lines of "In Memoriam." In this utterance of genius, we find not merely the highest level of art, but the deepest outcry of human suffering as well. It belongs peculiarly to the nineteenth century; for, as a prominent critic says, in writing of it a few years back: "The

who did not agree with its conclusions. The dainty and tender lyrics with which it is gemmed, such as "The Bugle Song" and "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," would alone suffice as an "excuse for its being." They of themselves would give "The Medley" a permanent place in our literature; for, as a writer of lyrical poetry, Tennyson was pre-eminently successful—his verses are in truth worthy to be called musical.

In 1850, on the death of Wordsworth,



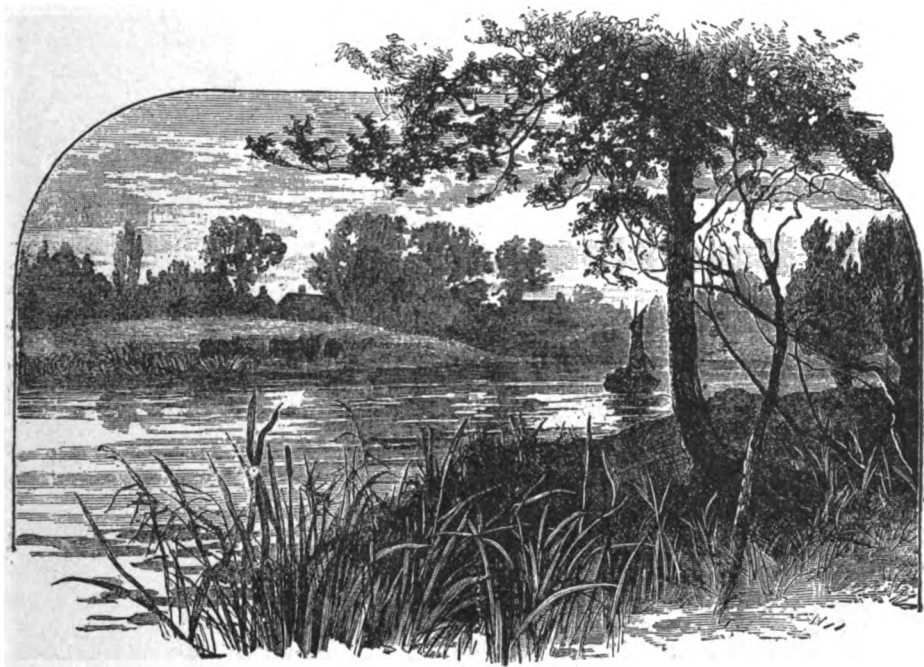
THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

solemn verse confronts problems which, mournful and ghostly, yet with some far-away light in their eyes, look us men of this generation in the face, visiting us with dread misgivings or pathetic hope. From the confusion, from the agony, from the battle, faith emerges, aged, maimed, and scarred, yet triumphing and serene." The subject of "The Princess," the much-mooted "woman question," gave an added interest to its intrinsic merit as a poem, and it has been read and admired even by those

Tennyson became poet laureate; and, that same year, he married Miss Fannie Sellwood, after which he removed to the Isle of Wight. In his official capacity, he wrote many poems appropriate to special occasions or commemorative of important events in the history of royalty, from his "Ode to the Duke of Wellington," written soon after his accession to the post, down to his verses upon the death of the late Duke of Clarence; but none of them rank among his best or most enduring work.

Farringford, the home in the Isle of Wight which the poet made for himself and his wife, was a charming residence; but the fame of the author of "*In Memoriam*" drew too many sight-seers there for a man of Tennyson's tastes, and his fondness for retirement led him after some years to build a place in Surrey. Here, at Aldworth, near Haslemere, he spent with his wife and two sons the remainder of his days. The house, a fine mansion of the modern Gothic style, is concealed from view by

have presented a striking and picturesque figure, particularly when standing, as we can see in imagination the author of "*Break, break, break*," looking down at the sea "*crawling below*" "*the foot of the crags*" on whose "*cold gray stones*" he stood. He always wore the soft slouch hat and long cloak which we see in the picture, certainly an un-English but individualizing costume which made him noticeable anywhere, in his island home or on the crowded thoroughfares of London.



A PEACEFUL SCENE.

the trees and shrubbery surrounding it, so that he was able there to preserve that privacy so dear to the heart of every Englishman, and especially so to that of the great English poet.

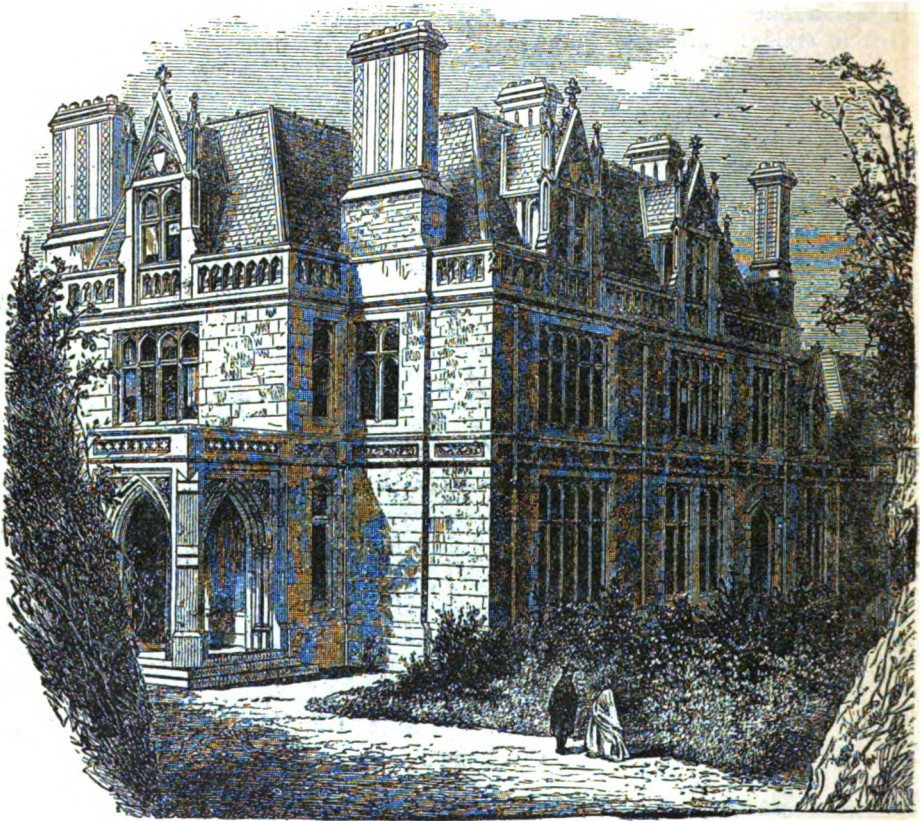
An American, who was introduced to Tennyson, gives a most apt description of his personal appearance: "What did he look like, you ask? He looked—well, he looked like a dilapidated Jupiter." Though he avoided meeting people as much as possible, he was sometimes seen by strangers, in his saunterings about Farringford; and he must

His next long poems were "*Maud*" and the "*Idyls of the King*"; and, though the first was something of a disappointment to the public, many critics think the latter the acme of his poetical triumphs. If we look on them simply as pretty romances, the "*Idyls*" lose much of their value, though they still retain the charm which belongs to those far-off, fascinating, half-mythical days of chivalry and mysticism. If, however, we consider the subject a grave spiritual parable, and see many varying types clustering around the one central type,

the figure of Arthur, they will be found to possess a new meaning apart from their beauty of expression or the real human feelings they undoubtedly embody. The "Idyls" bring out with great prominence Tennyson's idea of art. On this subject, he held no doubtful opinion. He had no sympathy with the pagan sensual school, but believed with Lowell that "genius was shown as

about us. Nowhere is this creed of Tennyson's more clearly revealed than in the stories of Lancelot and Guinevere, Enid and Geraint, Merlin and Vivien.

"Enoch Arden" appeared next, and soon afterward he turned his attention to dramatic poetry, writing "Queen Mary," "Harold," "The Cup," "The Falcon," "The Promise of May," and finally "The Foresters," brought out so



HOUSE AT BLACKDOWN.

much in selecting as in treating a subject." He would have considered it an insult to be told that it was no matter what he said, the thing was how he said it. The human heart longs for something higher and nobler than the commonplaces of every-day life, and it is the province of the poet to gratify this instinct—to touch with the magic of his idealizing touch the world that lies all

recently by the Daly company. They all show the touch of the master-hand, but it will probably be less on them than on his other work that his fame as a great poet will depend.

Tennyson's acceptance of a peerage at the hands of Queen Victoria has been the subject of much unfavorable comment and criticism on this side of the Atlantic; but, after all, we can hardly expect

an Englishman to look at things through the same eyes as an American. As Henry James would say, we must take into consideration "the point of view." It is a little hard on genius to forbid its receiving any tangible reward, and ask it to be content with present praise and future fame: the first a very unsubstantial thing, the last an uncertain and never-to-be-depended-on promise. In spite of his assertion in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the poet probably shared in the English weakness for "Norman blood," and the bestowal of the title on him gave him the opportunity to resume the ancestral name of d'Eyncourt. At any rate, we think that the peerage was honored, not the poet.

The infinite variety of subject and perfect felicity of expression which characterize the many minor poems Tennyson has written have done more than anything else to give him his hold on the popular sympathy. Nowhere is this skillful workmanship which shows art only by concealing, not obtruding it, exhibited more happily than in that quaintly fanciful conceit, "The Lady of Shalott." We can almost see her, in her mirror, "looking down at Camelot," so clearly is she painted in the poet's vision. The world of romantic legend so dear to the student of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and the fen-country where the rivers ran, "the margin, willow-veiled," his childhood's home, invest with elusive yet matchless beauty the tale of the "Lady of Shalott" and her magic mirror.

All through Tennyson's poetry, the loveliness of the English landscape is interwoven. The silver-ribboned streams, the trees, thick-leaved and luxuriant in their matchless green, barge and homestead and cattle browsing, just as we may see them any summer morning from a railway carriage, all these are seen by the poet's eye and depicted by the artist's hand. The spiritual and idealizing influence is there too, and, when we linger over his pages and read that pearl of Arthurian myth and Old World mysticism, "Sir Galahad," we can perceive another subtle secret of his power. He might write of himself as he did of

his hero, the searcher after "The Holy Grail":

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

The spirit of purity breathes through all he wrote; and, though he may have sometimes lost thereby in passion and virility, he has gained in "sweetness and light." He stands between the two opposite poles of Browning and Swinburne, and for that very reason his influence may overshadow both. At any rate, in a long and strenuous era, marked by the going and coming of a succession of intellectual giants, he has still held his place, "secure and sensitive." And surely we may say of him:

"Beyond this cheat of time,
Here where you died, you live."

"Crossing the Bar" and "The Silent Voices" were the last work of Tennyson's pen. He wrote the latter poem just ten days before his death; and on the 6th of October, 1892, his long life ended peacefully, as such an existence might end.

Singularly simple and impressive has been everything connected with the last rites and ceremonies of the dead poet. Among the most beautiful and touching features of the funeral ceremonies in the grand old pile dedicated to England's great ones, was the singing by the choir of Lord Tennyson's last two poems, which have been set to music: "Crossing the Bar" by Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, and "The Silent Voices" by Lady Tennyson. The congregation, comprising an immense number of men prominent in the various walks of life—art, literature, science—eminent peers, clergymen, and members of the dramatic profession, was deeply moved, many of them even to tears.

In the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, close to his compeer, Browning, they laid the last remains of Alfred Tennyson. The place is worthy of him, and he is worthy of the place. And there let us leave him, confident that, "years after and years after," he will "keep his heirdom still."

Charles Addison Mayhew.

VICTOR EMANUEL.

IT was on a bright day in August that she first appeared along the road to Osceola, a fair vision in velvet. A spirited young animal, proud as a princess, bore her over the dusty highway.

Victor Emanuel saw her from his shoe-shop, a little old weather-beaten shanty perched in the corner of the cross-roads.

She hesitated as to which of the roads that ran zigzag between the mossy fences she was to take. Then she spied the eager brown eyes that were watching her from the small window.

She drew Dolly Ann up to the step, with manifest reluctance on the part of the mare, and, tapping on the door with her whip-handle, she smiled into the dingy little room as if sunshine had entered a cave.

Yes, he could tell her which was the road to Bethel. It was the one leading around the tobacco-fields, away through the tall woods.

She wished to go by the other road—the one to Osceola, where the post-office was; and Dolly Ann pranced away with her, and Victor Emanuel returned to his bench.

Victor Emanuel Hugo Gilbraith felt sure he had never set eyes on any creature so lovely. He could think of nothing but the way she looked in the brilliant sunshine, with the yellow feather in her cap shining like a star in a crown, and the graceful soft folds of her habit catching and holding the light in prismatic rays.

He went to the door again and watched her canter up Shearer's hill until she was lost in the shadow of the willows in the swamp-field. He made up his mind to go and see her.

Fortunately there was no caste on the river; perhaps because the few aristocratic families had no daughters, and their princely boys could go where they pleased.

Miss Agnes had come to visit at the house of her uncle, the doctor, and

Victor Emanuel had been a sporting companion of her Cousin Dick's.

He certainly would "spruce up now" and go to the doctor's. He did. He dressed himself in his shiny Sunday suit and rode over several times during the following week. He was not a bad-looking fellow on his fleet young horse, "Morgan."

Dick indulgently permitted him to row the wee pirogue down the river in the moonlight evenings, when Agnes took her guitar along and strummed it to languishing songs. Dick, of course, accompanied them on such occasions.

"May you never, having one love only,
Lose that only love,"

she sang to him once, when the waters carried her sweet voice far into the dim night as well as far into his fiery soul.

A few days later, while he diligently stitched on a neighbor's boots, he was interrupted, because he saw Miss Agnes and Dick stop before his shop.

Hastily did he rip off his leather apron and knock some old shoes from a chair near. As hastily did he peer into the three-by-five mirror that hung on his wall, and perceived that his face was decidedly greasy. Then he stepped to the door, grinning with pleasure.

"Oh, we wish to see the potter's shop," said Miss Agnes, as she beamed her glorious eyes up at him from the door-step.

The potter's shop! That was where his withered old father worked; it stood in the lane back of his own shoe-shop.

The potter's business was what Victor Emanuel had been brought up to, but what he had deserted for shoe-leather.

That anyone should ride two miles only to see a potter's shop was more than he could understand. He consoled himself by the insane notion that the ride had been undertaken partly to see him.

He led the way up the grassy lane to his home. It was a quaint squat little building; and a quaint squat little woman

met them in the latticed porch. With elaborate thanks for thus honoring her, Victor Emanuel's mother made Miss Agnes welcome.

The young lady, by this time tired of the quiet country, invited the homage of the humble mother and son, and it must be confessed she relished it. She saw that Victor was ashamed of his home; and she gave him a challenge from every glance of her blue eyes, and her heart quickened when she encountered his eyes, but only because she foresaw amusement for which she was quite ready.

The home contained an old-fashioned wind-broken melodeon which had enlivened his grandmother's youthful days. Agnes extracted a few tinkling chords from the instrument, and sang more of her thrilling songs for him.

"Here, take my heart,
'Twill be safe in thy keeping;
What need I care,
So my heart is with thee?"

she warbled.

Victor Emanuel felt as if riding on clouds in a wind chariot, but as if a cord stretched from his heart-wires and dragged him back to earth—as if every stringed emotion of his soul were being twanged on by a woman's fingers.

At length, he strode by her side down to the little pottery-shop. Her fair flower-face glinted before his eyes like the scintillations from a rare and beautiful pearl.

The perfume which floated faintly forth from her dress and hair intoxicated and bewildered him. The hand that touched his own horny leather-scented palm, when he helped her across the little brook, forced him to put an iron restraint on himself in order poorly to hide his emotion.

Agnes read him with bland amusement. Many men had loved her for a while, but no one had gone so mad thus early. She was a little afraid of him, too. There was the strength of Hercules in his massive young frame, and he would have the love of Leander in his heart.

They stood together in the mud-daubed factory. Old Gilbraith, sleeves

rolled high up on hairy arms, apron about a fat waist, smiled on them above his gray beard and invited their attention to his wares. Stone crocks were piled on every side. Little crocks and great crocks; crocks wide-mouthed, and crocks long and narrow. Crooked crocks, broken crocks, glazed crocks, and crocks unbaked. Pots made for flowers, for honey, and for jams—of all sizes, shapes, and colors. Rows on rows of them, stack on stack. There were stone vases for gardens, and stone urns for graves, in rude crank-sided patterns, reminding one of the churn-riddle of

"Big at bottom,
Small at top;
Something in the middle
Goes flippity-flop."

Old Gilbraith took a wet piece of potter's clay, placed it on the wheel, and, turning the lathe with his foot, fashioned a small vase for Miss Agnes.

She showed him how to shape it like the Etruscan vases she had seen in the art-shops, and said she would paint it when partly baked, if Victor Emanuel would bring it over to her.

The old man proudly showed her into his newly fired oven, though he ran the risk of cracking all of his crocks by opening it.

And, after a while, she went back to the road and returned to her uncle's home, leaving Victor Emanuel's parents under the spell of her charms.

The next time she saw Victor, she was seated on the wooden stile, with her knees clasped by her plump arms, and her eyes dreamily watching the wild ducks careening above the island trees. The wind, a sun-gold breath, came up the river and cooled her cheeks. Victor Emanuel also came, and seated himself on the step at her feet.

He was not very interesting in conversation, but he amused her. She allowed him to look, to talk, and she smiled at him indulgently and roused her dreamy self to reply occasionally.

Dick found them seated there, and was displeased at Victor Emanuel's audacity.

"I only kem over ter git yer holpe,

Dick, in killin' a big hock over here on the knob, 'at hes bin stealin' my chick-ins," Victor Emanuel explained, as he started up rather shamefacedly.

"Well, I reckon I can go," Dick replied.

"How far is it?" asked Agnes.

"Ondly a leetle ways up thet air knob," Victor Emanuel said.

"Do you know it's there?" asked Dick.

"Yes, I seen him fly right there amongst them pines. These is dog-days, you know, an' he kain't see to fly away. They's allers blin' in dog-days. I hearn him whistle this now."

"Oh, let me go with you!" pleaded Miss Agnes. "Do let me go, Dick!"

"You couldn't climb up there," protested her cousin.

"Oh, I could! Just try me."

Dick was a little in love with her himself, and he consented.

They crossed the river in the pirogue, Victor Emanuel standing up while he poled it over. Then they walked a short distance along the road, and began to climb the steep pine-bristling knob.

It was a very tiresome ascent: they could only go a few steps at a time. Over some high rocks, Agnes had to allow the boys to pull her bodily upward. After a while, Victor Emanuel retained her hand in his strong grasp, and she found that she could not get on without this support.

She sat on the brown bank at the top, and looked out at the melting blue distance—the far roll of dim knobs, the glint of grain-fields, the winding shining river—while the boys searched for the hawk's nest.

She looked down into tree-tops of enormous height; she heard the lazy tinkle of cow-bells on the far hills. At last, she had a shot from Dick's air-gun at the hawk—a great, hook-nosed, rufous-winged, shut-eyed creature, hustling there on the ragged pine-tree below her.

She had to take a hand of each boy and descend in a run. How swiftly and easily they swung her along between them! The river breezes, redolent with violets from the island banks, rushed up into their flushed faces, Agnes's loose hair

tangled before Victor's eyes. The pair leaped with one heart-beat, it seemed, past Dick, whose coat caught on a brier-bush; past rough scraggy tree-boles, past rocks and trenches and rearing walls.

They stood panting in the roadway, and he would not release her hand. She did not have the breath to command him, and at last the ludicrous greed with which he clung to her cramping hand made her laugh. He griped her more fiercely, and leaned his yellow face till it almost touched her own.

She believed he meant to kiss her. Like an avalanche over green meadows, her scorn swept all kindness and gentle indulgence from her white face.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed.

"Release me this moment! Do you think my hands are made of sole-leather?"

"No," he answered, as he flung them from him; "yer hands ain't, but yer heart is, I believe."

He strode down to the boat, and she waited for Dick. Victor Emanuel sat facing her in the pirogue, and watched her with mesmeric persistence. His eyes, faded to a dull stone-color, with now and then a green flame like a serpent's tongue shooting through them, were not once removed from her face while crossing the stream.

She had relented by the time they reached the shore, and offered him her hand in farewell; but he would not have touched it then, even if offered as a gift.

"What a huff he's in!" said Dick, as Victor Emanuel disappeared; "now you have broken his heart."

The cousins went laughingly up to the house, Agnes congratulating herself on being rid of her importunate admirer.

But, the next morning, he rode over and begged that she would come to the gate for a moment. He came the next day, and every morning for a long tedious week, until Agnes, having exhausted every possible excuse, had to see him. Then he leaned from his saddle, his yellow face drawn and seamed by suffering, and heaped on her reproaches, love, idolatrous praises in queer uncouth language, until Agnes wished she were dead.

During the next few days, she was pelted with presents from him. He killed his mother's peacocks and sent Agnes the skins, because she had wished for some feathers. He sent the antiquated melodeon over on the ox-team, because the doctor had no instrument.

One afternoon, she sat in the porch and read from a volume of poems to Dick, until he fell asleep.

She heard the sleepy jingle of bells, and, looking down toward the ford, saw the covered ox-team, bristling with straw-packed crockery, from old Gilbraith's potter-shop.

With some curiosity, she peeped through the vine-leaves for a glimpse of Victor Emanuel. Even as she thought of him, he stood before her.

"I air on my way to No'th Caliny," said he, jerking a leathery thumb in the direction of the team. "An' I want to say one thin' to yer: Ef ye air flirtin' 'ith me, say so; ef ye hain't a mind ter flirt 'ith me, say so."

Agnes stood up, white and frightened.

"I—I never have thought to flirt with you," she stammered.

"Well, then, say now—right now—ef ye'll merry a potter!"

"No," said Agnes, quite firmly.

"A shoemaker?"

"No."

"Whut then? Whut 'ull ye merry?"

"No one but a scholar," the girl replied, trying to smile.

"A scholar? Whut's that?"

"A man of learning, who knows Greek and Sanskrit and everything. Oh! a school-teacher, a doctor, a lawyer, or anyone who has studied hard and cultivated his brain, and—would love me. I should marry any good man of brains who loved me."

"Could you love a shoemaker?"

"No, I don't think I could."

"Could yer love a shoemaker thet turned out to be a scholar?"

"I—I don't know. If he cultivated his mind and made a scholar of himself, I don't see why he would not be lovable. John Bunyan was only an illiterate tinker, and wicked as a sailor. He reformed both mind and heart. Surely a shoemaker is as good as a tinker."

This was said both to reassure herself and him.

He stood holding his loaded pistol in his hand, with a strange insane glare in his eyes.

"Well," he said, "I air goin' on this trip 'ith father, but I hain't kemin' back. I tell you, Agnis, yer hain't got no milk-sop boot-linin' lover, whut 'ud chew his cane ef ye fooled him. This here's my defense. I'm solid sole-leather. Yer kain't fool me. Now, I tell ye whut I'm goin' ter do. Thar's a school down here in the kentry, at Greendale, an' I air goin' ter locate thar. I kin mek shoes fur a livin', an', while I air at it, I kin tend school and git ter be a scholur—fur you."

Agnes felt a strange sensation as if shackles were forging themselves about her. She was heartily sick of the thought that Victor Emanuel loved her. She did not draw an easy breath until the ox-team had crossed the river.

It was perhaps a month later that she heard from him—that she received the ill-spelt, coarsely scrawled letter from Greendale. He was there settled, making loads of money, and progressing rapidly with his studies. The professors liked him, and would advance him in vacation. He wrote hopefully, a crazily rapturous love-letter which she blushed over and burned almost before she had deciphered it all.

The winter and spring passed, and Agnes was still there on the river. She went sometimes to the potter's shop, and talked long hours to Victor Emanuel's mother. She heard with outward indifference the meddlesome queries from all the country-folk about his leaving home.

And the summer advanced.

The school at Greendale would close in June. Agnes had some cousins there, and they wished her to come with Dick and see them receive their scholarly honors.

Victor Emanuel also wrote and urged her to come—even offered to come up for her. This request nearly made her refuse positively to go; but she thought it might be a good chance to snub him once for all, and she went.

Dick put a young mare in harness, to

try her as a match with Dolly Ann. It was a fine drive of ten miles or more, and a fine, cloudless, breezy June day.

It was in a woodland surrounding the school-buildings that a platform was raised and seats arranged.

When they drove near and Dick drew rein, Agnes saw with dismay that Victor Emanuel, yellower than ever, with cadaverous eyes and smiling mouth, was making his way through the crowd toward her. She had no time to snub him before he lifted her bodily down.

He was dragging her with him; he held her hand, crushing it in his great hard one.

She hesitated only a moment before she dealt him a furious blow on the arm with her fan.

Then he looked down at her face, and strode away into the crowd without another word.

A shower had come up, and Dick took her into the deserted music-room. She was alone for a moment, and Victor Emanuel loomed before her like a wingless harpy. Lean, hungry, pallid, he stood fumbling with his pistol.

"Air you foolin' me?" he croaked.

"No," she said, firmly; "I would not stoop to fool with you."

"My Gord!" he groaned, as he clasped his horny hands to his side.

His face quivered, his bloodshot eyes flamed such reproaches on her that she closed her own to escape them.

She hurried from the room, lest someone should discover her with the insane man.

She told herself she was disgusted and that she was blameless.

More than one new acquaintance informed her that day that Victor Emanuel was wild about her, and she felt relieved when she got into the buggy to start home. A young man stood by, and Dick went off to speak to a friend.

All about were prancing horses, rushing colts, braying mules, and a numerous and nondescript array of vehicles. The road was thickly crowded with people swarming up and down.

The day had been a failure. She sat there, however, smiling beneath her white parasol and leisurely fanning herself.

More than one youth thought her bewitching, and one particular red-haired admirer was then trying to persuade Dick to ride his horse home and permit him to drive the mares.

Just then, Dolly Ann received a sharp jerk from her mate, and away they plunged through the maze of obstructions. They were kicked by other beasts, they were jagged by projecting wagon-beds, they were hurled by their own impetuosity from point to point.

They were clear of the crowd at last. But the woodland full of huge trees opened before their frightened eyes. They were making for it. Agnes would be dashed to pieces against the trees. It seemed ages that they had been plunging through the dust.

But someone in pursuit had overtaken them and was hanging on to the wild mare's bridle like a dead weight, as the animals swerved into the fence-corner and stopped.

The man holding the beasts did not rise. He hung there until Dick and a number of his friends came up.

His shop was near—the dingy little room where he had labored. They carried him in and stretched him out on the scraps of leather that strewed the floor.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Dick, bending over him.

"Hurt?" he whispered, feebly. "Yes, here in ther stummick; but it hain't like ther heart-break thet she give me a hour ago."

Then there was silence in the little shop.

The doctor forced an entrance and knelt by the bed.

"Hurt? Yes, yer hoss kicked me, Dick. Tell mother thet's whut killed me." Victor Emanuel's voice was growing weak. "Don't tell her, Dick, thet I'd 'a' bin no account anyhow, allers 'ith a broken heart."

The doctor had his fingers on the speaker's pulse.

"Tell mother I air sorry I left her—very sorry," said the dying man.

And, a moment later, Dick found Agnes and told her that Victor Emanuel was dead.

Eva S. Grant.



A MEMORY OF PROVENCE.

I AM going to tell you how the little children amuse themselves in my country of Provence when Christmas comes. They do not have Christmas-trees, nor do they hang up their stockings; but they make what they call *crèches*. A *crèche* really means a crib or a manger, and this is the way the children in Provence make them:

They take a wooden box and put it on a large table or stand, and, instead of leaving it open at the top, as when something is to be packed in it, they turn it down on the side. In this way, the front of the box forms an opening, and it looks just like a theatre. Then, for this theatre, they make—oh, so pretty decorations!

First they collect large rough stones, such as are found on the hillsides and by the sea-shore—for Provence is near the sea. After this, they go in search of bright-green moss. This is found on the hillsides toward the north, and deep down in ravines where the sun never shines. The moss there is green and beautiful, soft and thick as a velvet carpet. It is formed of thousands of tiny green stars which are pressed close together. It is quite damp, for it lives on moisture. You slip your hand softly, carefully, right underneath the piece of moss, so as not to break it, then carry it as carefully home. Sometimes there are little ferns growing in your piece of moss, that look like tiny trees.

This damp moss is put over the floor of the theatre and pressed close around the rocks so as to cover them entirely, and lo! the stones seem transformed into

green mountains: here are narrow paths for the carts to drive down; there, others where only a mule or a goat could climb. The shepherds have to remain at the foot of the mountains, they are so very steep.

When the landscape is all arranged, then it is time to think of putting in the water. This is done by taking bits of looking-glass and placing them between two rocks, and the rocks are covered with the green moss, which is also pressed close around the edges of the looking-glass, and there is a beautiful little lake or stream. Ah, how pretty it is!

But then, the decorations are a small part of the pleasure. The play must begin. It is always the same, but how touching! The Holy Infant Jesus is laid in the manger. He is sleeping upon the straw. His Mother and Saint Joseph are watching Him, and on all sides the peasants and shepherds are bringing gifts to Him, because an angel has come down from heaven to tell them of the wonderful tidings. Kings of the East also came to look at the Infant Jesus, guided by a bright star which went before them and shone over His cradle.

Why was the Birth of Jesus such a wonderful thing? Because this Holy Child, when He became a Man, was to teach all the world the holiest and most precious lessons; and fathers and mothers have ever since tried to teach them to their little children. Jesus taught first that all men should love one another, that they should do good to all, and should be kind and tender even to animals; because He remembered the

mules and the oxen that warmed Him with their breath when He lay, a little naked Babe, on the straw in the manger.

This, then, is the play that the little children in Provence have at Christmas: On the ceiling of the crèche, they paste blue paper—that is for the sky; from this sky hang two fine threads; at the end of one is suspended the angel Gabriel, his trumpet in his hand, his wings outspread—he is flying to announce the glad tidings; at the end of the other thread is the star which guides the wise men or kings—there are three of them, and one who is black wears a turban: they are bearing gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All the figures in the theatre are bought on market-day from the worthy peasants, who mould them with their fingers out of clay; they are all colored artistically and dressed in the costumes of the country where they are made. There is a woman who is bringing a chicken as an offering—she carries the poor fowl by the feet, with the head hanging down; she wears—oh, so immense a black hat, that looks like an umbrella, to shield her from the sun! That is the fashion of her country. Then there is a drummer: the strap of his drum is passed over his left arm; he is marching, and, while his right hand beats the drum, in his left he holds to his lips the little flute that he plays at the same time. There is the shepherd, with his long cloak and his sheep. Some peasants are carrying lambs, and others carry sacks. Each one does what he can.

All these figures are disposed as well as possible in the theatre. First, on a little straw in the manger is laid the Infant Jesus. Then His parents are seated near Him. Then the mules and the oxen, all near Him, their knees bent under them, and their heads close to the Babe, that they may warm Him with their breath. Then they arrange the people who have already been in and are going out to make room for others. When the kings are in the crèche, one very droll thing happens: the shining star is obliged to be taken out, and waits for them outside.

At last, everything is ready. Here

are the shepherds who are listening to the angel, while the sheep graze on the moss, which represents grass. Here are the people meeting each other on the way. “Where are you going?” “To Bethlehem; come with me.” “What are you going to do?” “I will tell you as we go along; I am in great haste.” And on all sides the people are going along the paths. You must take care that they all have their faces turned toward the crèche, as that is the direction in which they are going.

But I have told you all this because I have something to tell you about my grandfather. When he was a very little boy—that must have been a hundred years ago: he has been dead fifteen years; how time passes!—when my dear grandfather was little, he was very anxious to make a crèche. His father told him that he might make it in a great deep fire-place which was rarely used. It was in one of those wide chimneys where two people could have seated themselves.

Imagine his delight: the crèche would be so large, so grand! He was to have the great broad fire-place in the drawing-room, while the fire was to be made in the dining-room, which was next the drawing-room.

The winters in Provence are not very cold; but at Christmas we always had a blazing fire, because it was so gay and cheerful. And how beautiful the table looked at Christmas, with its cloth white and shining like snow, and, in the centre, piles of beautiful fruit—dates and oranges, ornamented with green laurel-leaves.

When everyone was in the room, the oldest or the youngest person present advanced to the open fire-place, and, extending one hand toward the flame, would pronounce this benediction:

“We bless and love thee, O Fire! Thou givest us warmth; thou dost bake our daily bread. Be thou blessed! Do us no harm, but only good, for we love and bless thee!”

After these words, they all seated themselves at the table.

The happiest part of Christmas Day was the family gathering that always took

place then. Families who were separated all the rest of the year were then reunited. You could see young men making a journey of two or three days on foot over the mountains, to spend Christmas with their old fathers and mothers. And these visitors, like those who came to see the Infant Jesus, always brought a gift of some kind, if it was only a chicken or a bag of chestnuts. These were good old customs—I am sorry they are passing away; they signified that above all things we must love each other, for life is short and often sad enough. But those who truly love one another are always happy.

Now I must return to my grandfather. His crèche had all been arranged in the great empty fire-place. It was magnificent. The lamps were lighted, and the neighbors all came in to look at it. Everybody in the village was talking about it.

"Surely you are not going to take that beautiful crèche to pieces," said one of the neighbors. "It would be such a pity to destroy it."

So it was determined that it should remain just as it was until the next year. Only, a curtain was drawn before the open fire-place, and the crèche was left until the following Christmas.

"You must not touch it, Jacques, until next Christmas," said his mother. "Saint Nicholas will be very angry if you do."

But, as the next Christmas drew near, little Jacques—my grandfather—began to get very impatient, thinking of his crèche. Had everything remained in order since last year? Was the moss still green? And the great branches of holly, with their red berries—the ferns that played the part of trees—were they still fresh? Little Jacques got very restless, thinking of all this.

So, on the night of Christmas Eve, he could stand it no longer. He got up softly, lighted a candle—which he had been forbidden to do—and went to look at the crèche. How his heart beat as he raised the curtain! Everything was in place—the kings, the shepherds, the star, and the Infant Jesus lying on the straw. Suddenly—how it happened, no

one ever knew—he was startled by a brilliant flame which lighted the whole room. He cried out: "Fire! Mamma, mamma, fire!"

In a moment, the curtain was blazing and the beautiful theatre and everything in it were on fire. The trees were twisting and curling up, the red holly-berries were crackling like torpedoes and dropping on the moss, the thread which held up the angel Gabriel caught fire, and Gabriel, his trumpet in his hand, his wings outspread, fell heavily on a shepherd, who tumbled on a sheep; the fall broke the shepherd's arm and one of Gabriel's wings. The people near the stream were precipitated into it. The three kings were all black with smoke.

All the household had rushed down out of their beds at the alarm of fire, but, strange to say, everybody seemed bewildered and stood staring at the burning crèche, instead of trying to put it out. The water in the lake, which seemed frozen because it was glass, soon melted; the stones crumbled, and the star dropped from the blue paper sky, blazing with real light.

But now comes the prettiest part of my story. The manger where lay the Infant Jesus, being sheltered behind several large rocks, was the last to take fire. Almost everything else was burned up before the straw on which the Infant was lying began to blaze. My grandfather, who was only eight years old, began to cry; he rushed in the fire-place, snatched the Infant Jesus from the smoking ruins, and laid Him on the carpet, amid the loud applause of all the lookers-on.

And this was the way my grandfather saved the Holy Christ-Child, because he loved Him so well, and because he had read in his Bible: "Love one another."

The kings and the shepherds were rescued and all painted over again, and, the following year, my grandfather made another beautiful crèche; and that has remained in the old fire-place ever since. It is there now; but I keep a curtain carefully drawn before it, and nobody is allowed to touch it. No, indeed; for I am too much afraid that it might take fire again.

(From the French of Jean Aicard.)

Virginia G. Sully.

CHRISTMAS FEAST OF RUSSIAN MAIDENS.

THANKS to Washington Irving in his delightful "Bracebridge Hall," we all know how to keep the old-fashioned English Christmas, and the many Germans who have found homes among us have brought with them and transplanted to our soil the Christmas-tree, Kriss Kingle, and other notions peculiar to their fatherland. But would our readers like to hear how they keep this universal holiday in Russia, that wonderful far-away country? That land so wide-spread, the land of boundless steppes, whose forests are so dark and dense, whose mountains are so lofty and so hard to climb! That land of daring ideas and conflicting theories, of endless turmoil and strange romance—the birthplace of Turgeneff, of Gogol, of Verestchagin and of Tolstoi!

Think of a country so vast and yet so thinly settled, of plains so boundless that, if a young colt were to stray from its mother, it might get to be a full-grown horse before it could cross the great expanse. In parts, Russia is a grassy sea like our Western prairies, over which wild horses roam unchecked and wild cattle increase and abound. Snow lies on the earth for months at a time, and roads are cut down through the banks until they wind along the deep white ditches as English roads run in and out among the Devonshire lanes.

One can easily imagine that under such circumstances little visiting is done by the country-folk during the winter-time. They spend the season indoors as much as possible, and sports or pleasures of every sort they must contrive for themselves.

Of course, Christmas proves a happy break in the monotony of the dark Russian winter, and every advantage is taken of this chance for a frolic. The season is as generally honored in those solitudes as in our own country, and the greetings are as cheerful and hearty.

But there is one Russian custom which may seem strange to American or English readers—the maidens' festival on Christmas night. This girls' party is the grand event of the period, a time-hon-

ored custom handed down without break during untold generations.

The most influential and well-beloved family in the neighborhood always gives the feast, and there is often great discussion as to which household shall be selected for the duty. Not a few quarrels arise, and it requires much diplomacy to settle the matter so that all shall be satisfied. The lady whose house is finally chosen has work enough in preparing for her guests, but there is one trouble which she is spared: she is not obliged to decide what refreshments shall be offered, nor how they shall be served; for custom settled all these details many years ago, and no deviation is ever allowed. She begins her appointed task by a round of visits among all the families who are interested—visits made with much form and ceremony and according to a prescribed routine.

The visit of the nurse comes next. In Russian families of the middle and upper classes, the nurse is a most important personage, holding about the same position as does the housekeeper in good old English homes. It is the nurse's duty to deliver the invitations to the young girls, and this must be done "by word of mouth" and individually. She arrays herself in her best garments, and the holiday attire of an old Russian nurse is as costly as it is rich in color.

When this functionary arrives at a house, the feminine portion of the family meet her with great excitement and expectation. The older girls speculate how many will be asked, the little ones wonder when their turn will come. Joyful greetings and many words of loving welcome are poured out on the lucky messenger. The mother offers her spiced wine, seats her in the softest chair, and then tries to persuade her to tell which girls are invited and which young men are to join them; for there must be just as many young men as young women, and many matches are the result of the Christmas feast: hence it is easy to understand why prudent mothers are anxious to learn the particulars.

The Russians call this "the great

day." When it arrives, all rise early and eat a most substantial breakfast, which they enjoy all the more because they have not been allowed to eat meat or preparations of animal food during the preceding week.

No visitor is ever allowed at a Russian breakfast. It is a strictly family gathering, and with good reason. In that country, no one makes a toilet before breakfast, and our American love of neatness would be shocked to see the unkempt heads and unwashed faces gathered at a Russian matutinal meal.

By noon, the house is in apple-pie order, and the whole family, from father and mother down to the youngest child, are washed and combed and dressed in their very best. During this morning comes the third and last invitation. This is from the master of the house to the master of the house, and no Russian family would feel itself properly invited if either of these "biddings" were omitted. This last and most ceremonious invitation is brought by the "swat," or confidential servant of the master, who bears in his hands a baton, and kneels, on entering, before the image of the patron saint, which always occupies a conspicuous place in a well-ordered Russian household.

The messenger urges and the host refuses, and this is done over and over; but in the end, naturally, the invitation is accepted, though the full demands of etiquette must first be satisfied.

It is, of course, bitterly cold at this time of the year, in the land of the Czar; but, all the same, every woman and every female child in the town turns out to see the procession of maidens and to watch the arrival of the long rows of sledges that convey the guests to the appointed dwelling. All the family that can leave the house crowd into the sledges to accompany the young girls, and a jolly drive they have. Sometimes it requires several sledges to convey all the girls of the family, but so much the merrier for that. They are wrapped in heavy furs and bundled up in woollen blankets from head to foot.

The mother and daughters are in the first sledge, and in the second are the

jewel-cases and other boxes that contain the ornaments for the great occasion, as well as an abundance of sweetmeats and presents to be distributed among the children and servants of the household that gives the feast.

What a jingling of bells! What a cracking of whips! What peals of silvery laughter and merry shouts of glee! What greetings and singing and merriment! When they arrive, what words of welcome, while blessings are called down on all parties! When the guests step inside the door, the nurse slips the cake and sweetmeats into the willing hands of the happy children, while mamma remembers the maid-servants. They chat and visit for an hour, then the elders depart, leaving the cherished daughters to the care of the hostess.

The damsels thus left together soon become acquainted. They have probably been kept closely at home during the dull dark winter days, and, now that they are permitted not only to rest from their daily tasks of needlework, but to enjoy themselves, they make good use of the privilege. They talk, laugh, joke, and form plans for future frolics. As night draws on, they dress for a feast, and, as they crowd about the great porcelain stoves, they sing and tell riddles—which latter sport is a thing that every Russian, old or young, delights in.

At an early hour, the maidens are all ushered into the largest chamber the house affords, for they must on no account be separated. There, on rows of clean feather-beds, they sleep together. The dreams of a girl on the occasion of the Christmas feast are considered prophetic; and so, when the young sleepers wake the next morning, they carefully recall their visions and tell them to a wise woman who is selected for the purpose. She appears in order to interpret the various dreams, and with her come the girls' own nurses, who have arrived at the house thus early so that they may hear how their charges are prospering and what they have dreamed. They discuss these matters very seriously with the wise woman, and, after a while, take leave.

Next in order is a bountiful breakfast.

All sorts of savory dishes are placed before the maidens, but etiquette forbids their taking more than a taste of the various viands, and any young girl who should display a hearty appetite would at once be set down as an excessively ill-trained young person.

The girls enjoy another play-spell during the forenoon of this day, and this time they go out-of-doors, when it is not too cold.

Just before dusk closes in, a most important event takes place: the arrival of "the elect," as they are called. These elect the young men who have been invited to pair off with the maidens. The girls are waiting, attired in their handsomest dresses, and, when the clock strikes, the doors are thrown open and the cavaliers enter the drawing-room. The host and hostess meet them with joyous welcome. They are presented to the girls, and then the young men begin amusing games. By the time the rest of the guests arrive, formality is forgotten and all are gay and happy.

Now follows the grand supper. The table groans, if ever such a thing could happen; for in this country the viands are all very rich and substantial. God has given the Northmen huge bodies and strong muscles, and nourishing food is required to keep these in proper order. They eat at least three times as much as Americans, and drink in proportion.

"Now for a jolly time with games," is what these youthful guests cry, or at least its equivalent in their own language. These games might not seem very refined to polished Americans of the same age. Sometimes the lads dress up like wolves, bears, and foxes. They growl, squeal, and grunt, and often tell funny stories or sing comic songs in character.

There is a sport called "the dish game," which is a favorite in all parts of the country; and every young Russian, from the prince to the peasant, takes great delight therein. On a table covered with a spotless white cloth, an old woman places a dish of water. The guests form a circle and march about the table, and, as they do this, each drops into the water a ring, a brooch, a sleeve-

button, or some other bit of jewelry. The hostess then covers the dish and places beside it bread, salt, and some pieces of charcoal. All sing the national song of "The Salt and the Bread," which begins:

"May the salt and the bread
Live a thousand years!
May the Emperor live still longer!"

ending with the chorus, "Glory, etc." Then the dish is shaken by the oldest woman present, and all unite in other songs which contain wise adages or foretell important events. These songs are common among the peasants, and are always employed in telling fortunes. During this singing, the old woman takes out the jewels, one by one, and, as the owner of each comes forward to claim his or her property, the verse of the song indicates the individual's luck for the coming year. All the guests join in the closing stanza:

"To him for whom we have sung,
May it be turned for good!
He who has missed must do without,
Must do without! This cannot fail!"

The person who gets the last article is saluted with joyous acclamations, as this luck means a wedding for those who are not married; and, if it fall to a married person, it means some great good luck. Then a ring is rolled along the floor. If the circlet roll toward the door, the owner will be married before the ensuing Christmas; if away from the door, then no marriage can be looked for.

So the frolics, tricks, and songs go on until midnight; and then all go home through the snow, tired out but quite happy.

Of course, these old-time ceremonies are in full force only among the peasantry and those who live in the interior and far from large cities. St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the other great cities are fast becoming cosmopolitan, and there society differs but little from that of London and Paris. But let us hope that it will be a long time before change shall come to those quaint customs. May the Russian maidens still enjoy their happy Christmas feast!

E. A. Matthews.



CHRISTMAS is in the air! Already the immense plate-glass windows are gay with artistically arranged articles of every description. Involuntarily we pause to admire and wish for a purse long enough to furnish every friend with some of the beauties. But to many of us no place is quite so attractive as a bookstore, with its shelves and counters overflowing with beautifully bound volumes suggestive of good things within.

At all seasons, books are a delight to book-lovers; but when artists and publishers have aided each other to the utmost in the production of every possible literary attraction for the holiday season, one feels bewildered by the effect.

Here they lie on the table—poems, travels, stories, biographies, histories—with fine heavy paper, clear print, elegant illustrations, and delicate or rich bindings. All the different publishing-houses are represented, each trying to outdo the other in every excellence of book-making.

Let us begin with this pile from the well-known house of Lee and Shepard.

"Sun-Prints in Sky Tints" is the euphonious title of the latest effort of Irene E. Jerome, whose artistic gift-books have proved such welcome holiday visitors for several years past. This new volume is unique. As intimated in the title, the pages are printed in blue, a lovely tint, which fully expresses the drawings. The cover was designed by the artist. The sketches were made directly from nature; they are thirty in number, accompanied by appropriate selections in prose and verse. The low price at which this gem is published places it within the reach of nearly everybody.

"The Fallow Field," a poem by Julia C. R. Dare, is illustrated with reproductions of charcoal sketches by Zulma De Lacy Steele, daughter of the author. The volume contains about thirty full pages and vignettes, and is commended to those who appreciate the union of beauty in art and thought. Like the other volume described, it is in size

8½ x 11 inches—an oblong quarto—full gilt, and has a dainty cover.

"The New England Country," words and illustrations by Clifton Johnson, contains over one hundred views of New England scenery and life. Part First, "Old Times on a New England Farm." Part Second, "The New England of To-day." Part Third, "New England as the Traveler Sees It." Part Fourth, "Camping among the New England Hills." All lovers of nature and rural life will be charmed with this volume, in full gilt and boxed like the others.

A series of illustrated Hymns and Poems, with new and beautiful cover-designs by Maud Humphrey, are deserved favorites. The background is an imitation of fine-grained ivory, and a different tone of color pervades each design. The panels are beveled and gilt; each book has gilt edges and is neatly boxed. The list is too long to give, but a few of the poems might be described.

"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" the favorite poem of President Lincoln, has a beautiful and unique cover-design. On the ivory background, a sweet-faced maiden with flowing locks bows her head on her outstretched arm. Her hands are clasped, and wild wood-violets—so natural one can almost smell them—are scattered around her. The illustrations of the stanzas are beautiful and appropriate.

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" shows a design of a kneeling maiden whose clasped hands hold a cross and whose upturned eyes indicate devotion.

The cover-design of "Home, Sweet Home" shows an innocent girl in pretty pink home-dress, feeding and coaxing some birds. It illustrates the line of the poem, "The birds singing gaily that came at my call."

Everybody will be pleased to see Tennyson's "Dora" in this beautiful ivory series. The cover-design shows her in plain gown and cap and folded neckerchief, with sad eyes and meekly folded hands, while scarlet poppies bedeck the background.

The design for "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" is very suggestive. A pretty girl in blue, with anxious face, waits listening, and dainty forget-me-nots strew the background.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" shows a sleeping maiden resting in the last sleep, while white flowers are scattered about.

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship," one of Mrs. Browning's most beautiful poems, very effectively illustrated with quaint and suggestive engravings, making a most dainty ornament for any library, with its delicate cover and picturesque flowers. The vivid interest with which Mrs. Browning's poems are regarded makes this book an acquisition desirable to all.

"Rock of Ages," so universally known and so dear to all our hearts, mounted on heavy rich paper of delicate tint, with appropriate illustrations, is a book of rare value and interest.

"Abide With Me," side by side with the above, equally beautiful, equally dainty, a hymn of ineffable sweetness, illustrated with all the true characteristics of Miss Humphrey's inimitable style, is really a book rarely to be equaled.

"All Around the Year" is one of J. Pauline Sunter's dainty calendars, printed on heavy card-board, with gilt edges, chain tassels and ring, and boxed. The designs are fresh and original. The little folks the artist pictures are quaint and picturesque, and each card bears a month's calendar in the design.

Leaving the gift-books, we see two good-sized books bearing the magic name of Oliver Optic. What boy would not leave a good meal any time, to get a chance to read one of that author's charming stories? The heroes are all so real and boyish and nearly all ideals that unconsciously draw a boy toward better things, that one can overlook the imaginative situations from which the heroes emerge, covered with glory. The neatly bound volumes before us are: "Fighting for the Right," in the Blue and Gray Series, and "A Young Knight-Errant," in All Over the World Series, and we are sure many boys will be made happy with them.

All the young people will be delighted with Ingersoll Lockwood's wonder-book, "Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey." This author has succeeded in pleasing a large audience of young people in former volumes, and critics generally agree that this one is beyond the others in interest. The little baron, on a voyage of investigation and discovery, meets many

strange people who live in the inside of our earth; and the whole narrative is a wonderful account of marvelous things, and bristles with originality and fun. It was written especially for young people, but older people who appreciate keen satire and sly hits at the follies of the outside world will enjoy it hugely. The illustrations are very fine and add greatly to the value of the book.

Harper Brothers have a new volume out by Thomas Knox, "The Boy Travelers in Central Europe." Those who have read the first volumes of the series will not fail to read this one, while some new readers will be found who will be charmed with the descriptions of people and places, and, becoming acquainted with Mr. Knox's characters, will want to meet them again. The book is of great value and interest to young folks, and a treasure in school libraries. The information there found will add interest to many a dry lesson in history and geography, and arouse a spirit of investigation creditable to any student.

John Alden is well known among book-lovers as one who has their interests at heart, and publishes the best of reading at unheard-of prices. We cannot begin to name the books everybody wants, but we are sure no one who hears of Alden's edition of "Evangeline" will fail to secure one or more copies. The poem is too well known to require comment, and, in its new dress of delicate blue and white and gilt, with fine paper and illustrations, it is irresistible! We dare not name the price asked, for fear our word should be doubted, but advise all to send for Alden's catalogue.

It is quite the fashion in literary circles to read and admire Jane Austen; and certainly, in the elegant dress Roberts Brothers, of Boston, give her works, no one can be blamed for choosing to admire the external, at least. Miss Austen was a writer really comparatively little known during her life, and no one would have predicted for her the fame her name now enjoys. She knew people thoroughly, and wrote character-sketches that fitted people; and, as human nature has not changed greatly, we of 1892 find our friends and neighbors in that little corner of England that Miss Austen knew so well generations ago. Faithful conscientious work is genius, such as produces what endures. Several volumes of novels, letters, and biographical sketches appear, in red half-morocco and gilt, illustrated by quaint engravings of old-time people. A set of these books will prove acceptable to anybody for Christmas gifts.

The same firm publish "Under the Water-

Oaks," a Southern home-story full of the delights of outdoor life, and young and old will alike enjoy the dainty bits of pen-pictures which are scattered through the book. Readers enjoy Nip's discoveries in nature, and almost taste the honey he "smelled out."

From the Dibble Publishing Company, of Chicago, comes a book of 458 pages, entitled "Lily Pearl and the Mistress of Rose-dale." It is written by Ida Glenwood, a blind lady of Michigan, whose previous books have met a cordial reception. This is by far her best. It is a story of war-times, reproduced from letters and descriptions given her by her son, who had hospital experience. The characters are lovingly drawn, and one can scarcely realize the author is blind, in reading her descriptions of scenery and scenic effects. The story is thrilling in incident, and holds one's attention to its close. It is edited by Joseph Kirkland, the successful Chicago novelist, who gives it the highest commendation.

By the way, Joseph Kirkland is the author of "The Story of Chicago," a large, handsomely illustrated, and elegantly bound book giving the history of the magic growth of that wonderful city. Not to know Chicago now is ignorance indeed; and yet, without reading details, one cannot comprehend the development which is like a fairy-tale. No doubt, the book will have hosts of readers between now and next May.

Presuming there are, among our readers, students of affairs—of current events—we take pleasure in mentioning "The Two Republics," a large volume of nearly 700 pages, which, in a logical train of thought and connected history, traces a close resemblance between Rome of old and America of to-day. The facts of history are verified, the reasoning is clear and logical, the style is forceful and brilliant, the thoughts are in themselves startling and lead to close investigation. Every reader feels he must study "to see if these things are so." Questions of present importance are exhaustively discussed and in a manner easily understood. The author, A. T. Jones, is a noted lecturer on subjects connected with civil and religious liberty, and is editor of that spicy little sheet, "The American Sentinel," of New York. The book can be had at 43 Bond Street, New York City, at "Sentinel" office.

From Cassell Publishing Company, we see Mrs. T. L. Meade's stories for girls, any one of which will be found of interest to young girls.

E. P. Dutton & Co. always send out numbers of elegant children's books at holiday times.

Raphael Tuck & Son have lovely cards, booklets, and elegant children's books. One of the latter they have made into a handsome calendar.

These are brief glimpses at the feast of good things in preparation for book-lovers, and there remains a long list of publishing-houses whose tempting announcements lack of space prevents my mentioning in this number.

F. A. Reynolds.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—"To the north-west of the ground once occupied by Carthage when it was a Phœnician city, is the promontory of Râs Ghamart, 200 feet high; and the line of rounded hills, called Djebel Khawi, which runs thence in a southerly direction for the distance of a mile, is one vast necropolis, or site of Roman urn burial. But when Carthage had become a Roman city, the metropolis of Africa, and the headquarters of African Christianity, the pagan practice of cremation was replaced by Christian burial, and the ancient mortuary chambers were filled, after lapse of centuries, by new occupants.

"When these sepulchres were excavated and examined by Dr. Davis and M. Beute, some few years ago, a relic of great interest was discovered—namely, a representation on the rock of the seven-branched candlestick of Solomon's Temple.

"The seven-branched candlestick carried off by Titus from Jerusalem to Rome was, in the strange vicissitudes of human fortune, carried off again from Rome to Carthage by the terrible Genseric, the lame Vandal king, and so, probably, it comes about that the sacred ornament of the Jewish Temple—the exact shape of which is known to all the world from the sculptures on the Arch of Titus—has been found engraven also within a Phœnician sarcophagus at Carthage.

"All traces of the original occupants of these sepulchres have long since disappeared, and the vacant space is chiefly tenanted by the jackal and the hyena.

"For centuries, tribes of marauding Bedouin Arabs have ransacked them for any treasures to be found within them, and they visit them to this day for the chalk which they contain."

To this interesting fact, mentioned in Mr. Bosworth Smith's history of "Carthage and the Carthaginians," may be added yet another—that the present writer, when traveling in Kabylia and Algeria, has seen this very form of lamp rudely copied in the native pottery, in the mosques in some of the unfrequented parts of the mountains.



THIS opening number of *THE NEW PETERSON* is offered in the confident expectation that the thousands of lovers of good literature, who have for so many years been subscribers to the old monthly, will welcome with pleasure its development on a still higher plane. The names of the editors and leading contributors make a guaranty for the literary character of the Magazine, and the excellence of its illustrations and the constant variety and novelty of its contents will form an equally strong hold on public favor.

As *THE NEW PETERSON* is to be essentially a family periodical, those important personages, the girls and boys, will find frequent stories, sketches, and, above all, pictures, for their special behoof, provided by authors and artists whose works charm alike "grown-up and small folk."

Many of the old *PETERSON*'s readers have already sent in their subscriptions to its successor, and the publishers feel secure that the beauty and merit of this initial issue will appeal so irresistibly to the taste and judgment of all, that every familiar name on the lists of the former monthly will be numbered on those of its successor. *THE NEW PETERSON* will be the cheapest literary magazine in America, while it will in every respect—literary, artistic, and typographical—be fully the equal of the highest-priced periodicals. Our full announcement will be found on advertising pages 4 and 5.

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Of course, there are many things that can be done; and it is quite surprising how,

when there is the will, the way is soon forthcoming. I do not propose to enumerate all the many ways in which people can do good; but it strikes me that people in the country are not aware how much they could do by simply offering hospitality, simple as theirs may be, to some who from one year's end to another see little else but bricks and mortar, and yearn for a sight of the country.

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TO

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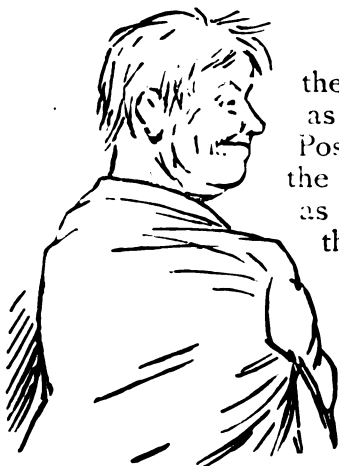
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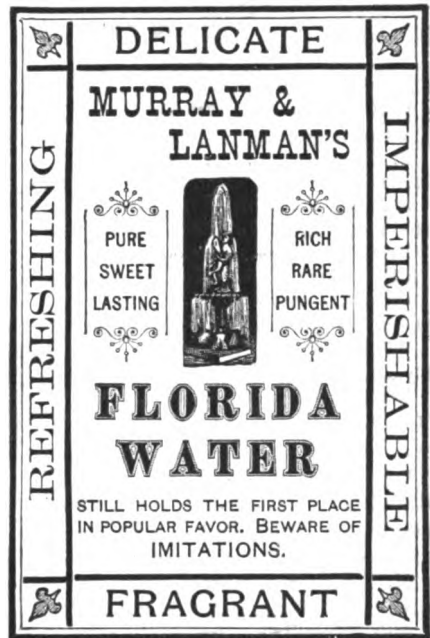
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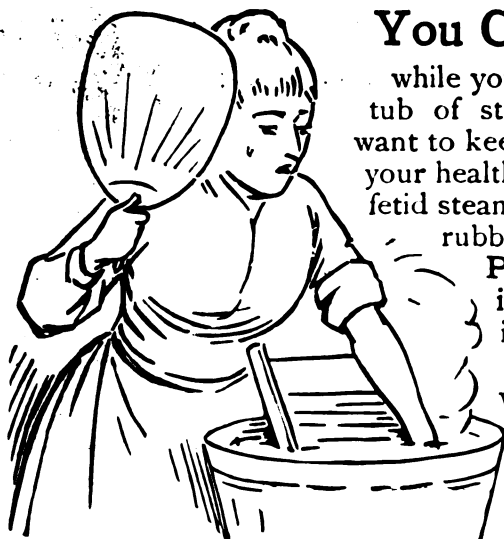
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p

cres. *f*

1. Did you think of me to-day, As the mo-ments sped a-
2. Did you think of me to-day, If your heart was light and
3. Dost thou know how dear thou art To my sad and lone-ly

rall.

way? Did you wish that I were near, With a gen-tle voice to
gay? Did you wish me by your side For a mo-ment to a-
heart? That ev-ry joy I own I would share with thee a-

rall.

DID YOU THINK OF ME TO-DAY?

a tempo.

cheer? Or, didst thou not at all My ab - sent form re -
bide?— Or, if thou hast been sad Could my smile have made thee
lone. I have long'd to meet thy sight, Since the morn - ing's ear - ly

a tempo.

call, Nor sigh that I should be So
glad, Tell me tru ly, tell me pray, Did you
light, Tell me, tell me now I pray, Did you

far a - way from thee, Nor sigh that I should be So
think of me to - day? Tell me tru ly, tell me pray, Did you
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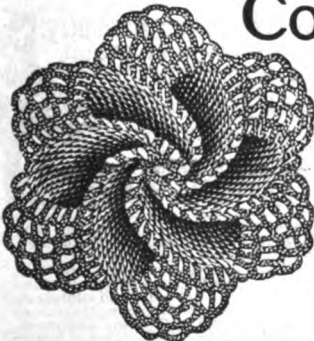
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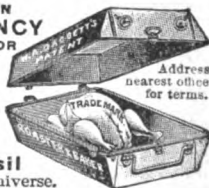
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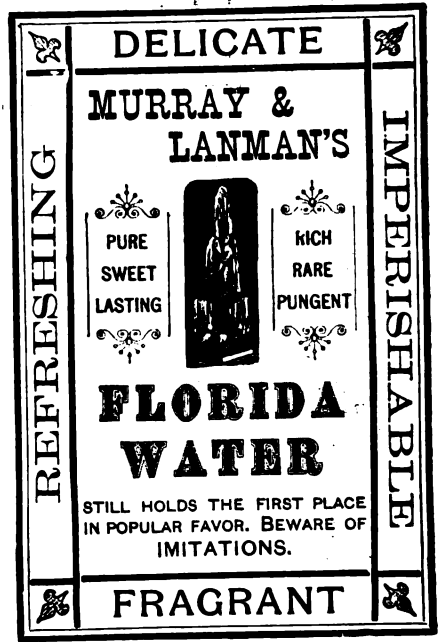
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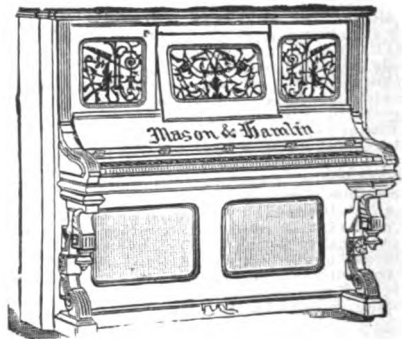
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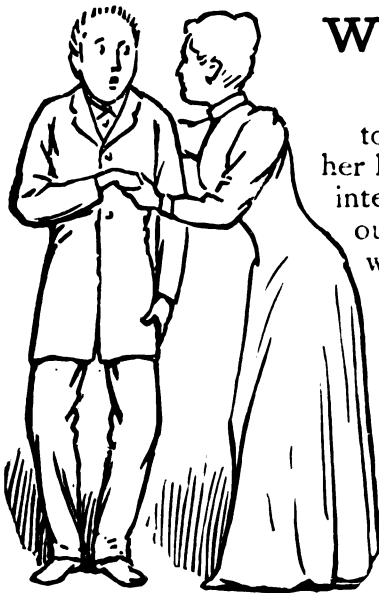
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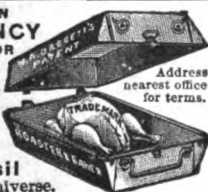
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Moderato.

p *f*

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2. Sooth - ing with their magic whispers, Calm - ing all my wildest fears,

Hear I oft the tender voi - ces, That once made my world so fair.
Thus they bring me sweet submission, Peace for sorrows, smiles for tears.

I for - get while list'ning to them, All the sorrows I have known,
Bless you, angel friends, oh, nev - er Leave me lone - ly on the way,

ANGEL FRIENDS.

cres. *ff* *rit.*

And up - on the troubles pres - ent, Faith's pure shining light is
 For your gen - tle teachings ev - er, Meek - ly may I watch and

p a tempo.

thrown, And up - on the trou - bles pres - ent,
 pray, For your gen - tle teachings ev - er,

Faith's pure shining light is thrown.
 Meek - ly may I watch and pray.

p

dim.

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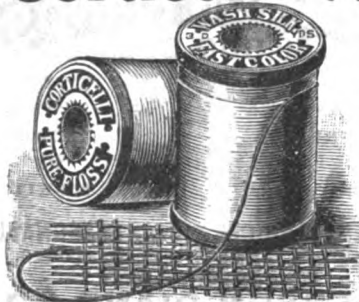
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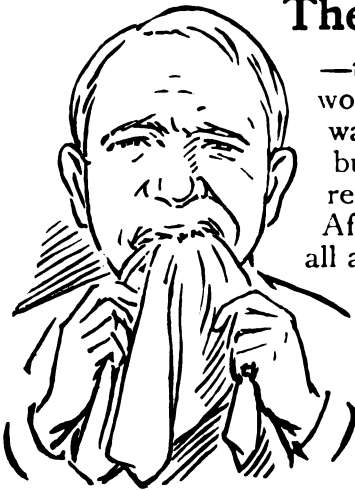
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m.d.
m.s.
sf p
sf

pp dolcissimo.

Ped.

Ped.

rassaggiando.
f

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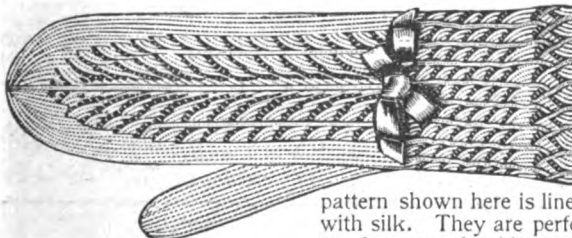
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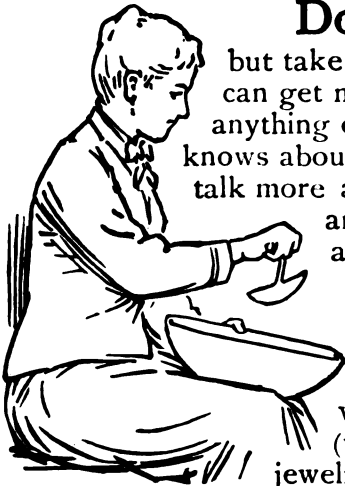
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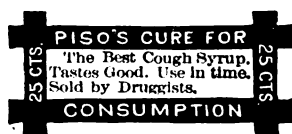
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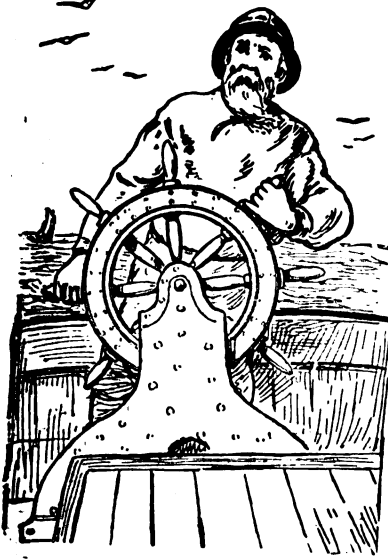
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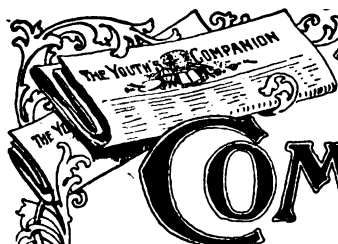
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